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HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

**H**ENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT was born in Guilderland, near Albany, on the twenty-eighth of March, 1793. On the paternal side he is of English descent, his great-grandfather having come from England during the wars of Queen Anne, and settled in what is now Schoharie County, New-York, where he taught the first English school in the neighborhood, whereby his name, which was originally Calerraft, was changed to Schoolcraft. The father of our author, Lawrence Schoolcraft, joined the revolutionary army when quite a youth, and served under Montgomery and Schuyler.

In his thirteenth year Henry attracted  
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the attention of Lieutenant Governor Van Rensselaer, one of his father's friends, and through his agency came near being apprenticed to portrait painter in Albany; (it was from his drawings in natural history that the governor first felt an interest in him;) but as it was deemed necessary for him to begin his career with house-painting, then, perhaps, considered the base of all high art, the plan was abandoned, and with it his idea of becoming an artist. In the mean time he pursued his studies and juvenile penmanship, contributing prose and verse to the newspapers, and teaching himself natural history, English literature, and French, German and Hebrew.

In 1818-19 he made a geological survey of Missouri and Arkansas to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, published "A View of the Lead Mines of Missouri," and printed "Transallegania," a mineralogical poem. In 1820 appeared his "Journal of a Tour in Missouri and Arkansas." Attracting the attention of government by his writings, he was commissioned by John C. Calhoun, the then Secretary of War, to visit the copper region of Lake Superior, and to accompany General Cass in his expedition to the head waters of the Mississippi. His "Narrative Journal" of this tour was published in 1821: in the same year he was made secretary to the commission for treating with the Indian tribes at Chicago. On the conclusion of his labors there he published "Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley."

His reputation was now pretty generally established as a traveler and a man of science. President Monroe, in 1822, appointed him agent for Indian affairs, and he removed to Saint Mary's on Lake Superior. For the next five or six years he occupied himself with the duties of his station, attending several important convocations of the North-west tribes. In 1831 he was sent on a special embassy to conciliate the Sioux and Ojibbawas, who were then at war with each other; and in 1832 to the tribes near the head waters of the Mississippi: he traced the waters of the river to their true source in Itasca Lake, which he entered on the thirteenth of July, the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the discovery of the mouth of the river itself. In 1834 he published his "Expedition to Itasca Lake."

From 1827 to 1831 he was member of the Legislature of Michigan; in 1828 he established the Michigan Historical Society, and set on foot the Algie Society at Detroit. Before the Algie Society he delivered a course of lectures on the grammatical construction of the Indian languages, and read "The Indian Character," an anniversary poem.

In 1836 Schoolcraft was appointed a commissioner to treat with the North-west tribes for their lands in the regions of the Upper Lakes, and he effected a cession to the United States of some sixteen millions of acres. He was also made acting superintendent of Indian affairs for the Northern department, and in 1839 prin-

cipal disbursing agent for the same district. In the same year he published two volumes of "Algie Researches." In 1842 he visited the continent, traversing England, France, Germany, Prussia, and Holland. On his return he made another journey to the West to examine some of the great mounds; the information which he then collected, whatever it may have been, he communicated to the Royal Geographical Society of Denmark, of which he was an honorary member. He also published a collection of his verse under the title of "Alhalla; or, the Lord of Talladega: a Tale of the Creek War," with other miscellanies of an early date.

In 1844 he commenced in numbers the publication of "Onesta; or, the Red Race in America; their History, Traditions, Customs, Poetry, Picture-Writing, &c." In 1845 he delivered an address before a society known as—"Phoebus, what a name!"—the "Was-ah-Ho-de-no-sonne, or the new confederacy of the Iroquois;" published "Observations on Grave Creek Mound in Western Virginia," in the American Ethnological Society; and presented in a report to the Legislature of his native state his "Notes on the Iroquois, or Contributions to the Statistics of Aboriginal History and General Ethnology of Western New-York."

The last, and in some respects the most important of Schoolcraft's works, for which his previous ones are only a preparation, is the "Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States; collected and prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act March 3d, 1847." The first volume of this ponderous work was issued a few years ago. If carried out according to the author's plan, and with the magnitude and ability which the subject demands, it will be one of the most valuable and important books ever issued in this country, and one which will go down to posterity with honor to itself and its author. It is still in the course of publication, and will doubtless extend to six or seven volumes.

From the evident tendencies of Schoolcraft's mind, as seen in the subject and general drift of his books, and from the want of incident in his life, in any except an official point of view, and that in one direction only—Indianism, (if we may

be allowed the term,) it seems to us best to select him as the type of that class of our writers, and judge him accordingly, rather than as a general *litterateur*. And in so doing, he will, we imagine, fare quite as well, as if we criticised him by himself without any reference to the character of his writings. As is the case with most writers of scientific books, the man will then be lost in the work. On Indianism in general, rather than on Schoolcraft in particular, we offer a few suggestions.

It is now a little over two hundred years since this continent was first peopled by the white races. At the time of its discovery, and for a considerable period afterward, it was inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, differing from each other in language and manners, but alike in their various features of mind. To the whites, who were fresh from the worn-out formulas of Europe, their radical state of nature, both as regards good and evil, the strangeness and grandness of some parts of their mythology, and above all the mystery which enshrouded them, a mystery which they themselves were incapable of unraveling, were a source of wonder and curiosity. But, as if anticipating the now settled indifference of the American character, the wonder and curiosity were soon over; and instead of speculating and theorizing on the origin of the aborigines, comparing the accounts of the various tribes, and collecting and preserving the most authentic memorials of their past, our good forefathers had an eye to business, and considered how they might use their copper-skinned neighbors to advantage, in a moral and monetary point of view. One portion of the community were for converting them to Christianity; another for converting them to merchandise. The godly preached to them, the ungodly overreached them. The spirit of our Puritan ancestry, that fiery intolerance and bigotry which led them to persecute Anabaptists, Quakers, and other schismatics, not to mention the ducking and hanging of sundry persons of both sexes, was fatal to the peace and permanency of the mass of the Indian tribes. They were not looked upon as men—were merely “bloody savages,” “heathen dogs,” “worshipers of stocks and stones,” whom it was quite safe, if not meritorious even, to kill for any reasonable provocation. Without doubt the Indians themselves were

much to blame, being by nature stubborn, revengeful, and cruel; but it has always seemed to us that they were unfairly treated from the first, their rights being either not recognized or entirely and wantonly disregarded, and their wrongs met with those of a darker dye. Of a darker dye because our forefathers were in a state of perfect civilization; were educated, and by nature full of noble qualities; were nominally Christians, nay, many of them the choicest spirits of Christianity, while the unfortunate red race were exactly the reverse.

From the body of Puritan settlers, especially those who dabbled in literature, these last were mostly musty and combative theologians, and mercantile voyagers, they had nothing to hope. The only way by which they could be at all benefited was by the utter sacrifice of all their previous habits of life, their nationality in fact, and that of all others was the most repugnant to them. Hence the prejudiced and unreliable manner in which they are mentioned by most of our early writers, and the scarcity of anything truly genuine and really worth preserving concerning them; the little which has been preserved being confined more to outward facts, such as their tribal geography and battles, than to that which distinguished them from the whites, and made them what they were.

And this, by the way, has been the case with nearly all the inhabitants of America, the essential has been overlooked, while the non-essential has been carefully preserved. The fanaticism of the early Spanish monks destroyed the symbolic picture-writing, the historical hieroglyphs of ancient Mexico, while the ignorance and cupidity of the soldiers leveled its monuments and works of art. Glowing as is “Prescott’s History,” we know next to nothing of Mexico, while Marmontel’s novel, “The Incas,” is the most popular, if not the most reliable picture of the old Peruvians. How, indeed, could it well be otherwise, when so many years have passed since their extinction, and those who were the cause of their extinction were so indifferent to their history? When history neglects a nation, they are certain to be taken up by fiction.

There is no lack of books, such as they are, about the Indians, and those of a recent date. Ever since we have begun to write, our critics have been insane for an Ameri-

can literature, and most of our authors have been just as insane to oblige them, to do which they found it necessary to "do" a certain number of Indians, chiefs, squaws, and papooses. We cannot now stop to name the mass of novels, poems and plays, prepared after the stereotyped Indian recipe. Cooper, among our novelists, is fresh in the minds of all, most of us having at some time or other read some one of his many admired fictions, while all of us are, more or less, acquainted with his fame. Without subscribing to the intense admiration which most American critics feel for his writings, we consider him the most successful, if not the most truthful of all our prose writers who have made the Indians the subject of romance. He has been successful in his treatment of the Indian character, because he has succeeded in making it poetical and ideal, in fact, almost too poetical and ideal at times, or rather, perhaps, poetical and ideal in a wrong direction, in the region of the sentimental and melo-dramatic, rather than in that of the simple, the strange, and the mysterious. The absence of the simple, the strange, and the mysterious in our Indian literature is the cause of its non-success in an art point of view. Our writers deal in Indians who are too modern; they do not go back far enough in the twilight of antiquity. They take Indians of the last year, or the last century, in preference to the *abstract idea* of the Indian, the poetical savage of the mysterious world of imagination. Instead of painting dusk figures on a dusk, but rich background, in the shade of primeval forests, in the immensity of pathless prairies, and in the light of sunsets, they draw them more like incarnate brutes than men, and contrast them with a superior race, and the prominent elements of civilization, besides which they are shockingly imperfect and out of place. To appear to advantage to the thoughtful, they should be surrounded by the wild and magnificent in nature, should be placed in the golden age of poetry, and not in any age since the discovery and settlement of America.

"Sometimes the dusky islanders  
Lie all day long beneath the trees,  
And watch the white clouds in the sky,  
And birds upon the azure seas;  
Sometimes they wrestle on the turf,  
And chase each other down the sands;  
And sometimes lie in bloomy groves,  
And pluck the fruit with idle hands;

And dark-eyed maids do braid their hair  
With starry shells, and buds, and leaves;  
And sing wild songs in dreamy bowers,  
And dance on dewy eves—  
When daylight melts, and stars are few,  
And west winds frame a drowsy time,  
And all the charmed waters sleep,  
Beneath a yellow moon!"

Something like this is the effect which a successful Indian literature demands.

That which we conceive to be the most prominent element of Indianism, and which is the most difficult to be imbodyed, is radiant in the pages of Schoolcraft's "Algic Researches." Others may have described the race better, may have shed more light on their manners and origin, but none have approached him in Indian legendary lore, and the poetry thereto attached.

It is well to paint the surroundings of Indianism—the forests, lakes, and wigwams; better to paint well its mixed qualities, making them ideal and poetical; but to give, as Schoolcraft does, its very life and spirit, as imbodyed in tales and legends, is the best of all, and what no one, save himself, seems to have thought of doing. Others have either neglected the legendary lore as unworthy of being collected, or have lacked the proper means of collecting it.

One of the first things that strikes us in reading the "Algic Researches," is the extreme originality and uniqueness of most of the tales therein. Given the tales, we could, by a process of reasoning, trace out the peculiar people to whom they belong; analysis would give them only to the Indians of North America. They are really, what it is professed they are, the legendary lore of a race of savages. The impress of the Indian mind, and its mode of thought, is visible on every page. And yet there is enough that is merely general about them to show their affinity to the fairy lore of all nations and times. The fairy lore of a nation comes to perfection only in a nation's childhood, and to that it must always be referred. A semi-barbarous people like the Indians being always in a state of mental childhood, it is not so easy to trace out the date of *their* fairy lore; still there are, even among them, certain periods of greater or lesser barbarism, to some one of which a careful analysis is able to refer it. Proving their originality then in their choice of subjects, and their manner of treatment, the legends in the "Algic

“Researches” refer us to a very remote period of Indian history for the date of their birth and growth. They are not such tales as would be created by the Indians of to-day, but are of the era of flint arrow-heads, earthen pots, and skin clothes. There is something primitive and antique in their very conception; a kind of boldness both of subject and style. Often verging on the grotesque and uncouth, occasionally on the really imaginative, they are seldom poetical, and never pretty and tawdry. Whatever faults they may have, they are at least genuine. The style of narration, says Schoolcraft, the east of invention, the theory of thinking, are eminently peculiar to a people who wander about in woods and plains, who encounter wild beasts, believe in demons, and are subjected to the vicissitudes of the seasons,—a people who are polytheists, not believers in one God or Great Spirit, but in thousands of spirits. The machinery of spirits and necromancy, one of the most ancient and prevalent errors of the human race, supplies the framework of these fictitious creations. Language to carry out the conceptions might seem to be wanting; but here the narrator finds a ready recourse in the use of metaphor, the doctrine of metamorphosis, and the personification of inanimate objects. The belief of the narrators and listeners in every wild and improbable thing told, helps wonderfully in the original in joining the sequence of parts together. Nothing is too capacious for Indian belief; almost every declaration is a prophecy, and every tale a creed. The Indian believes that the whole visible creation is animated with various orders of benign or malignant spirits, who preside over the daily affairs and over the final destinies of men. He believes that these spirits must be conciliated by sacrifices, and a series of fasts and feasts, which either follow or precede these rites, that by the one they may be rendered acceptable, and by the other his gratitude may be shown. He believes that animals of the lowest as well as highest class are endowed with reasoning powers and faculties, and that they have souls, which will be encountered by him in other shapes, and in other states of existence.

In “The Red Lover,” a Chippewa tale, the soul of an unfortunate lover returns to his mistress in the form of a small bird of

beautiful plumage; “a bird of strange character, such as had not before been observed.” She dies, and it is seen no more; for it has flown away with her spirit. In “The Celestial Sisters,” Waupee and his wife are changed into white hawks; and in various other tales the dead and the living undergo transformations equally wonderful. The hero of an Indian tale has only to wish to be changed into a bird, a fox, a beaver, when *presto!* the thing is done. And he has only to wish the aid and counsel of these, or any other members of the under-world, and it is at once given him; the sovereignty of man over nature being one of the chief elements of Indian belief. “The Two Jeebi-ug,” an Ojibbewa legend, in which two ghosts return to the earth, for the purpose of testing mortals, sheds considerable light on some points of Indian mythology, and shows the terribly imaginative power of some of their conceptions. The Jeebi-ug are represented as strange females, total strangers in that country. They would not come near the fire; they sat in a remote part of the lodge, were shy and taciturn, and drew their garments about them in such a manner, as to nearly hide their faces. So far as the hunter’s wife could judge, they were pale, hollow-eyed, and long visaged, very thin and emaciated. There was but little light in the lodge, as the fire was low, and served, by its fitful flashes, rather to increase than dispel her fears. “Merciful spirit!” cried a voice from the opposite part of the lodge, “there are two corpses clothed with garments!” The hunter’s wife turned around; but seeing nobody, she concluded the sounds were but gusts of wind. She trembled, and was ready to sink to the earth. In “The Weendigoes,” a Saginaw story, the dust and ashes of a dead woman, buried in a hollow tree, bud out into a beautiful boy, who visits the widower’s lodge, and plays with his more human son. In the same story, we have a specimen of Indian fancy, which personifies thunder as two enormous birds, whose nest is in the sky. Other natural phenomena are elsewhere personified and explained. In “Paup-puk-keewiss,” an Algie legend, the red streaks in certain formations of rock are accounted for by the blood of two Manitoes, whom Paup-puk-keewiss killed, having been dashed against it. Manabozho rubs the blood of a Manito on the head of a woodpecker,

and it continues red to this day. He also kicks a duck, "which is the cause of his back being flattened, and his legs straightened out behind, so that when he gets on land he cannot walk, and his tail feathers are few."

The legend of Manabozho reveals, Schoolcraft thinks, the idea of an Incarnation; the conception of the character is rather that of a monstrosity than a deity. The birth of Manabozho is shrouded in allegoric mystery. According to some, he was the son of a daughter of the moon by the West wind. He is made to combine all that is strong, brave, warlike, and wise, of men and animals. He performs the wildest exploits imaginable, overcomes the prince of serpents, and conquers an infinity of Manitoes and magicians. Like Adam, he names the animals: he is drawn into the mouth of a gigantic fish with his canoe; he survives a flood by climbing a tree, and recreates the earth from a morsel of ground brought up to him in the paws of a musk-rat.

In contrast with these high exploits, he goes about playing low tricks, a sort of divine conjurer as it were; travels from place to place, often in want of food and lodging; makes use of unworthy subterfuges; is tricked by the very animals whom he envies, coveting at one time their strength and another their cunning. His chief points of excellence, and those which render him a favorite among all the tribes, are great personal strength, readiness of resource, and skill in necromancy. It is natural, as Schoolcraft has well observed, that rude nations in every part of the world should invent some such mythological existence as the Indian Manabozho, to concentrate their prime exploits upon; for it is the maxim of such nations that "the race is always to the swift and the battle to the strong."

In common with most unlettered nations, the Indians entertained many strange notions of the phenomena of nature. In "The Summer Maker," the sky is represented as something palpable, a kind of heavenly curtain stretching over the earth. In order to have summer on earth, the Fisher and the Wolverine leap against the sky till they break through; down the chasm comes the beautiful Summer, surrounded by flocks of birds.

The East, for which the Indians seem to have had a peculiar reverence, many

tribes burying their dead with their feet toward it, is not without its poetry. "Tell me," said Puck-wud-ininee to his sister, "where you would wish to dwell." She said, "I would like to go to the place of the breaking of day-light. I have always loved the East. The earliest glimpses of light are from that quarter, and it is, to my mind, the most beautiful part of the heavens. After I get there, my brother, whenever you see the clouds in that direction of various colors, you may think that your sister is painting her face." Shakspeare is, by some wiseacre of a commentator, supposed to have borrowed the name of "Puck" from the Indian Puck-wud-ininee: the similarity is about as strong as that there is a mountain in Macedon and a mountain in Wales. The only thing at all resembling our fairy lore in the "Algic Researches," is in "The Celestial Sisters," where Waupee finds a ring in the sod, as if it had been made by footsteps following a circle, time out of mind the sign of a fairy neighborhood; and in "The White Feather," where the giant beavers, which were originally stones, turn back into stones again, while those of the White Feather, whom he has enchanted, remain beavers still. In the same story the race of buffaloes have the following grotesquely poetical origin:—

"The chief ordered, on the request of the White Feather, that all the young men should employ themselves four days in making arrows. He also asked for a buffalo robe. This robe he cut into thin shreds and sowed in the prairie. At the end of four days he invited them to gather together all their arrows and accompany him to a buffalo hunt. They found that these shreds of skin had grown into a very large herd of buffalo."

We might point out many similar fancies, and a passage or two in the highest style of poetry; but our space at present forbids; we can only recommend the book, and leave our readers to find the good things for themselves.

The "Algic Researches" were published by the Harpers. The edition, we fancy, is long since exhausted—we are aware of but one, and that bears the date of 1839—but copies of the work can be found in most public libraries, and occasionally at the book-stalls. Those who feel the least curiosity concerning the Indians should not neglect to read it. It will be the base of Schoolcraft's fame.

## CHRISTIANA AT THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.

ONE of the most instructive and entertaining passages in the vision of the renowned dreamer of Bedford jail, is the reception and entertainment of Christiana and her group at the *house of the Interpreter*. There is a homeliness, too, about the picture which adds to its popular charm, and if the artistic poet cannot discover much of the "ideal" about it, yet "the people" have always found it marvelously full of meaning and of simple beauty; and the emblems of the "Significant Rooms," displayed by the good interpreter, while supper was getting ready, are as deeply imprinted, with their salutary lessons, on the minds of common readers of Bunyan, as any pictures of the book, not excepting the memorable Slough of Despond, the tremendous fight with Apollyon in the Dark Valley, the Delectable Mountains, or that unrivaled scene, the final crossing of the river.

Bunyan had not only "the vision and the faculty divine"—a great poet he doubtless was—but, like most of the great poets, his mind was "many-sided," as the Germans say. He was a rare dramatist. The verisimilitude of his characters shows this; not more, however, than the effective relations of his scenes. Contrasts and reciprocal reliefs are maintained throughout his pages. The reception at the house of the interpreter is an example. The house—full of hospitality, and beauty, and lessons—opens its doors for Christiana, Merciful, and the "little pilgrims" just as they escape, terrified from the assaults of ruffians on the highway—the assaults of the two "ill-favored ones" of whom Christiana had dreamed so fearfully that "they had stood at her bed's feet plotting how they might prevent her salvation." The vision of beauty dawns on the scene of terror, and as they knock at the door, out steps a damsel, the image of loveliness itself, an impersonation of innocence.

"Then said the damsel to them, 'With whom would you speak in this place?'"



HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.

"Christiana answered, 'We understand that this is a privileged place for those that are become pilgrims, and we now at this door are such; wherefore, we pray that we may be partakers of that for which we at this time are come; for the day, as thou seest, is very far spent, and we are loath to-night to go any further.'

"*Damsel*.—Pray what may I call your name, that I may tell it to my lord within?

"*Christiana*.—My name is Christiana; I was the wife of that pilgrim that some years ago did travel this way; and these be his four children. This maiden also is my companion, and is going on pilgrimage too.

"Then ran Innocent in, (for that was her name,) and said to those within, 'Can you think who is at the door? There is Christiana and her children, and her companion, all waiting for entertainment.'



DAMSEL INNOCENT.

Then they leaped for joy, and went and told their master. So he came to the door, and looking upon her, he said: 'Art thou that Christiana whom Christian, the good man, left behind him when he beook himself to a pilgrim's life?'

"*Christiana*.—I am that woman that was so hard-hearted as to slight my husband's troubles, and that left him to go on in his journey alone, and these are his four children; but now I also am come, for I am convinced that no way is right but this.

"*Interpreter*.—Then is fulfilled that which also is written of the man that said to his son, 'Go, work to-day in my vineyard;' and he said to his father, 'I will not,' but afterward repented, and went. Matt. xxi, 28, 29.

"Then said Christiana,—'So be it: Amen. God make it a true saying upon me, and grant that I may be found at the last of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.'

And now comes a scene of natural and comely beauty—a scene which shows the genuine skill of the untutored dramatist: there is no stately ceremony—no stiff reception—no solemn preachments. Even Bunyan himself could not, in his best mood, fresh from the closet of his prevailing prayers, have given a more whole-hearted and unconstrained reception at his cottage to a group of his fellow Christians, fleeing from the hounds of the official persecutors of his day. The interpreter hardly hears Christiana through her salutation, tremulous still with her fright, when he replies:

"'But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham; we were talking of thee but now; for tidings have come to us before, how thou art becoming a pilgrim. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in.' So he had them all into the house.

"So when they were within, they were

bidden to sit down and rest them; the which when they had done, those that attended upon the pilgrims in the house came into the room to see them. And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim. They also looked upon the boys; they stroked them over the faces with the hand, in token of their kind reception of them; they also carried it lovingly to Mercy, and bid them all welcome into their master's house."

This pleasant greeting over, and a sweet home feeling of unity and cordiality being inspired in each heart, and the good supper ordered, the lessons of the place are introduced and how aptly!

"After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into his *significant rooms*, and showed them what Christian, Christiana's husband, had seen some time before. Here they saw the man in the cage, the man in his dream, the man that cut his way through his enemies, and the picture of the biggest of them all, together with the rest of those things that were then so profitable to Christian.

"This done, and after these things had been somewhat considered by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.

"Then said Christiana, 'I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this: for this is the figure of a man of this world; is it not, good sir?'



THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE.

“Thou hast said the right,” said he; “and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to do what He says that calls to him from above with the celestial crown in his hand; it is to show, that heaven is but a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also showed thee that the man could look no way but downward, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men’s minds, quite carry their hearts away from God.”

“Then said Christiana, ‘O deliver me from this muck-rake!’

“That prayer,” said the Interpreter, “has lain by till it is almost rusty. “Give me not riches,” (Prov. xxx, 8,) is scarce the prayer of one in ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after.”

“With that Christiana and Mercy wept, and said, ‘It is, alas! too true.’

“When the Interpreter had shown them this, he had them into the very best room in the house; (a very brave room it was;) so he bid them look round about, and see if they could find anything profitable there. Then they looked round and round; for there was nothing to be seen but a very great spider on the wall, and that they overlooked.

“Then said Mercy, ‘Sir, I see nothing.’ But Christiana held her peace.

“But,” said the Interpreter, “look again.” She therefore looked again, and said, ‘Here is not anything but an ugly spider, who hangs by her hands upon the wall.’ Then said he, ‘Is there but one spider in all this spacious room?’ Then the water stood in Christiana’s eyes, for she was a woman quick of apprehension; and she said, ‘Yea, Lord, there are more here than one; yea, and spiders whose venom is far more destructive than that which is in her.’ The Interpreter then looked pleasantly on her, and said, ‘Thou hast said the truth.’ This made Mercy



LESSON FROM CHICKENS.

to blush, and the boys to cover their faces; for they all began now to understand the riddle.

“Then said the Interpreter again, “The spider taketh hold with her hands, [as you see,] and is in kings’ palaces.” Prov. xxx, 28. And wherefore is this recorded, but to show you, that how full of the venom of sin soever you be, yet you may, by the hand of Faith, lay hold of and dwell in the best room that belongs to the King’s house above.”

“I thought,” said Christiana, “of something of this; but I could not imagine it all. I thought that we were like spiders, and that we looked like ugly creatures, in what fine rooms soever we were; but that by this spider, that venomous and ill-favored creature, we were to learn how to act faith. That came not into my thoughts; and yet she had taken hold with her hands, and, as I see, dwelleth in the best room in the house. God has made nothing in vain.”

“Then they seemed all to be glad, but the water stood in their eyes. Yet they looked one upon another, and also bowed before the Interpreter.

“He had them then into another room, where were a hen and chickens, and bid them observe awhile. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes toward heaven. ‘See,’ said he, ‘what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up. Yet again,’ said he, ‘observe and look.’ So they gave heed, and



THE GARDEN.

perceived that the hen did walk in a fourfold method toward her chickens. 1. She had a common call, and that she hath all day long. 2. She had a special call, and that she had but sometimes. 3. She had a brooding note. And, 4. She had an outcry. Matt. xxiii, 37.

*Interpreter.*—“Now,” said he, “compare this hen to your King, and these chickens to his obedient ones. For, answerable to her, he himself has his methods, which he walketh in toward his people. By his common call, he gives nothing; by his special call, he always has something to give; he has also a brooding voice for them that are under his wing; and he has an outcry, to give the alarm when he seeth the enemy come. I choose, my darlings, to lead you into the room where such things are, because you are women, and they are easy for you.”

A rather direct hint of the author's estimate of the female intellect—it was the prejudice of his day. There is an inkling of his special theological opinions, also, from which some readers might deduce unfavorable inferences. Bunyan was, however, as far from Antinomianism as from Pelagianism, and he teaches neither.

“*Christiana.*—‘And, sir,’ said Christiana, ‘pray let us see some more.’

“So he had them into the slaughter-house, where was a butcher a killing of a sheep.

And behold, the sheep was quiet, and took her death patiently. Then said the Interpreter, ‘You must learn of this sheep to suffer, and to put up with wrongs without murmurings and complaints. Behold how quietly she takes her death; and without objecting, she suffereth her skin to be pulled over her ears. Your King doth call you his sheep.’

“After this, he led them into his garden, where was great variety of flowers. And he said, ‘Do you see all these?’ So Christiana answered, ‘Yes.’ Then said

he again, ‘Behold, the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, and color, and smell, and virtue, and some are better than some. Also, where the gardener has set them, there they stand, and quarrel not one with another.’

“Again, he had them into his field, which he had sowed with wheat and corn; but when they beheld, the tops of all were cut off—only the straw remained. He said again, ‘This ground was dunged, and plowed, and sowed; but what shall we do with the crop?’ Then said Christiana, ‘Burn some, and make muck of the rest.’ Then said the Interpreter again, ‘Fruit, you see, is that thing you look for; and for want of that you condemn it to the fire, and to be trodden under foot of men. Beware that in this you condemn not yourselves.’

“Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth. So the Interpreter said, ‘Look here.’ So they looked, and Mercy wondered. But Christiana said, ‘What a disparagement is it to such a little pretty bird as the robin-red-breast is; he being also a bird above many, that loveth to maintain a kind of sociability with man! I had thought they had lived upon crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter. I like him worse than I did.’

"The Interpreter then replied, 'This robin is an emblem very apt to set forth some professors by; for to sight they are as this robin, pretty of note, color, and carriage; they seem also to have a very great love for professors that are sincere; and above all other, to desire to associate with and to be in their company, as if they could live upon the good man's crumbs. They pretend also, that therefore it is that they frequent the house of the godly, and the appointments of the Lord; but when they are by themselves, as the robin, they can catch and gobble up spiders, they can change their diet, drink iniquity, and swallow down sin like water.'"

Such were the plain yet beautiful homilies of the good Interpreter. They were like Christ's discourses in his rural walks through Judea. They are the preaching which "the people" and their children understand, and remember also, for they are not only simple, even to plainness, but they are images—pictures—and their metaphorical character makes them at once matters of curiosity and of remembrance to common minds. Many a tired laborer has pored over them after the toil of the day, in his chimney corner, and many a rustic child, under the shadow of the tree on the bank of the stream, wondering at their simple aptness and unconsciously learning the profoundest lessons of the human soul—lessons which elaborate preachers could never convey to them.

They pass from the garden into the house, not forgetting that supper was preparing, for Bunyan was no cynic—he knew how to relish the "good creatures of God," and believed in the right of good men to feast (albeit temperately) as well as to fast. On entering, they find that the table is not yet ready, and Christiana, now fully at home, and charmed as well with the instructions as with the hospitality and beauty of the place, entreats the Interpreter to "either show or tell of some other things that are profitable." And now follows a string of "wise saws," characteristic of the writers of that day. They might have been quoted from old Fuller or Sir Thomas Brown.

"Thea the Interpreter began and said, 'The fatter the sow is, the more she desires the mire; the fatter the ox is, the more gamesomely he goes to the slaughter; and the more healthy the lusty man is, the more prone he is unto evil.'

"He that forgets his friend, is ungrateful unto him; but he that forgets his Saviour, is unmerciful to himself.'

"There is a desire in women to go neat and fine; and it is a comely thing to be adorned with that which in God's sight is of great price.

"He that lives in sin, and looks for happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.

"If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company-keeper.

"Whispering, and change of thoughts, prove that sin is in the world.

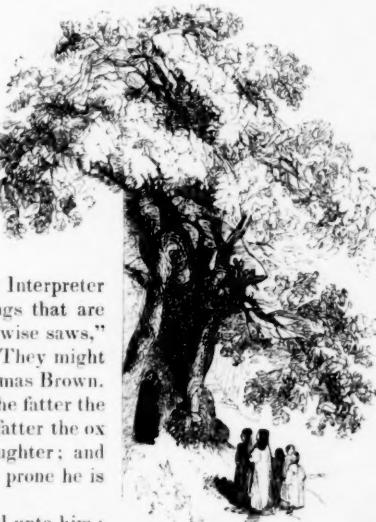
"If the world, which God sets light by, is counted a thing of that worth with men, what is heaven, which God commendeth?

"If the life that is attended with so many troubles is so loath to be let go by us, what is the life above?

"Everybody will cry up the goodness of men; but who is there that is, as he should be, affected with the goodness of God?

"We seldom sit down to meat but we eat, and leave; so there is in Jesus Christ more merit and righteousness than the whole world has need of."

These sententious passages were convenient for the intervention of supper at any moment, and the last seemed suggestive of the good Interpreter's expectant thoughts. But the announcement does not come; so he took them [not impatiently] out into his garden again, and led them to a tree, whose inside was all rotten



THE HOLLOW TREE.

and gone, and yet it grew and had leaves. Then said Merey, 'What means this?' 'This tree,' said he, 'whose outside is fair, and whose inside is rotten, it is to which many may be compared that are in the garden of God; who with their mouths speak high in behalf of God, but indeed will do nothing for him; whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing but to be tinder for the devil's tinder-box.'

Meanwhile the supper is ready; and it was no monastic board: there is a smack rather of the old Greek *symposium* about it. Plato, Socrates, and their Athenian friends, used to talk philosophy and eat together somewhat after the same style.

was but natural affection. Then, after that, came the troubles and pilgrimage of my husband into my mind, and also how like a churl I had carried it to him as to that. So guilt took hold of my mind, and would have drawn me into the pond, but that opportunely I had a dream of the well-being of my husband, and a letter sent me by the King of that country where my husband dwells, to come to him. The dream and the letter together so wrought upon my mind, that they forced me to this way.'

*"Interpreter."*—'But met you with no opposition afore you set out of doors?

*"Christiana."*—'Yes; a neighbor of mine,

one Mrs. Timorous—(she was akin to him that would have persuaded my husband to go back for fear of the lions)—she all-to befooled me for, as she called it, my intended desperate adventure. She also urged what she could to dishearten me to it,—the hardship and troubles that my husband met with in the way; but all this I got over pretty well. But a dream that I had, of two ill-lookt ones, that I thought did plot how to make me miscarry in my journey, that hath troubled me much, yea, it still runs



SUPPER AT THE INTERPRETER'S.

"The table was spread, and all things set on the board. So they sate down, and did eat, when one had given thanks. And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him with music at meals; so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing; and a very fine voice he had. His song was this:—

'The Lord is only my support,  
And he that doth me feed:  
How can I then want anything  
Whereof I stand in need?'

"When the song and music were ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that at first did move her to betake herself to a pilgrim's life?

"Christiana answered, 'First, the loss of my husband came into my mind, at which I was heartily grieved; but all that

in my mind, and makes me afraid of every one that I meet, lest they should meet me to do me a mischief, and to turn me out of the way. Yea, I may tell my lord, though I would not have everybody know it, that between this and the gate by which we got into the way, we were both so sorely assaulted, that we were made to cry out murder; and the two that made this assault upon us were like the two that I saw in my dream.'

"Then said the Interpreter, 'Thy beginning is good; thy latter end shall greatly increase.' So he addressed himself to Merey, and said unto her, 'And what moveth thee to come hither, sweet-heart?'

Rather a familiar salutation certainly, but it is "in character." Bunyan designed its

boldness. Like Shakespeare and all great poets he had an exquisite sense of feminine delicacy and beauty, and he would introduce the character of Mercy with a contrast.

Poor Mercy "blushed and trembled, and for a while continued silent," after the bold appeal of the Interpreter.

"*Interpreter.*—'Then,' said he, 'Be not afraid; only believe, and speak thy mind.'

"*Mercy.*—So she began and said, 'Truly, sir, my want of experience is that that makes me covet to be in silence, and that also that fills me with fears of coming short at last. I cannot tell of visions and dreams as my friend Christiana can; nor know I what it is to mourn for my refusing of the counsel of those that were good relations.'

"*Interpreter.*—'What was it then, dear-heart, that hath prevailed with thee to do as thou hast done?'

"*Mercy.*—'Why, when our friend here was packing up to be gone from our town, I and another went accidentally to see her; so we knocked at the door, and went in. When we were within, and seeing what she was doing, we asked what was her meaning. She said she was sent for to go to her husband; and then she up and told us how she had seen him in a dream, dwelling in a curious place among immortals, wearing a crown, playing upon a harp, eating and drinking at his Prince's table, and singing praises to him for bringing him thither, &c. Now methought, while she was telling these things unto us, my heart burned within me, and I said in my heart, If this be true, I will leave my father and my mother, and the land of my nativity, and will, if I may, go along with Christiana.'

"So I asked her farther of the truth of these things, and if she would let me go with her: for I saw now that there was no dwelling, but with the danger of ruin,



THE GARDEN BATH.

any longer in our town. But yet I came away with a heavy heart; not for that I was unwilling to come away, but for that so many of my relations were left behind. And I am come with all the desire of my heart, and will go, if I may, with Christiana unto her husband and his King.

"*Interpreter.*—'Thy setting out is good, for thou hast given credit to the truth. Thou art a Ruth, who did, for the love that she bore to Naomi and to the Lord her God, leave father and mother, and the land of her nativity, to come out, and go with a people that she knew not heretofore.'

"Now supper was ended, and preparations were made for bed; the women were laid singly alone, and the boys by themselves. Now when Mercy was in bed, she could not sleep for joy, for that now her doubts of missing at last were removed farther from her than ever they were before; so she lay blessing and praising God, who had had such favor for her.

"In the morning they arose with the sun, and prepared themselves for their departure; but the Interpreter would have them tarry awhile, 'For,' said he, 'you must orderly go from hence.' Then said he to the damsel that at first opened unto them, 'Take them, and have them into the garden to the bath, and there wash them, and make them clean from the soil which they have gathered by traveling.' Then Innocent, the damsel, took them, and had them into the garden, and brought them to the bath; so she told them that there they must wash and be clean, for so her master would have the women to do that called at his house as they were going on pilgrimage. They then went in and washed, yea, they and the boys and all, and they came out of that bath, not only sweet and clean, but also much enlivened and strengthened in their joints; so when they came in, they looked fairer a deal than when they went out to the washing.

"When they were returned out of the garden from the bath, the Interpreter took them and looked upon them, and said unto them, 'Fair as the moon.' Then he called for the seal wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the places whither they were yet to go. Now the seal was the contents and sum of the Passover which the children of Israel did eat when they came out from the land of Egypt, (Exod. xiii, 8-10,) and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces; it also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like them of angels.

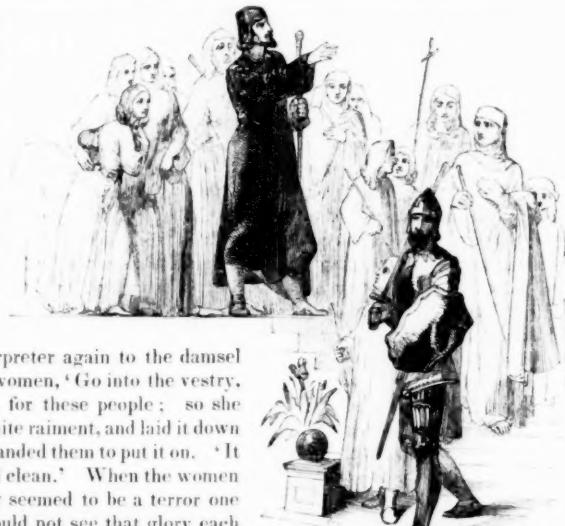
"Then said the Interpreter again to the damsel that waited upon these women, 'Go into the vestry, and fetch out garments for these people: so she went, and fetched out white raiment, and laid it down before him; so he commanded them to put it on. 'It was fine linen, white and clean.' When the women were thus adorned, they seemed to be a terror one to the other, for they could not see that glory each one on herself which they could see in each other. Now, therefore, they began to esteem each other bet-

ter than themselves; 'For you are fairer than I am,' said one; 'And you are more comely than I am,' said another. The children also stood amazed to see into what fashion they were brought.

"The Interpreter then called for a manservant of his, one Greatheart, and bid him take sword, and helmet, and shield, 'and take these my daughters,' said he, 'and conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next.' So he took his weapons, and went before them; and the Interpreter said, 'God speed.' Those also that belonged to the family sent them away with many a good wish; so they went on their way, and sung—

'This place has been our second stage;  
Here we have heard and seen  
Those good things that, from age to age,  
To others hid have been.  
The dunghill-raker, spider, hen,  
The chickens too, to me  
Hath taught a lesson—let me then  
Conformed to it be.  
The butcher, garden, and the field,  
The robin and his bait,  
Also the rotten tree doth yield  
Me argument of weight,  
To move me for to watch and pray,  
To strive to be sincere,  
To take my cross up day by day,  
And serve the Lord with fear.'

"And now," says the glorious dreamer, bravely, "I saw in my dream that they went on, and Greatheart went before them."



THE DEPARTURE WITH GREATHEART.

## PLYMOUTH, THE PILGRIMS AND PURITANS.

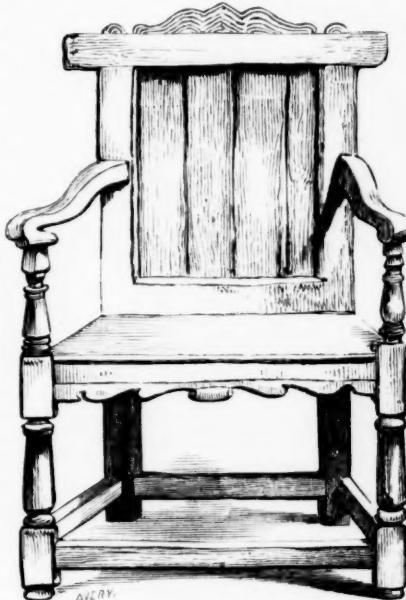
BY ALICE CAREY.

ON the first of September, 1824, the corner-stone of a building, called "Plymouth Hall," was laid in Plymouth with religious ceremonies. It is a plain, substantial structure, having a portico of Grecian Doric, and is designed for the preservation of memorials of the Pilgrims. Some of the reliques found here we have already spoken of. Of all those who came over in the May-Flower, there is but one portrait in existence, and that is of Edward Winslow, and was painted in 1651, during one of his visits to London. It is to be regretted that no more of the likenesses of the forefathers have come down to us. Winslow, from religious sympathy and like energy of character, was a favorite of Cromwell, and in the execution of an appointment under the Protector, died at sea in 1655, in the sixtieth year of his age. With the profound piety and practical energy of the Pilgrims, he combined a knowledge of the world and of society. He was the first who brought cattle over from England, and the colony records show the following curious agreement, illustrating how valuable a piece of property a cow was then:—

" 1672. Edward Winslow hath sold unto Captain Myles Standish his six shares in the red cow, for and in consideration of five pounds ten shillings, to be pd. in corne at the rate of six shillings p. bushel, freeing the said Edward from all manner of charge belonging to the said shares, during the term of the nine years they are let out to calves, and taking the benefit thereof."

The portrait of Winslow is in the room of the Massachusetts Historical Collection at Boston, where his substantial oak chair, brought over from England, is also preserved. On the back is the inscription, "Cheapside, London, 1611." His first wife died during the severities of the first winter, and, as will be remembered, he shortly after married Susanna, widow of William White—that being the first marriage celebrated in the colony. His estate was called "Careswell," after the family seat of his ancestors in England.

His provident and careful spirit is shown



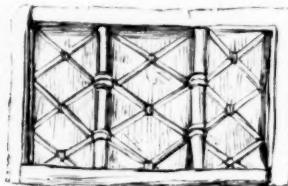
WINSLOW'S CHAIR.

in the subjoined directions to a friend about to emigrate to Plymouth:—

" Now, because I expect your coming unto us, with other of our friends, whose company we much desire, I thought good to advertise you of a few things needful. Be careful to have a good bread-room to put your biscuits in. Let your casks for beer and water be iron-bound for the first tier, if not more. Let not your meat be dry-salted; none can better do it than the sailors. Let your meal be so hard trod in your cask, that you shall need an adz or hatchet to work it out with. Trust not too much on us for corn at this time; for by reason of this last company that came, depending wholly on us, we shall have little enough till harvest. Be careful to come by some of your meal to spend by the way—it will much refresh you. Build your cabins as open as you can, and bring good store of clothes and bedding with you. Bring every man a musket or fowling-piece. Let your piece be long in the barrel, and fear not the weight of it, for most of our shooting is from stands. Bring juice of lemons, and take it fasting—it is of use. For hot waters, aniseed-water is the best, but use it sparingly. If you bring anything for comfort in the country, butter or salad oil, or both, is very good. Our Indian corn, even the coarsest, maketh as pleasant meal as rice; therefore spare that, unless

to spend by the way. Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows, with cotton yarn for your lamps. Let your shot be most for big fowls, and bring store of powder and shot."

It appears that the colonists could not at first afford the luxury of glass. Among the curiosities of Pilgrim Hall, one of the early latticed window-panes is preserved.



OLD WINDOW-PANE.

Among its most interesting memorials, is a picture representing the "Landing of the Pilgrims." In one end of the hall are two old chairs, brought from England in the May-Flower; one of which belonged to John Carver. He was deacon in the Church in Holland, and afterward the first governor of Plymouth. There is preserved here also an inlaid dressing-case, which belonged to William White, one of the Pilgrims, whose wife, Susanna, was the mother of the first child born in the country, Peregrine White, who lived to the age of eighty-three, and to whom a grant

of two hundred acres of land was made "in respect that he was the first English born in these parts." An apple-tree planted by him upon his lot near Marshfield is still, it is said, producing fruit. This estate of Marshfield has been famous in modern times as the residence, now the burial-place, of Daniel Webster.

Another interesting relic of the colonists is the family cradle of Dr. Samuel Fuller. It is now in the possession of Jacob Noyes, whose wife is a lineal descendant of the doctor. Fuller was a deacon of the Church, and remarkable for piety and skill alike. He died in 1633, of an infectious fever, and was deeply mourned by his fellow-pilgrims.

If tradition be to be trusted, little Peregrine White was rocked in the Fuller cradle. This seems the more probable, from the fact that he was the first born in the colony, and it is not likely that many cradles were brought over. "It is a good, substantial article, and ornamental withal," says one who has seen it, "and designed, like all the old-fashioned furniture of the mother country, to be handed down from generation to generation."

Precious is every memorial of the venerated men and women who made way for all our blessings—who bore the burden and heat of the day without complaint—always zealous for the glory of God to the forgetfulness of self, and who, though not perfect, have left us examples of faith, and trust, and endurance of suffering, and resistance of oppression, without which we should be very poor. Among these precious remains is William Brewster's chair. He was the oldest of the Pilgrims, being fifty-six at the time of embarking for America. Having been an elder of the Church at home, he was chosen to minister to the little band of exiles, till they could be joined by the good Mr. Robinson, who was not destined to take "New-England in his way to heaven," as has been beautifully said of one who lived but a little time after gaining the shores of the New World.

The task assigned him he undertook with like zeal and modesty. His life seems to have been one of great vicissitudes. Well born, educated, and accustomed to the elegancies of a court, he left all, and cast in his lot with the humble and devout seekers of the strange country; and it is said of him, that "he not only



CARVER'S CHAIR.



PEREGRINE WHITE'S TREE.

guided and directed them like a father, but largely assisted them with his estate," which last I take to be a substantial evidence of his goodness of heart. The annexed beautiful tribute is from the memoir of his friend Bradford. From early habits and from his age, he was unfitted for the tasks and hardships assumed by his brethren; nevertheless, says the memoir,—

"He was no way unwilling to bear his burden with the rest, living without bread or corn many months together, having many times nothing but fish, and often wanting that also, and drinking nothing but water for many years together, until within five or six years of his death; and yet he lived, by the blessing of God, until a very old age in health; and besides that, he would labor with his hands in the fields as long as he was able. Yet, when the Church had no other minister, he taught twice every Sabbath, and that both powerfully and profitably, to the great contentment of the hearers and their comfortable edification; yea, many were brought to God by his ministry. He did more in their behalf in a year than many that have their hundreds a year do in all their lives."

If any of my white-handed readers are ashamed to work, though born in a democracy and of a race of workers, I wish they would forget themselves long enough to make a picture of this good old man at work in the field, and deeming it no hardship to sacrifice all the courtly splendors to which he had been used, for the sake of his neighbors and friends; I wish they would

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think of it, and see if their cheeks do not tingle for shame, and themselves shrink to the puny and profitless idlers they are, in the thought.

He lived to number eighty years, and died in his bed in peace—his friends about him ministering to his needs, and he in turn comforting them as long as he could speak, which he was able to do until about half-a-day before his death. "For some minutes before his last he drew his breath long, as a man falleth into a sound sleep, without any

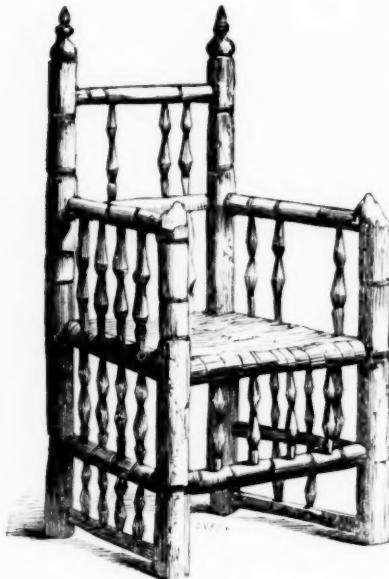
pangs or gaspings, and so sweetly departed this life into a better."

His illness was short, and not until the day before his death did he wholly keep his bed, and we can imagine the venerable old man sitting in his great chair, and contemplating serenely and calmly, as one whose work was done and whose peace was made, the transit through the dark which he was about to make. I wish we could give the reader a picture of the pious elder as well as his chair.

The Pilgrim Hall contains no memorial of William Bradford, who was chosen governor after Carver, and was annually re-elected for thirty years, a sufficient commentary on the ability with which he discharged his duties. He lived through nearly the whole period of the English commonwealth—saw other colonies rising



THE FULLER CRADLE.



BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

and flourishing around his own, and was universally regarded with love and veneration.

There is a little traditional romance connected with his history of much stern reality.

Dorothy, the wife who came with him to America, was drowned while the May-Flower lay at Cape Cod, and during the absence of her husband on an exploring tour. A Mrs. Alice Southworth afterward came over to Plymouth, whom he married, and the story is that an old attachment existed between Mistress Alice and Bradford previously to his leaving England, and that their union had been prevented on the ground of inequality of position. They separated, and in the course of time each married, at the dictation of judgment, probably; but their bonds being severed by death, the old acquaintance was revived, and the love too, if it had ever died, and the girlish Alice of Bradford became the sober wife of his maturer years—so strangely are things ordered in this world. We find pleasing glimpses now and then, showing us that these austere men had hearts susceptible of the deepest tenderness, as well as great and brave souls.

We learn from the Colony Records that

"On the 26th of March, 1670, Mistress Alice Bradford, Sen., changed this life for a better, having attained to fourscore years of age, or thereabouts. She was a godly matron, and much loved while she lived, and lamented, though aged, when she died, and was honorably interred on the 29th day of the month afore-said, at New-Plymouth."

Besides his services to the colonies while living, Bradford left writings which are imperishable, forming as they do the most authentic documents of colonial history.

The subjoined verses descriptive of the life of those times, is copied from an account of the Pilgrim Fathers by William Bartlett, and was, he says, taken down from the lips of an old lady, aged ninety-four, in the year 1767, thus reaching back almost to the time of which it is descriptive. It would be curious to know in what manner of man or woman the humorous spirit that dictated the lines found a dwelling-place. They are, however, in accordance with the general spirit of accommodating itself to circumstances cheerfully:—

"The place where we dwell is a wilderness wood,  
Where grass is much wanted that's fruitful and  
good;

Our mountains and hills, and our valleys below,  
Are commonly cover'd with frost and with snow.

"And when the north-west wind with violence  
blows,

Then every man pulls his cap over his nose;  
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,  
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

"Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be  
torn,  
They need to be clouted soon after they are  
worn;

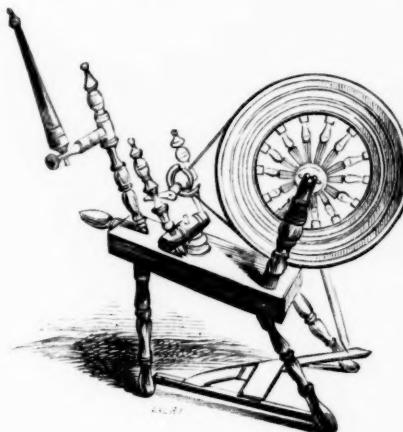
But clouting our garments they hinder us  
nothing—  
Clouts double are warmer than single whole  
clothing.

"If fresh meat be wanted to fill up our dish,  
We have carrots and turnips whenever we wish;  
And if we've a mind for a delicate dish,  
We go to the clam-bank, and there we catch fish.

"For pottage, and puddings, and custards, and  
pies,  
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common sup-  
plies;  
We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins  
at noon—  
If it were not for pumpkins we should be un-  
done."

It would appear from this old song that a facility of rhyming was indigenous to American soil; and since it has taken such

deep root and overspread the whole face of the country, as it has, there would seem to be little hope of its being rooted out. But that our venerable grandames did not spin sonnets and madrigals to the forgetfulness of flax and wool the annexed cut sufficiently attests.



OLD SPINNING-WHEEL.

Probably few of the readers of to-day have ever even seen one of the originals, which the cut represents; but in early times they formed a part of the marriage portion of every young woman, and they are sometimes found in the garrets of families, in which they have come down as heir-looms, even yet. I myself have experimented, in tow, on a wheel of this sort, to the admiration of my playmates, in my rural home in Ohio, many and many a time, in the years that are dead and buried.

From a discourse delivered in Plymouth shortly after its settlement, by one Robert Cushman, who came over to negotiate some secular matters, a brief transcript is made—an amplification, as it were, of the golden rule, and as applicable now as then. He says:—

“ May you live as retired hermits, and look over nobody? Nay, you must seek still the wealth of one another, and inquire as David, How liveth such a man? How is he clad? How is he fed? He is my brother, my associate; we ventured our lives together here, and had a hard brunt of it, and we are in league together. Is his labor harder than mine? Surely I will ease him. Hath he no bed to lie on? Why, I have two; I'll lend him one. Hath he no apparel? Why, I have two suits; I'll give him one of them. Eats he coarse fare—bread and

water—and I have better? why, surely I will part stakes. He is as good a man as I, and we are bound each to other: so that his wants must be my wants, his sorrows my sorrows, his sickness my sickness, his welfare my welfare; for I am as he is, and such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable—yea, heavenly, and is the maker and conserver of Churches and commonwealths, and where this is wanting ruin comes on quickly.”

The following description of Plymouth, in 1627, will be read with interest by every one. The delineation is from a letter of Dr. Basieres, discovered in the library in the Hague. He tells us that

“ The houses were constructed of hewn planks, with gardens inclosed behind, and at the sides with boards. To prevent surprise, each had besides a defensive stockade, and there were three wooden gates at the extremities of the streets. In the centre, on the cross street, stood the governor's house, before which was a square enclosure, upon which four *pateros* were mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon Burial, or Fort Hill, was a large square house with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they had six cannons, four or five pounds, which commanded all the neighborhood. The lower part of this fort served as a church, to which on Sundays they repaired in perfect military order. They were assembled by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; and on the left hand the captain, with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand. Then they march in good order, each setting down his arms beside him. And thus they are on their guard night and day.”

Some notion of the costume of the times may be gathered from the illustration which we give on the next page.

Strange enough to our ears sound the orders, sent over to London, for “ Norwich gaiters,” “ doublet and hose, of leather, lined with oiled-skin leather, the hose and doublet with hooks and eyes,” northern dressers, or Hampshire kerseys, lined, the hose with skins, the doublets with linen of Guildford,” “ falling bands,” “ waistcoats of green cotton, bound about with red tape,” “ leather girdles,” “ Monmouth caps,” “ black hats, lined in the rim with leather,” “ red knit caps, milled,” “ gloves of calf's leather and tanned sheep's leather,” &c.



PILGRIM COSTUME.

The stockings of the time were gartered beneath the knee, and the garters fastened with a large bow, or rosette, on one side; and the stiff ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's time had been exchanged for wide horizontal collars and broad falling bands. To these succeeded the small Geneva bands, like those worn by clergymen. Girdles were used in place of suspenders; and caps, the best of which were made at Monmouth, were much worn, and especially by soldiers; the other parts of the dress of a soldier consisted of a loose cassock or sack, covering the whole of the body, and usually without sleeves:—

"Thus put he on his arming truss—fair shoes upon his feet,  
About him a mandilion that did with buttons meet,  
Of purple, large and full of folds, curl'd with a  
warmful nap,  
A garment that 'gainst cold in nights did soldiers use to wrap."

Leather breeches were worn chiefly by the common people, and the fashion, on account of its durability, held for a long time.

The pilgrim houses have, as I said before, all disappeared, and from the description we have had, it seems they were not built substantially enough to withstand the war of elements for any very protracted period, even if no violent hands had been laid on them. Some very old houses, however, are still standing. I make the following interesting extract from a re-

cent work by the poet Whittier. The fortifications were provided against the Narragansett war:—

"In 1690 six garrisons were established in different parts, with a small company of soldiers attached to each. Two of these houses are still standing. They were built of brick, two stories high, with a single outside door, so small and narrow that but one person could enter at a time; the windows few, and only about two and a half feet long by eighteen inches wide, with thick diamond glass secured with lead, and crossed inside with bars of iron. The basement had but two rooms, and the chamber was entered by a ladder instead of stairs, so that the inmates, if driven thither, could cut off communication with the rooms below."

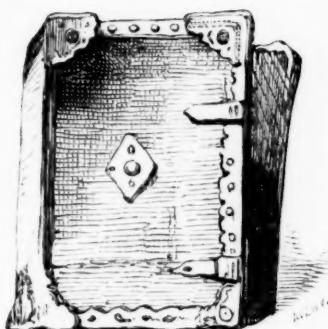
Many private houses, the author goes on to say, were strengthened and fortified, one of which, familiar to his boyhood, he describes as follows:—

"A venerable old building of wood, with brick between the weather boards and ceiling, with a massive balustrade over the door, constructed of oak timber and plank, with holes through the latter for firing upon assailants. The door opened upon a stone-paved hall, or entry, leading into the huge single room of the basement, which was lighted by two small windows, the ceiling black with the smoke of a century and a half; a huge fire-place, calculated for eight feet wood, occupying one entire side; while overhead, suspended from the timbers or the shelves fastened to them, were household stores, farming utensils, fishing-rods, guns, bunches of herbs, gathered perhaps a century ago, strings of dried apples and pumpkins, links of mottled sausages, sparrows and fitches of bacon; the firelight of an evening dimly revealing the checked wooden coverlet of the bed, in one far-off corner, while in another the pewter plates on the dresser caught and reflected the flame as shields of arms the sunshine."

An old Dutch Bible brings us to the close of the Pilgrim relies.

That this book was read and trusted too, the subjoined narrative illustrates better than any words of mine. The severe and simple beauty of the style commands it better to the heart than any elaborate effort could do. It is copied from "Young's *Chronicles of the Planters*," and is the account which Anthony Thatcher himself gives of his shipwreck, though condensed considerably from the original for want of space. He says:—

"I must turn my drowned pen and shaking hand to indite the story of such sad news as never before this happened in New-England."



DUTCH BIBLE.

There was, he goes on to say, a league of perpetual friendship between his cousin Avery and himself, to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare, as also of habitation in the same place. This cousin Avery was a minister, and had, shortly after coming from England, a pastoral offer, which he declined, on account of their unwillingness to be apart. At length they arranged to go together to Marblehead, for which purpose they embarked at Ipswich, August 11, 1635, with their families and substance, being in all twenty-three souls:—

"The next morning," says the narrative, "having commended ourselves to God, with cheerful hearts we hoisted sail. But the Lord turned our cheerfulness into mourning and lamentations, for on the 14th of August, 1635, about ten at night, having a fresh gale of wind, our sails being old and done, were split. The mariners, because that it was night, would not put to new sails, but resolved to cast anchor till the morning. But before daylight it pleased the Lord to send so mighty a storm, as the like was never known in New-England since the English came, nor in the memory of any of the Indians. It was so furious that our anchor came home. Whereupon the mariners let out more cable, which at last slipped away. Then our sailors knew not what to do; but we were driven before the winds and waves. My cousin and I perceived our danger, and solemnly recommended ourselves to God, the Lord both of earth and seas, expecting every moment to be swallowed in the waves and drenched in the deeps. And as my cousin, his wife, and my tender babes, sat comforting and cheering one another in the Lord against ghastly death, which every moment stared us in the face, and sat triumphing on each one's forehead, we were by the violence of the waves and fury of the winds (by the Lord's permission) lifted upon a rock between two high rocks, yet all was one rock. But it raged with the stroke which came into the pinnace, so we were presently up to our middles in water. The waves came furiously and vio-

lently over us, and against us, but, by reason of the rock's proportion, could not lift us off, but beat her all to pieces. Now look with me upon our distress, and consider of my misery, who beheld the ship broken, the water in her, and violently overwhelming us, my goods and provisions swimming in the seas, my friends almost drowned, and my own poor children so untimely, (if I may so term it without offence,) before mine eyes drowned, and ready to be swallowed up and dashed to pieces on the rocks by the merciless waves, and myself ready to accompany them."

And in continuance of the woeful relation, he says:—

"In the same room whereas he sat, the master of the pinnace, not knowing what to do, our foremast was cut down, our mainmast broken in three pieces, the fore part of the pinnace beat away, our goods swimming about the seas, my children bewailing me, as not pitying themselves, and myself bemoaning them, poor souls, whom I had occasioned such an end in their tender years, whenas they could scarce be sensible of death. And so likewise my cousin, his wife, and his children, and both of us bewailing each other in our Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom only we had comfort and cheerfulness; insomuch, that from the greatest to the least of us, there was not one screech or outcry made; but all, as silent sheep, were contentedly resolved to die together lovingly, as since our acquaintance we had lived together friendly. Now, as I was sitting in the cabin room door, with my body in the room, when lo! one of the sailors, by a wave being washed out of the pinnace, was gotten in again, and coming into the cabin room over my back, cried out, 'We are all cast away. The Lord have mercy upon us!' His speech made me look forth, and looking toward the sea, and seeing how we were, I turned myself to my cousin and the rest, and spake these words: 'O cousin, it hath pleased God to cast us here between two rocks, the shore not far from us, for I saw the tops of trees when I looked forth.'

"Whereupon the master of the pinnace, looking up at the scuttle hole of the quarter deck, went out at it; but I never saw him afterward. Then he that had been in the sea, went out again by me, and leapt overboard toward the rocks, whom afterward, also, I could not see.

"Now none were left in the bark, that I knew or saw, but my cousin, his wife and children, myself and mine, and his maid-servant. But my cousin thought I would have fled from him, and said unto me, 'O, cousin, leave us not—let us die together;' and reached forth his hand unto me. Then I, letting go my son Peter's hand, took his hand and said, 'Cousin, I propose it not; whither shall I go? I am willing and ready here to die with you and my poor children. God be merciful to us, and receive us to himself;' adding these words—'The Lord is able to help and deliver us.' He replied—'Truth, cousin; but what his pleasure is we know not. I fear we have been too unthankful for former deliverances. But he hath promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation, and to bring us safe to heaven through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ. This, there-

fore, we may challenge him.' To which I, replying, said, 'That is all the deliverance I now desire and expect.' Which words I had no sooner spoken, but by mighty wave I was with the piece of the bark washed out upon part of the rock, where the wave left me almost drowned. But recovering my feet, I saw above me on the rock my daughter Mary, to whom I had no sooner gotten, but my cousin Avery and his eldest son came to us; being all four of us washed out by one and the same wave. We went all into a small hole in the top of the rock, whence we called to those in the pinnace to come unto us, supposing we had been in more safety than they were in. My wife, seeing me there, crept up into the scuttle of the quarter deck, to come unto us. But presently came another wave and dashed the pinnace all to pieces, carrying my wife away in the scuttle as she was, with the greater part of the quarter deck unto the shore, where she was cast safely. All the rest that were in the bark were drowned in the merciless seas. We four by that wave were clean swept away from off the rock also into the sea; the Lord in one instant of time disposing of fifteen souls of us, according to his good pleasure and will."

He describes himself as hanging on the rock with only his head above water a great while, but on reaching a hand to lay hold of a plank, was by the violence of the waves washed off, "and driven hither and thither in the seas,"—"and had many dashes against the rocks." He continues:—

"At length, past hopes of life, and wearied in body and spirits, I gave over to nature; being ready to receive in the waters of death, and lifted up both my heart and hands to God in heaven. For note, I had my senses remaining perfect all this time that I was under and in the water, who at that instant lifted my head up out of the water, so that I might breathe without any hinderance by the waters. I stood bolt upright, as if I had stood upon my feet; but I felt no bottom, nor had any footing to stand upon but the waters."

After remaining in the water for at least a quarter of an hour, overwhelmed and driven to and fro, now catching at pieces of timber, and now striving to find the ground, he at last found his face to the shore, "and made haste to get out." Having blessed God, he turned to look about for his wife and children, but saw neither.

Presently his wife "got herself from among the broken timber;" and when they were come to each other, they went and sat under the bank of the sea. Whence (for they could not rest) they "went up into the land, and sat them down under a cedar-tree, where, almost frozen with cold, they remained an hour. "But," says Thatcher,—

"My heart would not let me sit still any longer; but I would go to see if any more were gotten to the land in safety, especially hoping to have met with some of my own poor children; but I could find none, neither dead nor yet living. Now came to my remembrance the time and manner, how and when I last saw and left my poor children and friends. One was severed from me sitting on the rock at my feet, the other three in the pinnace, my little babe (Ah, poor Peter!) sitting in his sister Edith's arms, who, to the uttermost of her power, sheltered him from the waters; my poor William standing close unto them, all three of them looking ruefully on me on the rock, their very countenances calling unto me to help them; whom I could not go unto, neither could they come to me. O, I yet see their cheeks, poor silent lambs, pleading pity and help at my hands."

From this account he passes to a relation of God's goodness unto him in the desolate island in which he was cast away—they were wet and cold, even unto death, and almost naked, but succeeded in finding some of the clothes of their drowned children, which they wrapped about them. They found also two cheeses, some butter, and a drowned goat. Thus, says Thatcher, the Lord sent us some clothes to put on, and food to sustain us in our new home, and means also to make a fire; for in a horn I had some gunpowder, which, to my own, and since to other men's admiration, was dry. So, taking a piece of my wife's neckcloth, which I dried in the sun, I struck fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies; and then skinned the goat; and having found a small brass pot, we boiled some of her. Our drink was brackish water—bread we had none.

The island he named "Thatcher's Woe," and the rock, "Avery his Fall."

The island is now called Thatcher's Island; and a long line of descendants have perpetuated the name of Thatcher; for two children were born to them after their rescue from the island. I find it stated that "a cradle coverlet, of scarlet broadcloth, is now in the possession of one of the descendants; and such is the veneration for the relic, that every child of the Thatcher family that has been baptized in Yarmouth, has been carried to the baptismal font enwrapped in it."

The times in which we live, and the circumstances that surround us, in a great measure, mold and make us what we are; and it were well to remember this in estimating the character of the Puritans, and judge them, not from our own stand-points

of observation, but from theirs. The high motives by which they were actuated will soften our condemnation of their hardest dealings, while their child-like faith and pious resignation will forever challenge our admiration and imitation.

The more we study the history of their times, the more shall we become tolerant of their intolerance, and the more shall we rejoice that we live in this good time, and have liberty to speak and to act as conscience dictates. They are gone who cleared the field where now smiles this universal harvest of liberty—the solemnity of another and a greater life is about them, and in its shadow and shelter we will leave them—

“Nor further seek their merits to disclose,  
Or draw their frailties from their dread abode.”

We cannot better conclude this article than in the words of Captain Roger Clap to his children:—

“ You have better food and raiment than was in former times; but have you better hearts than your forefathers had? If so, rejoice in that mercy, and let New-England then shout for joy. Sure all the people of God in other parts of the world, that shall hear that the children and grand-children of the first planters of New-England have better hearts, and are more heavenly, than their predecessors, they will doubtless greatly rejoice, and will say, ‘This is the generation whom the Lord hath blessed.’ ”

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[For the National Magazine.]

## THE SNAKE NECKLACE.

BY H. N. POWERS.

SITTING one pleasant evening in my room, As the October sunset's yellow bloom Lay on the meadows, and through window-pane Stream'd like a flood of saffron-tinted rain, I listen'd to the story—sweetly told By one whose innocence had made her bold— A little maid, whose eyes were full of May, And on whose lips a half-blown rosebud lay, Glowing with her sweet breath. Methinks that now,

Shaking the soft brown ringlets from her brow, And lifting toward me that delicious face, I see her glide with airy, dove-like grace Upon my loneliness, as she did when Her words had such a meaning. I may pen All that she spake—but ah! the picture there— Her attitude, and tone, and artless air, Her face, like those blest faces in a dream, Are needed to illustrate such a theme As melted from her lips. But it is time The tale itself soothes down this rugged rhyme.

Sitting beside me, how most brightly fair, The golden sunlight woven in her hair, While we held curious talk of curious things, She told me that her sister, whom three springs

Had garlanded and nursed, had love so dear For all bright things, that she knew naught of fear:

How she was ever seeking what might be An object for her natural charity, Not only among the flowers, and birds, and trees, Rich skies, and clouds, and woodland harmonies, But everywhere, in grasses cool and rank, In pebbly walks, in hedge, and viny bank. And then she told, with voice sweet as the purl

Of brooks—one warm hand toying with a curl— How one bright summer, in the afternoon, When all the fields lay in a golden swoon, And household sounds gave way to careless ease

And dreary rest, as each one's chance might please,

The young child was forgotten for a space, Till finally, love's triumph on her face, She came embracing in her rosy arms, And fondling with a kiss's tender charms, A snake of gorgeous hue, whose green and gold Flash'd on her neck in many a radiant fold A fearful splendor! But with happiest smile, Unharm'd and glad, without a thought of guile, She held the monster; and there bright and calm,

As a wild bee rock'd on a bed of balm, It lay entranced, till many a fearful shriek, And sudden pallor on each gazer's cheek, Made the fair child dismiss its gorgeous prize, With nerveless haste and wonder-beaming eyes.

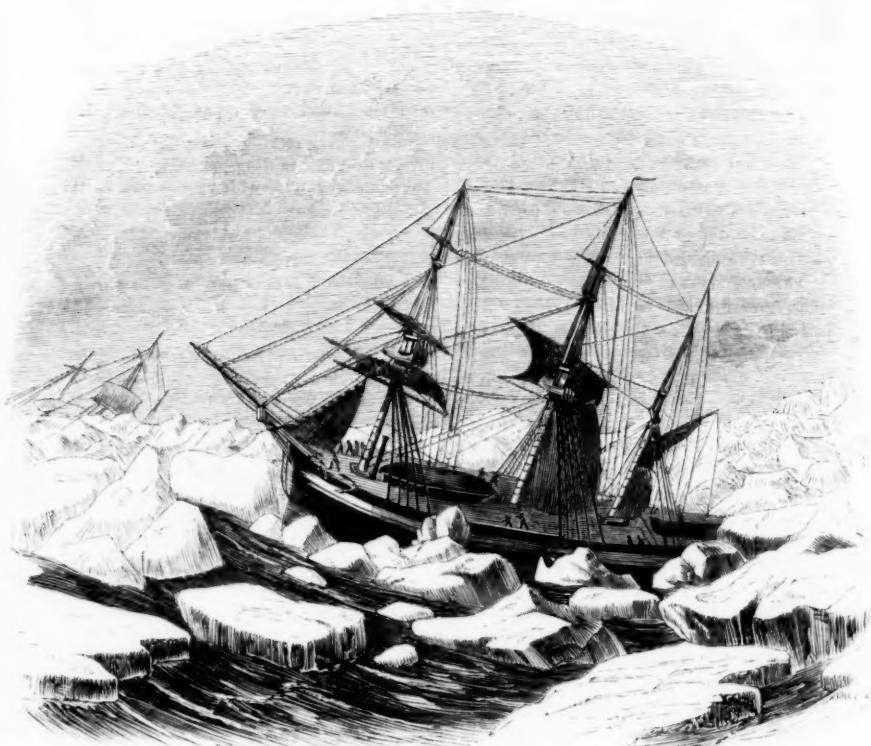
Such was the story. In the silence then Wondering at such a tale from lips so fair, I thought what truth its simple sense might yield,

How innocence is e'er a light and shield— That one who thinks no ill and seeks no wrong

In life's dark path is beautiful and strong; And that large love that reaches things forlorn Can baffle hate and triumph over scorn.

SCANDAL.—A disposition to scandal is a compound of malignity and simulation. It never urges an opinion with the bold consciousness of truth, but deals in a monotonous jargon of half-sentences, conveying its ambiguities by emphasis. Its propagators lay a mighty stress upon the “*May be's*,” and “*I'll say no more*,” “*Let us hope not*,” “*They do say*,” and “*Time will show*;” thus confirming the evil they affect to deplore, more under the semblance of pity and prudential caution, than they possibly could in any shape, short of demonstration. Observe the greatest reserve with persons of this description: they are the hyenas of society, perpetually prowling over reputation, which is their prey; lamenting, and at the same time enjoying, the ruin they create.

—Dr. Kitto.



#### ARCTIC RESEARCHES—THEIR HISTORY AND RESULTS.

**T**HE North-west Passage is discovered. The entire continent of the two Americas has been circumnavigated. The existence of the long-suspected, unfrozen Polar Sea has been all-but proved. More than a million sterling has been expended by England in Arctic research during the last four years. These facts point to the present as a fitting time to take a glance at what has been effected in compensation for the enormous outlay thus incurred; for, whatever be the particular result, there can be no doubt that, as a general consequence, any future expedition into the Arctic seas will be prosecuted with a different intention from those hitherto projected. The line of research will be considerably narrowed, the object sought for will be more clearly defined, and the means used will be more adapted to the circumstances, than the limited experience of past days enabled the adventurers to provide.

Nearly three hundred and sixty years have elapsed since the first attempts were made to find a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The continent of America was not the object sought when Columbus and Sebastian Cabot made their celebrated and arduous voyages to the West; and the continuity of the land from north to south was no sooner demonstrated, than English navigators began to seek some passage to the western side of it, other than that through the tropics and round Cape Horn, or by the Straits of Magellan. A passage westward to China and the East Indies was the great desideratum with them; and no labor was in their estimation considered too great, if as its fruits such a passage should be discovered. Accordingly we find Cabot himself, immediately after his discovery of the North American continent, pushing northward and westward as far as Hud-

son's Bay ; and such an immense opening as that was well calculated to inspire hopes of a successful termination to their search. But Cabot died without going further in that direction. Nearly a century passed before any other noteworthy attempt was made to penetrate westward, and at that time Frobisher attempted to extend the researches of his predecessors. It does not appear that he did more than find another passage into the same way, through the strait now known by his name ; and about the same time it became known, or at least was currently believed, that no outlet to the westward existed in the bay ; whereupon the sturdy mariners of those days grew somewhat irate, and fastened upon that noble sheet of water the ignoble cognomen of "pudding-bag." Future expeditions, therefore, were directed more to the northward, and before the close of the sixteenth century, Davis had discovered and given his name to the great strait which terminates in Baffin's Bay. Early in the seventeenth century, Baffin explored that great northern bay, since which time it has been called by his name. On the western side of it he discovered the large opening now known by the name of Lancaster Sound, but did not examine it. Its existence, however, was quite sufficient to revive the almost extinct hopes of a westerly passage, and hence we find, after a century (the eighteenth) spent in fruitless efforts to penetrate westward in a more temperate climate, and northward direct to the pole, attention was again directed to Lancaster Sound, through which all recent endeavors to navigate the Arctic Sea have been made.

The first of these modern expeditions to the north-west was that under the command of Captain Ross, and simultaneously with that was another to the north-east, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, under Captain Buchan. They were instructed to pursue their respective courses over the pole to Behring's Straits, (from which point their projected routes coincide,) and thence into the Pacific Ocean. The latter was checked in his progress by the ice, immediately on entering the Polar Sea ; but Ross succeeded in exploring the northern part of Baffin's Bay, and returned with a conviction that no outlet existed from that bay to the Polar Sea—a conviction proved by Captain Inglefield in 1852 to have been without sufficient foundation.

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Then, trying Lancaster Sound, he proceeded some distance in that direction, but was compelled to return before he could ascertain whether it was open or not. The most valuable result of this expedition was the more accurate knowledge we thereby attained of the shores and actual position of Baffin's Bay, which was brought within narrower limits than had been before assigned to it.

In the year 1819, Lieutenant Parry, who had accompanied Ross in his recent voyage, was sent out by the British government to Baffin's Bay, with instructions to explore Lancaster Sound, and push on to the westward. He succeeded in adding much to the geography of these regions, having reached as far as the 110th degree of west longitude. The northern shores of the passage were found to be much broken, and consisted apparently of a number of islands, some of the principal of which are now well known on the map as Cornwallis, Bathurst, and Melville Islands. But the southern shore was very imperfectly defined, and till the last few months has been a *terra incognita* to all but a stray Esquimaux or two who may have occasionally wandered there. It should, however, be noted, that when Parry left Melville Island, he made an attempt to get somewhat further west, but after discovering the shore of Banks' Land, was under the necessity of returning through Davis' Straits, and arrived in England toward the close of 1820. A glance at the map will show what an immense stride was made by this expedition toward the navigation of the Polar Sea. In truth, the distance traveled westward from Lancaster Sound, and that traveled eastward by former adventurers from Behring's Straits, were so great, that their discoveries almost met under the same meridian, leaving but a short passage in a direction north and south to be discovered. That short passage, however, was never traversed till last year, (1853,) as we shall presently show. Still, the success of Parry's expedition was well calculated to inspire confidence, and so it did. For, in the year following his return, he and Captain Lyon were employed by the British Admiralty to renew his researches. But little resulted from this attempt, beyond an examination of the bays and inlets in the north-east of the American continent.

While Parry and Ross were making

these expeditions, Captain Franklin (the now lamented Sir John) was making his way overland to the north coast of America, through the Hudson Bay Company's territories. He went down the Coppermine River to the shores of the Northern Sea, and explored a considerable extent of its coast line. Deficiency of provision rendered his return inevitable, but it was not effected till he and his party had suffered great privations and hardships. He arrived in England in 1823.

In 1824, Parry and Lyon renew their efforts. They enter Lancaster Sound, and pass to the southward into Prince Regent's Inlet. Being overtaken by storms, their ships were disabled—one so much that they were obliged to abandon it, and they returned to England the following year.

Captain Franklin, in 1825, again undertook an overland journey to the northern shores of America, with the intention of passing down the Mackenzie River, and thence westward toward Behring's Straits. Meanwhile, Captain Beechey sailed round Cape Horn, and thence to the north, to discover a passage round the Icy Cape, or through Kotzebue Sound, both at the north-west extremity of America. By these two expeditions, together with Franklin's former one, the entire northern coast from Behring's Straits to Coronation Gulf was determined. And it was during his observations in traversing this coast that Franklin became convinced of the existence of a north-west passage, by observing the currents and the state of the masses of ice which floated down to those regions. Very little has been added to our knowledge of this track from that time, till the remaining unexplored portion was traversed by Captain M'Clure, in 1851-2.

And now the British Admiralty determined to give the *north-east* passage another trial. For this service the indomitable Parry was again selected. He proceeded to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Lapland, where he took on board reindeer and ice-boats. He reached Spitzbergen in May, 1827; from thence went northward two hundred and ninety-two miles in thirty-five days, during which it rained almost all the time. The ice being much broken, and the current toward the south, he could not make way against it, and was compelled to return, which the current and the ice greatly facilitated. At 81° north latitude the sea

was so deep, that with five hundred fathoms no bottom could be found. Parry arrived in England in the autumn of the year in which he set out—1827.

Such was the enthusiasm of that period, no geographer could rest till something more was really known respecting these regions; either that the passage sought did not exist, or, if existing, that it might be traced out. But the English government were unwilling to incur any further responsibilities at that time; and hence the investigation was left to private individuals. Captain Ross was prepared to prosecute further researches; and Mr. Felix Booth, sheriff of London, rendered him such liberal assistance as enabled him to enter on another voyage. It proved a very unfortunate one; for his bark was so injured before he reached the shores of America, that he was obliged to repair it on the coast of Greenland before he could proceed. Dispatches announcing his departure from that place reached England, and then no more was heard of him for four years, during the last two of which the anxiety of the nation on his account was intense. He spent two winters in the southern extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet, two of the severest on record, the temperature on one occasion falling to 90° below zero. Compelled at last to abandon the ship, he commenced a foot journey over the ice, and after walking three hundred miles, arrived at Leopold Island in Barrow's Straits. Owing to the severity of the climate, the ice did not break up during the summer, and they were compelled to spend another winter on these inhospitable shores. At length, in the summer of 1833, the party were picked up by Captain Humphrey, of the Isabella of Hull—the self-same ship which Ross commanded in 1818. He reached England in October, 1833, and the satisfaction evinced by the nation, on receiving intelligence of his arrival, was sufficient to show how sincere had been the anxiety before expressed.

This expedition resulted in the determination of the locality of the Magnetic Pole, and the discovery that no passage westward existed south of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits.

The enthusiasm of navigators subsided for a while after this very untoward effort; and twelve years elapsed before any very vigorous effort was again made to accomplish the same object. But, at the com-

mencement of the year 1845, Captain Franklin was appointed to the command of an expedition with the Erebus and Terror, the latter under the command of Captain Crozier. Franklin was instructed to make the best of his way to Lancaster Sound, and push on to the westward as far as Cape Walker, (lon.  $90^{\circ}$  W.) From that point he was to proceed southward and westward, in as direct a course toward Behring's Straits as was practicable. Supposing a westward course impracticable, he was instructed to enter Wellington Sound, and go northward in his second summer.

In pursuance of these instructions, Franklin left England in May, 1845, and arrived at Whalefish Island, near Disco, on the west coast of Greenland, in July. From this place letters from the officers, and a dispatch from Franklin, were sent home to England. All were well, and the whole company in excellent spirits. This was the *last intelligence received from the expedition*. As they were crossing Baffin's Bay, they were spoken by a whaler, the Prince of Wales, Captain Darmett; and this was the *last sight obtained of them*. Since that time, the remains of an encampment have been discovered at Cape Riley, on the eastern side of the entrance to Wellington Channel; and, as it has been satisfactorily ascertained that those remains were from articles supplied at the English dockyard, and that no other party then exploring those regions had left them there, it has been inferred that Franklin must have been detained at this point, although no notice of the circumstance has been deposited on the spot. This is the *last trace*, however faint and uncertain, of the missing squadron, and was discovered August, 1850, about five years after their departure from the coast of Greenland.

When the Erebus and Terror had been above twelve months from home, without any intelligence arriving as to their whereabouts, some anxiety began to be felt as to their safety, and Captain Sir John Ross communicated his thoughts on the subject to the British Admiralty. A considerable ferment was soon observable in the public mind, and it was at length decided, that if no intelligence of the missing ships arrived by the close of the autumn in 1847, three several searching expeditions should be sent out—one by Lancaster Sound, another through Behring's Straits, and

another through the Hudson Bay Company's territories—to the Northern Ocean. To these, others were subsequently added, by the aid of private benevolence or otherwise in America and England, till the bare mention of them is quite bewildering to the memory. And, as the chief officers of the various expeditions have published the result of their labors, we have had during the last three years such a mass of information on Arctic subjects as has never before fallen to the lot of the travel-reading public.

As might be expected, in such a mass of writing on a single subject, there is much repetition of facts already known, and great similarity in the accounts which different writers give of like incidents and phenomena: remarkable instances of affection in the polar bear toward her cubs; icebergs like floating mountains of glass; hair-breadth escapes from being crushed to atoms; midnights literally bright as day; besides these, a great portion of those works is devoted to details of the natural history and geology of the polar regions, and are too minute and exclusively scientific to afford any gratification to the general reader. But, after all this pruning and lopping, there remains a considerable amount of geographical and other information, which cannot fail to interest all who give it the slightest attention.

Foremost of these points of interest undoubtedly stands the now demonstrated North-west Passage, and next to that, the evidence that has been gathered relative to the existence of an open unfrozen Polar Sea. We shall devote the remaining part of the present paper to these two topics, as they form convenient nuclei round which to group such other details as we may wish to introduce.

To Captain M'Clure belongs the honor of having made this discovery. After the three expeditions just referred to had been prosecuting their researches about two years, and Sir James Clark Ross had returned to England, the English Admiralty resolved that a still more vigorous search should be made; when the Enterprise and Investigator vessels, which had just returned from the north, were again fitted up, the latter being put under the command of Captain M'Clure. He left England in 1850, and in the autumn of that year was coasting along the northern boundary of the American continent from Behring's

Straits eastward. He made one or two attempts to push at once to the northward, but was stopped by the ice, and found, by his own observation, and the information afforded him by the natives, that the ice was almost continuous from Icy Cape to Coronation Gulf, throughout the whole year, at a short distance from the land. Here and there a narrow lane of water would present itself, but it rarely proved to be of great length, and not unfrequently led him into the "pack," so as to render his extrication difficult. It would appear that the heavy ice rarely approached or receded from the shore further than at the time when M'Clure was passing, and the average distance then was about forty miles, the intervening space being occupied in winter by a lighter kind of ice, called "young ice," or "pancake ice," which disappears during the summer months, and leaves a passage for large vessels, varying from five to forty miles in width.

On reaching Cape Parry, (about  $71^{\circ}$  N.,  $124^{\circ}$  W.) September 6, 1850, high land was observed in a direction N. E. by N., apparently nearly fifty miles from the ship. Captain M'Clure immediately made for it, with the intention of passing up the western shore, as it had the appearance of a large island. The pack was found resting on the western banks of the island, which led him subsequently to determine on making an attempt to push northward into Barrow's Straits on the eastern side, since there was clear water before him there as far as the eye could reach. Arriving at the southern extremity of the island, the officers landed, and took possession of the country with the usual ceremonies, in the name of Queen Victoria; calling it Baring's Island, in honor of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Leaving this most southerly point, it was necessary to go further to the eastward, before the land permitted a northward course. On the 9th of September land obstructed their passage further eastward, but left an opening to the northward, which was just what they desired. They had now Baring's Island on their left hand, and new territory on their right, which they named Prince Albert's Land; before them an open strait, up which they were pushing their way, and which they called Prince of Wales' Strait. On the following day (September 10) they had got so far up this

channel as to be within seventy miles of Barrow's Straits; where they hoped, if the water continued as open as it was in their present position, to arrive in another day or two at most, and so complete the passage so long sought. That pleasure was to be delayed for a time; for a few miles further brought them among shoals of ice, through which they endeavored most perseveringly to work their way. Occasionally making head a little, and soon after drifting back twice as far, their progress amounted to a mere nothing. Exposed to these and similar vicissitudes for a whole month, and determined not to relinquish one inch of ground they had attained, except by direst necessity, our brave adventurers were finally frozen in, and housed over for the winter, by the 10th of October, 1850.

It was now pretty certain that the ship was fixed for the next nine months at least, and it remained for the expedition to contrive the best plan of making use of the time that must intervene before they could again set sail. They were naturally anxious to ascertain whether the channel in which they were then ice-locked led to the already explored Barrow's Straits. With this end in view, a party left the ship for the neighboring Prince Albert Land, and having in due form taken possession of it in the name of Victoria, they ascended an eminence, to see what evidences there might be of a continuous channel thither. But the distinction between land and water was too much obscured by ice and snow to admit of any satisfactory conclusion being drawn. Then, setting out on foot to determine this question, M'Clure and his party, after several discouraging misadventures, had the gratification of pitching their tent on the shores of Barrow's Straits, October 26, 1850, and declaring the sea-passage discovered. As he had made his late unsuccessful attempt to sail through the Prince of Wales' Strait at the close of the season, he hoped, by repeating it at the commencement of the next, to accomplish that object, and therefore decided on waiting patiently till the return of summer liberated him from his icy prison in 1851, employing the remaining part of the winter in the organization of searching parties to explore the neighboring lands, the principal results of whose labors were, an examination of the north-

east and southern sides of Baring's Island, and a very decided conviction that Franklin had not been wrecked in, or even visited, those seas.

On the 7th of July, 1851, the ice began to decay, and in another week the Investigator was afloat, although still surrounded, and unable to get northward. A whole month was spent in fruitless efforts to do so when the ice did give way, and then M'Clure, since he had failed to pass through this strait at the end of one season and the commencement of another, determined to shape his course southward, double the southern extremity of Baring's Island, and try his fortune along its western shores. He formed this resolution on the 16th August, 1851, and in three days found himself at the north-western extremity of Baring's Island. At this point he was beset again by the ice for nearly a month, but the temperature then again unexpectedly rising, he was enabled to advance toward the eastward, along the northern side of the island; about the middle of which he discovered a commodious bay, which, in gratitude, he called the "Bay of Mercy," and there was frozen in for another winter. Excepting a short line of coast, Baring's Island had now been circumnavigated and explored. The northern side was found to be identical with that land discovered by Parry several years before, and which he had denominated Banks' Land; and as this tract of land is laid down in most maps, it will enable the reader to determine roughly the position of Baring's Island, (of which Banks' Land is obviously a part,) since its southern extremity is immediately opposite Cape Parry, also marked on almost all maps of North America.

During the winter of 1851-2 Captain M'Clure went across the ice to Melville Island, and there deposited a dispatch, containing particulars of his whereabouts. He also found a dispatch which had been left there the year preceding by Lieutenant M'Clintock, and a rock with an inscription on it, by one of the officers under Parry in his expedition thirty years before. The remaining part of the winter was spent, as best it might, in shooting parties, or whatever afforded the most agreeable amusement and most healthful exercise.

The summer of 1852 was too short, and its temperature too low, to liberate

them from the ice. They consequently had to look forward to another winter, without moving an inch from their position in the Bay of Mercy.

It was while lying in the Bay of Mercy, during the winter of 1852-3, that Captain M'Clure decided on sending home several of the weakest of his men by way of the Hudson's Bay territories, partly for their own sakes, and partly with a view to make the provisions of the ship last longer. But events were about to transpire which entirely altered their plans. Captain Kellett, early in 1853, had advanced from Beechy Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, to Melville Island, and had dispatched parties in various directions to form provision depots, one of which, on its return through Winter Harbour in that island, had discovered the record left there by Captain M'Clure in May, 1852. On the 10th of March, 1853, Lieutenant Pim and Dr. Domville, with several men, set out for Banks' Land and the Bay of Mercy, to find Captain M'Clure; several mishaps retarded their progress, and it was not till the 19th of April that M'Clure, under the conduct of Pim and Domville, arrived at Melville Island. In his enthusiasm, Captain Kellett thus writes:—

"19th of April, 1853.—This is really a red-letter day in my voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by my heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day, our look-out man made a signal for a party coming in from the westward. All went out to meet them, and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Doctor Domville was the first person I met. I cannot describe my feelings to you, when he told me that *Captain M'Clure was among the next party.* I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes. No purer were ever given by two men in the world.

"M'Clure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's reaching the Harbor of Mercy would have been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryatt, were he alive."

The end of all this was, that Captain M'Clure, with about thirty volunteers, resolved to stand by their ship Investigator, to see if the ice broke up in the course of 1853, so as to liberate them; and if it did not, they determined to try again in 1854. As a consequence, the Investigator and her sturdy crew may be still in Mercy Bay; and, should their deliverance not be effected this summer, the vessel will be deserted, and all the men will make their way on foot to Melville Island, and

thence by some other vessel to England. Meanwhile, two of M'Clure's officers—Lieutenant Cresswell, and Mr. Wynniatt, mate—with the sickly part of the crew, have already returned, after having for the first time completely circumnavigated the entire American continent.

The existence of an *open sea* in the vicinity of the north pole has been a subject of earnest discussion among physical geographers for a long series of years. And now that some more light has been thrown on the matter, it may not be uninteresting to collect the arguments used in support of the theory declaring its existence, as well as to recapitulate the evidence which recent investigators have contributed in confirmation of that theory. So early as the beginning of the present century, doubts were expressed by eminent navigators as to whether the ice which had obstructed their progress was so continuous as had till then been believed; and opinions gained currency among one class which were warmly combated by another, till two parties were established, the one denominated the *polists*, and the other the *anti-polists*. As we are now merely adducing evidence of an open polar sea, it is only necessary here to state the opinions of the polists, together with the circumstances which led to their belief in that rather anomalous physical fact. The earliest discoveries which led to a belief in an open polar sea were those connected with the observed temperature of northern climates. It was found that the average annual temperature about the 80th parallel of latitude was several degrees higher than that recorded at from eight to twelve degrees farther south. As this is contrary to what might have been expected from the increased obliquity of the solar rays, it became necessary to cast about for some other explanation of so unlooked-for a fact. As an example of this elevation of temperature, we may adduce the Island of Spitzbergen, directly north of Norway, where, under the 80th parallel, the deer propagate, and on the northern coast of which the sea is quite open for a considerable time every year. But at Nova Zembla, five degrees further south, the sea is locked in perpetual ice, and the deer are rarely if ever seen on its coast. This has led physical geographers to suppose that the milder temperature of Spitzbergen must be attributable

to the well-known influence of proximity to a large body of water, while the contiguity of Nova Zembla to the continent was thought to account for the severity of its climate. Again, we find that when Parry visited those regions in 1827, he began his boat voyage toward the pole in latitude  $81^{\circ} 12'$ ; he traveled among broken masses of ice for thirty-five days, during which *it rained nearly the whole time*. In such a latitude, one might have expected icebergs, or snowballs at the very least, if any fall whatever. The same difference has been observed in parallels more widely separated, among the bays and inlets of North America. Parry was compelled to return to Spitzbergen, after the voyage just mentioned, in consequence of the quantity of ice drifted to the southward, and against which he could not make way. This points to another physical fact tending to induce a belief in the existence of an open polar sea, viz., that powerful currents are continually setting from the pole to the temperate oceans. Besides the current now noticed by Parry, others had been determined before, and more have been ascertained since; so that a perpetual flow of the ocean southward may be considered as established. Add to this a third fact, that *ice never forms in deep water when in motion*, and the following inferences are easily made. First, that the ice which blocks up the large bays and straits of the north has not frozen there, but consists of floes and bergs which have broken away from the shore, and have drifted down in such large quantities, that they met and adhered to each other in one large conglomerate mass; an inference strengthened by the circumstance of all ice found far from the land being, not "sheet," but "pack" ice. Secondly, the polar sea, if indeed it be a sea, must be *open*, because there is no land in contiguity with which ice can form itself, which excludes the possibility of "pack" ice; and the sea itself is in constant motion, and that excludes the possibility of ice being formed on its surface.

Such are the arguments in support of the view that an open sea exists in the vicinity of the pole, and it would be cause of some regret if the researches of the last five years did not contribute something toward a solution of the problem, either in the negative or the affirmative. That cause of regret, however, is not in-

flicted, for the existence of an almost unencumbered sea has been all but proved. In 1852, Captain Inglefield, in making his summer search for Sir John Franklin, explored the entire northern boundaries of Baffin's Bay, when he ascertained that two sounds, which had till then been laid down on the maps as inclosed and terminated by land, were entirely open, and permitted the readiest ingress to ships of the largest burden. The first of these was Whale Sound, in the north-east of Baffin's Bay. In exploring it, after passing two or three new islands, he beheld with surprise "two wide openings to the eastward, into a *clear and unencumbered sea*, with a distinct and unbroken horizon, which, beautifully defined by the rays of the sun, showed no sign of land save one island;" but a sense of duty to his lost countrymen, which plainly pointed northward and westward, forbade his proceeding further in an easterly direction. He proceeded to the extreme north of Baffin's Bay, and there explored Sir Thomas Smith's Sound. He says that

"On rounding Cape Alexander," (Cape Alexander being at the entrance of the sound,) "the full glory of being actually in the Polar Sea burst upon my thoughts; for then I beheld the *open sea* stretching through seven points of the compass, and apparently unencumbered with ice, though bounded east and west by two headlands."

And a little further on he remarks:—

"The changed appearance of the land to the northward of Cape Alexander was very remarkable: south of this cape, nothing but snow-capped hills and cliffs met the eye; but to the northward an agreeable change seemed to have been worked by an invisible agency—here the rocks were of their natural black or reddish brown color, and the snow, which had clad with heavy flakes the more southern shore, had only partially dappled them in this higher region, while the western shore was girt with a belt of ice twelve miles broad, and clad with perpetual snows."

The captain was driven back by a gale and a subsequent storm, which prevented him doing more in that direction. We might add to these evidences of an unfrozen basin, but cannot do more now than just say, that equally satisfactory knowledge has been obtained of Wellington Channel, and that the observations of all recent explorers tend to confirm the impressions these discoveries have induced.

And now the reader is inquiring, or has inquired probably, while reading these

pages, What has become of Sir John Franklin? Is he given up? Or do those persons, competent to form a judgment, think he is yet living? The general opinion among men most intimately acquainted with the state of the search is, that Franklin cannot have been wrecked, because there has never been found a single fragment or spar in those seas which can be considered at all likely to have come from his ships; and it is scarcely credible that two such vessels could have been so completely swallowed up by the ocean, as entirely to obliterate all traces of their existence. Further, it is well ascertained that no storms occurred in those seasons, when he was traversing the explored seas, which could have put the ships in more than ordinary danger. Nor do they believe he has visited any of those straits and inlets through which the searching vessels have passed, since there is not a cairn, post, or record of any kind, to signify so much. The general belief seems to be, that he has made his way into the Polar Basin, and in trying to make his way southward again, was beset by the ice, from which he has not since been able to extricate himself. So that, although the public ardor may be somewhat declining, it is probable that adventurers will yet be found determined to pursue the search till no hope of ultimate success remains.

[Since the above was written, the problem of Franklin's fate has been solved; the public know the melancholy fate of the gallant band by starvation.]

**A GREAT MAN'S PREFERENCE.**—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life even in death, makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise, and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation.

—Sir Humphrey Davy.

[For the National Magazine.]

### A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHADE-TREES.

"This world is full of beauty,  
As are the worlds above;  
And if we did our duty,  
It would be full of love."

WHAT man, in grace, beauty, and dignity, is in the animal kingdom, trees are in the vegetable world. Trees! full of glowing memories of the past as they are of leaves—where the gay-hearted birds have for centuries made nests, and reared the denizens of the air! Grand old trees! with spreading boughs, stretched forth, like wings, to protect a peaceful spot from sun, wind, or storm. Glorious old trees! majestic masses of freshest foliage, reared like emerald domes, high into the mid heavens! Sublime old trees! whose every leaf seems written with a history more precious than the books of the famous Sibyl! Beautiful trees! so graceful in form—so various in color—so changing with every new light, with every varying shadow of cloud, or with every deepening haze of atmosphere! Trees! always lovely, whether in forest or meadow; on hill-side or lawn; by rock or river; in valley or on mountain; on the prairie or in the garden; whether standing single, in clusters, upon the park, or ranged in files, like sentinels, by the village high-way; always greeting the eye refreshingly, and speaking to the heart of that first garden, in whose blest cline God's own hand planted "every tree that was pleasant to the sight, or good for food!" suggestive also of a time yet to come, when "the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, shall be brought to beautify the place of the Lord's sanctuary."

Who does not love trees,—whether bursting into bud and leaf in spring time, and crowning the landscape with a purple glory and an ethereal odor of sprouting foliage; or, a few days later, absolutely burdening the prospect with the magnificence of blossoms, and the Sabean incense of innumerable flowers? Who does not delight still more in trees, when, in summer's prime, they stand mantled in rich and royal robes of green, casting, at noon and night, refreshing shadows upon the heated earth, and awaking genial breezes by their own majestic coolness? Who but admires trees in autumn, when the frost-knocking puts them in liveries, more splendid than those of an eastern monarch's court;

or when plenty loads them with fruitage, brilliant enough to vie with the gardens of the Hesperides? And who can avoid a melancholy pleasure in gazing on them when, stripped of their honors by winter, they stand in naked desolation, defiant of his icy power, and seem, like virtue in distress, relying on their own inherent strength and integrity to bring beauty out of ruin, and triumph out of disaster? Under a transparent sky—in the dimness of mist—when resting motionless in the calm—when rocked and tossed by the surging wind—during the drizzling rain, or beaten by the pelting storm—beneath the flashing glare of sunlight, or under the gentle beams of the mild-eyed moon—with the black masses of lazy shadows, slowly creeping toward them in morning, or flying away from them at evening—who does not, at all times, believe them to be friends, whose every leaf is a study for curiosity, whose every process is a subject for wisdom, and whose every whisper, when our hearts are in sympathy with them, teaches a lesson of duty, love, and good-will?

The love for trees, and the taste for their cultivation, have been despised rather than cherished by our countrymen. A better day seems to be dawning, brought on in good part by the labors of the late lamented Downing. We wish to do what we can, still further to spread the growing light. Americans, to their shame be it said, seem not unfrequently to have reckoned trees and shrubs, especially our native ones, as natural enemies—not, indeed, to be conquered and made servants, but to be exterminated and supplanted by monotonous levels. Especially have we overlooked the utility of trees, often considering them troublesome in meadows and in pastures, and proscribing them as shutting out the prospect, obstructing the light, or preventing the circulation of air, about our houses. We esteem them harboiners of insects, or attractions for gnats and flies. If, however, we had been properly instructed we should regard them very differently. They are our best friends on the meadows to prevent dryness and parching, as well as to give coolness and protection to the animals we rear. They afford shelter to birds, which perform for us incalculable service in destroying worms and moths, that otherwise would prey on our crops and waste our harvests. They gather a vast amount of fertilizing matter

from the atmosphere, and, when they lay aside their leafy robes to wrestle with winter, they deposit it to provide for our future seed-times. And daily are they treasuring up materials with which to erect our dwellings, to build our machines, to replenish our home-cheering fires, and to enlarge our world-ranging navies.

Then how many of them bless us with refreshing fruits! Forest-trees that yearly bend beneath a load of wholesome nuts; and orchards that glow and brighten with comfort-bringing fruitage—the purple grape, the juicy plum, the melting peach, the sugary pear, the rosy apple—how these store for us and our families such luscious richness as hardly angels can wish improved! And should these not teach us how highly to prize trees, and warn us against the heinous ingratitude of undervaluing their blessings? And can there be a question that trees, and especially forests, have a vast influence upon the state of the weather—in procuring for us showers, or in attracting to the earth refreshing dews? Do they not break off the wasting fury of winter's winds, and aid in retaining the warm, fertilizing mantle of snow, which God's care provides, like wool, for the comfort of the tender grass during the extreme of cold? Will not a country well covered with trees be cooler and less parched by droughts in summer, and warmer and less afflicted with sudden changes in winter, than that from which these majestic natural ornaments of the landscape have been shorn away by the cupidity, or allowed to decay by the carelessness of man?

There is, then, truly a useful benevolence in cherishing the trees which centuries have rendered venerable, or in planting others which future generations shall admire. And in a community like ours, where two-thirds at least of the people change their abodes in half a score of years, every man, even in a temporary residence, should plant, that others may enjoy after him some of the blessings which he has received from those before him.

But in this plea for trees, we have said not a word on the general topic of the utility of that beauty which they add to a country. Trees are the most fitting ornaments of a landscape, and any locality in whose soil they will flourish—and rare indeed is the situation where they will not

thrive—may by them be made attractive and pleasing. They take from the broad plain its naked bleakness, and by the luxuriant heaps of their foliage they conceal its tediousness and banish its suggestions of solitude. They relieve the sloping hill-side of its seeming difficulty and danger. They remove that sense of barrenness, which a smoothly-rounded knoll, in some degree, always possesses without them; and when they crown the distant mountain, they prevent those ideas of coldness, gloom, and terror, which otherwise attach to crags and peaks. Among rocks they are beauties, and to the close-shaven velvet of a lawn they add a fresh luster. By the sea-side their green contrasts finely with the blue of the waters; and by the side of the tiny rill, or overhanging the bubbling spring, their shadows enhance all loveliness. In all situations a tree is “a thing of beauty,” and therefore “a joy forever.”

Trees around a house have a visible charm in imparting to it a home-like character. Americans build *houses* enough, yet comparatively few are the *homes* they adorn. A small collection of trees, judiciously selected and placed, well planted in soft earth, and kept richly manured from year to year, will soon give to the humble cottage a *home look*, which the great naked houses of our country so much lack. A few elms, maples, and lindens, together with the larch, the mountain ash, the cedar, and the fir, will render a log-cabin attractive. A house thus surrounded and embowered in foliage, will always seem as if a good, gentle family had lived in it for centuries, and had brought up many generations there. It is the place where we know, at a glance, the home affections dwell, and whence homebred virtues go forth on errands of goodness. How warm such a home seems, when wintry winds howl around it! How cool, when the summer sun beats upon it! How quiet behind its leafy shield, when storms rage without! How comfortable—always the picture of contentment and good living! What an effect such a tree-shaded home must have on the minds and hearts of the children, who play about it; and how sweet and transforming must have been the holy companionship of such goodly trees! Let no man call himself a lover of nature, or an admirer of God's ways, who lives without planting near his home

a bower of glorious trees. Let no man fancy himself a worker together with God, who neglects to beautify his grounds and lawns with these noblest ornaments of this world of beauty. And let no man imagine himself a lover of God, or a lover of his neighbor, who is content to dwell on a spot barren, by his neglect, of the leafy honors so abundant in Paradise, and which earth still so rejoices, even in her state of condemnation, to bring forth to make the place of God's feet glorious.

Each species of our American forest-trees has its own peculiar style and appropriateness of beauty. The elm is, perhaps, the most popular for shade, both in towns and villages. It also affords the largest number of varieties of shape and foliage, and can easily adapt itself to the most diverse situations. There are not less than six species, several of which are unnoticed by our popular writers on the culture of lawn and shade-trees. All, however, are admirably adapted to grounds that are level, moderately sloping, or gently rolling—the wide extent of its branches being rather a drawback to its good appearance on steep declivities or hill-sides. But on meadows or overhanging houses, where the land is even or the slope gradual, no tree can excel it. The trunk broad and firmly attached to the sinewy roots at the base; then gradually lessening, till near the branches it again enlarges, the very figure of Herculean strength and sprightliness; thence the branches spring off in the noble upward curve of the Gothic arch, and at a distance of perhaps fifty feet, let fall graceful festoons of foliage nigh down to the ground, and hold them always changing and dancing in the breath of the slightest zephyr. This is the elm of New-Haven, and generally of Connecticut River, a very differently habited tree from the two kinds most frequent on the Boston Common, which are rounder, and throw off branches more nearly at right angles with the trunk. There is a kind, called in Rhode Island the feather-elm—like the first named, in the graceful and majestic curves of its branches, but having all its limbs and twigs covered with little shoots, set with dense foliage, giving the appearance of a wreath of feathery leaves. A species of elm found in Northern New-England and New-York has the upward and outward tendency of the branches, but they do not fall toward their extremi-

ties; and hence the tree assumes the shape almost of an inverted pyramid. Still another kind sends its branches upward in somewhat the manner of the Lombardy poplar. This is a small tree, and loves hill-sides. The only objection to the elm as a shade-tree is, that it affords forage to several species of insects. These, however, are very easily and effectually destroyed.

The sugar-maple ranks next to the elm, if indeed it be not really more valuable. It has a great profusion of leaves, as thick as a forest in itself; has a fine conical, globular, or spindle-shaped head; and casts the deepest, the coolest, and the softest shadow upon the grass beneath it, which it always stimulates to a fresher greenness. It is never subject to any ravages of insects, and the severest droughts and heats of summer never diminish its brilliancy. It is beautiful in any situation—plain, meadow, hill, valley, or mountain—and is particularly fitted for planting in clusters, where it shoots up taller in the center, and rounds its branches on the circumference, so that a half-dozen of these trees will form almost a perfect globe of foliage.

The linden or basswood has of late become very common in villages and cities, for roads and parks. While young, it shoots up in a beautiful cone, too trim if possible; but when grown older, it assumes a fine, massive, rounded, elliptical head, with here and there openings toward the body. When standing alone, and fully grown, with its broad-rounded leaves, from which its delicately-perfumed blossoms curiously depend in spring, and bear in autumn its jewel-like clusters of berries, and with its light golden green color, it is a noble and magnificent ornament. As a park-tree, or on a level meadow, it is invaluable. Many insects, however, delight in its sweet foliage.

The trees above enumerated are all invaluable in cities and villages. They will thrive where the roots are obliged to hide beneath a brick or flagged sidewalk, or to run beneath a traveled road or a pavement. Few are the trees that will not droop and wither in such circumstances; but these grow so finely even there, as to bring much of health and freshness to densely-populated towns, and to remind the denizens of cities of the beauties of nature, and of the glories of hill-sides and

plains, waving their luxuriant foliage in the free wind.

There are other trees appropriate as ornaments for a lawn or yard before a house, which are not proper as road-side shades; and some one or more of these should be planted near every home. The delicately-shaped mountain-ash is one of these, and its fine, soft, green color, its curious pinnatifid-leaves, and its abundance of orange-dyed berries, render it a beautiful contrast with the larger and more noble forest-trees above named. This tree is small, and appears to the best advantage embowered among others. The larch, or American *hakmetae*, is a beautiful tree. Its trim, tapering, cone-shape—its horizontal or slightly-drooping branches, so fairy-like, covered from their very bases with silky tassels of needle-shaped leaves—its bright scarlet blossoms in spring time, peeping like knots of ribbon from among its downy foliage—and its hardy habits conspire to make it an indispensable denizen of every well-kept lawn. The weeping-willow, unless in a very windy exposure, is easily cultivated, is always graceful, and imparts an air of richness and fertility to the ground which it shades. If properly cared for, it will rise above the roof-tree of a cottage, and hang its slender twigs, so curtain-like, covered with wreaths of golden-green leaves far down below the eaves, where they leap and laugh at the music of every passing breeze.

But every residence should be in a measure relieved and made to stand out by at least a few evergreens. Firs, cedars, and spruce, are at all times lovely and useful. The balsam-fir is a tree of small size and of rapid growth. It is elegant when young, and ornamental, though rather stiff when old. It should be allowed to branch out from the very ground, and then its symmetrical cone, its dark-green foliage, its twigs, with its fadeless leaves set all around them, seeming like cords of velvet—and its constancy of color, which makes it the emblem of enduring worth—render it justly a favorite. The American spruce is much like the balsam-fir. It differs in being larger; its branches have a more drooping habit, particularly in age; its color is not quite as lively, and its lower branches die and fall off sooner. We consider it too stiff and formal to be desirable. The Norwegian

spruce, however, is nearly perfect. It is a broad cone, with branches widely spread at the bottom, with very thick foliage of a lively green, and a beautifully-tapering top; it rises to be large and majestic; and though requiring much room, is not to be omitted from a lawn without the strongest reasons. The cedar, or *arborvitæ*, is a small tree, with light-green, flat clusters of leaves. It is spindle-shaped, and as it requires very little space, it can always be introduced into the smallest yard. It is well adapted to screens, arbors, and hedges; and as it may be planted close, and readily admits of being sheared, it may be made into a wall, completely impervious to rude eyes in summer and in winter.

Before we close we ought perhaps to say a word or two on the cultivation and care of ornamental and shade-trees. All the trees named above are hardy, and will flourish luxuriantly in almost all parts of the United States. They will thrive in most soils and in any exposure. On hilltops, of course they will be beaten by winds, and will not present their foliage in full perfection. In fact there is scarcely an American practice more outrageous than the one, which we have, of perching our houses and seminaries of learning upon the summits of hills. We build castles in the air with an emphasis, and they must, in the very nature of things, present a barren and desolate appearance, or be surrounded by trees gnarled and dwarfish. Houses should be built in valleys, or on a southern or an eastern exposure, if possible, and then the encircling hills will afford to them, and the trees and shrubs about them, a suitable protection. A northern or a western slope, if not too high up the hill, and if the valley from which it rises is not too wide, will answer well where the soil is good. But a hilltop or a high north-eastern or western exposure will attract winds, furious enough to mar and stint any trees, however hardy, which any care may plant or any skill cultivate in the northern states.

But with a good situation, any soil, by proper preparation, will produce glorious trees. Great pains however must be taken in transplanting them; and after that they will pretty nearly take care of themselves. The pits in which they are to be set should not be made less than three feet deep, by six to ten feet in diameter;

and the earth which is to fill them, and to cover the roots, should be well pulverized. A fine loam without manure in it is best—for manure is too apt to produce an excess of heat. If the trees are more than two inches in diameter, the pits should be still broader. After digging the pits and mixing well the earth, fill them before the trees are put in by throwing dirt to the middle, and allowing it to form a heap like a cone, the apex of which shall nearly reach the level of the ground. Place the tree on this apex, and see that it is not allowed to stand too low. This soft dirt will settle, and therefore cause the tree to stand a little higher than before transplanting. Now sift on, from the point of a shovel or spade, fine earth against the body of the tree, and it will roll down the sides of the cone among the slender roots, which should be kept by the hands in very nearly a horizontal position, diverging like the radii of a circle. When the pit is nearly filled, a few pails of water, at the temperature of the atmosphere, should be poured on, and after filling with earth, and securing the tree against wind, you have little else to do than to wait and see the summer make it flourish.

Great care is required in taking up trees, and they should very rarely be removed directly from the forest to an open and exposed situation. It is much better to plant them in a sort of clump in some sheltered place, for two or three years, if you do not get them from a nursery. They can then be planted with very little risk. In digging them they should be treated as if they had a tender life; not like stones. The old Greeks—the truest lovers of beauty—believed that every tree inclosed in its bark a wood nymph of great beauty and sensibility; and we ought in transplanting a tree to treat it as if this idea was no fable. The roots—particularly the fibrous ones—should be nursed as tenderly as a wounded finger in its daily dressings; for through these principally the tree sucks up its nourishment.

The care of trees is always a delight to a lover of the open air and natural scenery, and their cultivation is easy and inexpensive. Scarcely another pursuit or employment is so tranquilizing and elevating. It forces man abroad and teaches him to look upward toward a heaven of purity and loveliness. It soothes the ruffled

spirits, removes mental anxiety, and drives from the heart those clouds of depression which business, pursued too eagerly, as is our national habit, generally brings. It gives to the soul a sense of her union with nature, and therefore imparts a loftiness and dignity to the thoughts and impulses. It forms the taste on a pure standard, and gives refinement and a kindly sympathy to the whole character.

If “he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor,” much more is he to be honored who rears up around his dwelling or on his meadow-lands and pastures, such glowing piles of living verdure, as shall brighten and bloom at the coming of a thousand spring-times; as shall gather moisture and fling abroad coolness, through the droughts and heats of a thousand summers; as shall crown the lands with glories and abundance, as oft as autumn visits our world; as shall, whenever winter attempts to assert his iron sway, stand in the mid of his desolations, monuments of hope and promise, speaking of better days of life and gladness yet to come. Thrice blessed is such a man; blessed under the weight of his toils while he labors; blessed with the yearly gifts, in leaf, flower, and fruit, which his trees shower upon him; and blessed in the anticipations of gratitude, which coming generations shall bestow upon his ever-fragrant memory.

#### SLEEP OF PLANTS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

—Mr. Seemann, the naturalist of Kellett's Arctic expedition, states a curious fact respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the Arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time when, if it be not night, it ought to be; but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favored climes. “If man,” observes Mr. Seemann, “should ever reach the pole, and be undecided which way to turn when his compass has become sluggish, his timepiece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet will show him the way: their sleeping leaves tell him that midnight is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the north.”

[For the National Magazine.]

### ALEXANDER SMITH AS A POET.

WITHIN a year past the literary atmosphere has been disturbed by a man of no ordinary pretensions, in the person of Alexander Smith. Of course there was a general commotion in all the circles, and the question was everywhere agitated: Is Mr. Smith a poet? In answer John Bull roared out a thundering affirmative, and Uncle Jonathan, looking quietly over his spectacles, nodded quite perceptibly. We are acquainted with enthusiastic admirers of the new verseman; and if Mr. Smith be on a more familiar acquaintance what he is at first sight, he is not unworthy whatever partiality may have been lavished upon him. But if he prove to be *all surface*—if he have succeeded in originating no leading truth, nor in impressing any great idea on the public mind—we must deny him a niche in the Pantheon.

It is evident that Alexander Smith is aiming at immortality as an end; consequently there is a continual straining after the sublime and far-fetched. No writer uses more affected language, or goes figure-hunting at greater expense. From the same cause also he is led to display *himself* in all his personages:—and to anticipate a little, he surely could exhibit no more contemptible character. His egotism is equalled only by that of Bailey, whom he sedulously imitates, and who surpasses him rather in the ability to parade himself than in the inclination to do so. Now there is no better guaranty of mediocrities than this eternal hankering after fame as an ultimatum. There is reason to believe that immortality never occurred to Shakspeare until he had composed the greater part of his dramas; and even then he had not the remotest idea of the absolute despotism of his sway. Milton wrote expressly to quiet an agitated mind, to promote a moral purpose, and to relieve the tedium of blindness. Johnson often wrote as the best means of preserving his reputation from the stain of the debtor's prison. But we have here the novel spectacle of an upstart poet deliberately attempting to "pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon." The world will probably return him the same answer M. Monge did the young man who applied for Admission into the Academy, stating that

he had accomplished a difficult problem for the very purpose of gaining a seat. "You will never gain a seat by such means," said the philosopher.

The only work of Smith's which has reached us is a small volume containing his "Life Drama, Evening at Home, Sonnets," &c., and from them we shall form our judgment.

The "Life Drama," in which our poet is evidently feeling the public pulse with no small anticipation, is a greatly belabored performance of some length. In commencing to read a poem it is but natural that we ask the question Mrs. Partington put to her friend: "What d'ye propose to *deu*?" But just at this point in the *drama*, you are puzzled beyond measure. Any reader who can perceive the scope and bearing of this piece, deserves to be employed at deciphering the obelisks. All its conceptions are confused and indistinct, and you arise from the perusal with a painful sense of confusion doubly confounded.

But determined not to be baffled in your intentions to read the *last poet*, you have proceeded but a short way when you discover with dismay that you are treading the wheel of Ixion. Mr. Smith's propensity for imitation amounts to an idiosyncrasy. In a composition of one hundred and forty-four pages, the sun is honorably mentioned sixty-two times; the moon fifty-eight times; the stars seventy-two times; the sea and ocean sixty-seven. These are our author's four ideas. He weaves them into a thousand fantastic shapes, and bids them assume every imaginable hue. There is nothing so pale and silent that it cannot be metaphorized as the moon; nothing so distant, and bright, and small, as not to resemble a star; nothing so dazzling, and swift, and immense, that it may not be a sun; nothing more vast, or wrathful, or loving, or fickle than the ocean. And besides their value as types, these bodies are indispensable in scenery:—

"The *sea* lay stranded on the beach."

"My heart swells to him as the *sea* to the *moon*,  
Therefore it is I love the midnight *stars*."

"We dwelt on slopes against the morning *sun*."

"Here is the *sunset*, yonder grows the *moon*;  
What image would you draw from these?"

Were it not for an occasional allusion to grassy slopes, and the positive information that one of our author's scenes is laid in a

manor, (though we are not informed where,) we should infer that he had vegetated on some island, where he had never been permitted to see anything but the sea beating upon the beach, or the king of day, blazing athwart the sky, or the queen of night modestly donning her lord's small clothes. One thing is a little surprising—there is not in the whole poem anything like an eclipse or a transit. We were somewhat disappointed not to find an authentic account of a storm at sea. What an admirable scene it would have made! But we would not magnify trifling oversights. The *four ideas* are well developed.

Smith has aped the daring profanity of Bailey with the greatest nicety. His book in this respect is a wax impression of "Festus." His Violet is "fair as God." His heroes berate the Deity just as a postillion would a hack-driver. The following language is used by Walter to his peasant:—

"Your hand, my friend!  
For thou and I are sharers in one doom :  
We are immortals, and must bear such woe  
That, could it light on God, in agony  
He'd pay down all his stars to buy the death  
He doth deny us."

But on this article I forbear to quote. Those who have a tooth for the modern school profanity, can *pitch in*. We will insure them ample satisfaction. Indeed, we think the whole effect of the *drama* demoralizing.

Mr. Smith cannot have the audacity to suppose that he has "held the mirror up to nature," and shown life as it really is. If so, he would cast suspicion over the purest virtue. If so, every man would be a poetaster and a libertine, like Walter; or a woman-hater, like Edward; or a nondescript, like Charles. He has given us but two specimens of a lady—and Heaven save the mark! No, there is another, a young girl, for which see scene tenth. His ladies both keep late hours, and on one occasion Violet carouses all night. The lofty moral courage and elevating influence of woman have no place in Smith's conceptions. But it is objected, Had not the author a right to paint such women as he pleased, so he did it skillfully? We answer, certainly; but we are quarreling with him for creating women only as a pander to man. Had Violet been what she should have been, Walter would not have been the villain he was.

"The saddest thing that can befall a soul  
Is when it loses faith in God and woman;  
      Lost I those gems,  
Though the world's throne stood empty in my  
path,  
I would go wandering back into my childhood,  
Searching for them with tears."

The truth is, the "*Drama*" is but an autobiography of Mr. Smith under the character of Walter; and as such it represents him in the no very amiable light of a city *roué*, escaping into the country just often enough to do a little villainy, and pass a few counterfeits on the virtuous tendencies of a country life; while he consummates his glory by writing the book which entertains us at present.

But it is as a drama, technically speaking, that this performance is most faulty. It lacks the essential requisite of a drama, which is unity. It is a perfect chaos—a multitude of names are introduced without character, without object, without destiny, without fate.

There is not a single character with whom you can sympathize. It is a matter of indifference whether Walter commits suicide or not in his fit of madness, just at the time you should be ready to peril your own life to save him. Othello or Sardanapalus, under similar circumstances, calls forth all the anxiety of your nature. There is no crisis in the play—no "time that tries men's souls;" all is an unbearable monotony in occasions as well as in characters. The *dramatis personæ* move across the stage like the phantasms that appeared to M. Nicolai, each with his eyes upon the floor, each observing the same pace, and each emerging and disappearing in a mist. For example: in scene second, a lady enters. *A lady!* Expectation is on tiptoe to know who. Is she a Pamela, or a Desdemona, or a Madame Fitz Fulker? In vain do you toil through leaf after leaf, hoping her nature will unfold itself.

"Like the innermost leaf in the heart of a rose," she is a masque; and had she not been introduced as *a lady*, we should be tempted to doubt even that. In scene tenth, an outcast girl enters, into whose mouth this philosophy is put:—

"Man trusts in God :  
He is eternal. Woman trusts in man,  
And he is shifting sand."

We submit whether this stately wisdom sits well on such shoulders or not.

Again: the songs, which in the elder

dramatists are the life of the performance, in the "Life Drama" only serve to render dullness more insupportably dull.

I cannot refrain giving a specimen. Arthur, in apostrophizing *old bald-face*, breaks out into the following ecstasies :—

"O richest joy-giver!"

Rare warmer of liver!

Diviner than *kisses*, thou droll and thou sage!  
In sunshine, in rain, a flask shall be nigh me,  
Warm heart, blood and brain, Fine Sprite, deify  
me!"

The question is not whether such stuff is natural in such a drunken varlet as Walter; but whether such dullness is preferable?

Such are a few of the more prominent faults of Mr. Alexander Smith's "Life Drama." The "Evening at Home" is quite similar. The sonnets are better. It is but justice to allow, however, that there are many passages of striking beauty in this work. On page 25th, a grim old king appears to advantage as follows:—

"He call'd his faithful herald to his side,—  
'Go, tell the dead I come.' With a proud smile  
The warrior with a stab let out his soul,  
Which fled and shriek'd through all the other  
world,  
'Ye dead, my master comes?' And there was  
    pause  
Till the great shade should enter."

There is some truth in the remark of  
Walter:—

"Earth casts off a slough of darkness, an eclipse  
of hell and sin,  
In each cycle of her being, as an adder casts her  
skin;  
Lo, I see long blissful ages, when these mammon  
days are done,  
Stretching, like a golden evening, forward to  
the setting sun."

And speaking of the earth:—

"She gave us birth;  
We drew our nurture from her ample breast,  
And there is coming for us both an hour  
When we shall pray that she will ope her arms  
And take us back again."

But such beauties as these only render more apparent the deformities of the body of the work, just as a strong light increases the apparent blackness of surrounding night. We only feel that

"He who uses one truth  
To pass a thousand nothings with, deserves to be  
Once heard, and thrice beaten."

After a careful reading, we will predict, that comparatively few will ever read this book a second time; no one will ever read it understandingly; no one will ever read it with profit. And as for Mr. Smith's

immortality, we would comfort him in his own language :—

[For the National Magazine.]

## AN AUTUMN MEMORY

Said Ida, as the sun was sinking low  
Amid festoons of crimson, "Shall we not  
Go out beyond the pastures to the knoll  
That looks o'er sloping reaches and bright glades  
Clear to the sea?" She did not tell me why—  
There was no need, for in our common heart  
Dwelt kindred loves, and one quick glance can  
smile.

Like inspiration when the lips are dumb.  
So on we went that soft October day  
Along the crisped meadows to the knoll.  
Old gnarled trees, more friendly in their age,  
Embraced on its wild top, and down its slope  
Soft, dainty, pure, and blue as summer skies  
The gentians nestled. Like a vision shown  
To some high-dreaming artist in a trance,  
So slept the autumn landscape, mellow, warm,  
And tranquil as a spirit. Swelling on  
With shade and sunshine mighty woodlands  
stood,

And lifted up their high beseeching arms  
As if for benediction. Grove on grove  
Filed round the vale their gorgeous leafiness,  
Like waves of crimson, orange, amber, gold,  
Made still mid fallen rainbows! What a show!  
Sprinkled on those great ashes! How we look'd  
Amid the burnish'd branches of old woods  
Along you ledge. Down through broad glades

we saw  
The slanting sunlight gilding banks of moss,  
And warm and loving edging half-bid rocks,  
Till like a flame it lick'd the solid shore,  
And stream'd along the sea. Like golden fringe  
Lay the receding hills; but when the sun  
Dipp'd down the distant waters, all the west,  
As if a god had pass'd, grew tranced with light,  
The wonder, and the glory, and the crown!

Then Ida took my hand, but did not speak,  
Yet in her wondrous beauty, tender eyes,  
I saw what she would tell—the joy, the hope,  
Old memories of sorrow half subdued,  
And feelings which the impulse of the hour  
Awoke and cherish'd. "Yes, 'tis better thus,  
My Ida, though our friend was brave and good,  
Pure, generous, and wise, 'tis better thus,  
God took him as he gave." More would I say,  
But like a torrent came the sense of all  
His wondrous beauty, honor, hope, and truth,  
High impulse and pure thought. Our clasps  
grew close.

And large tears well'd in Ida's saintly eyes,  
Till, starting up, she strew'd the grave near by  
With gentian blossoms — kneel'd a moment  
there.

Then turning with a sweet serenity of face,  
Said, "God in his great goodness is most just."  
On in most holy converse on high themes  
We felt the twilight solemnize our way.

H. N. POWERS

[For the National Magazine.]

### THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE EAST. ITS CHARACTER AND EFFECTS.

THE efforts of the English government, put forth through its commissioner, Sir Henry Pottinger, failed in securing the legalization of the opium trade, and Sir Henry's "prospects of eventual success" have also proved a failure, while the trade is still contraband, and accompanied with all the vices of a smuggling traffic. The trade, as we have seen, still continues, and has grown into fearful magnitude. It is carried on with boldness and impunity. No more edicts are promulgated against it; no more efforts are made to suppress it. Has the policy of the Chinese government changed? No; while the eastern coast of China was yet smoking with the blood of her children, the government refused to sanction the infamous traffic, or to derive a revenue from the wretchedness of its subjects. The government is powerless. The exchequer is drained. The army is corrupted and enervated. Poverty and wretchedness everywhere abound in that country, which a century ago was pronounced one of the richest on the globe. Rebellion, civil war, and local riots and insurrections, are ravaging the entire country.

But, if the policy of the government has not changed with regard to the traffic, why, since the war with England, has it made no further resistance? We may read the answer in the circumstances we have just mentioned. Add to these the dread of British arms, and the universal opinion that the trade is encouraged and defended by the British government. But to discover that the policy of the government and the wishes of a vast majority of the people are still opposed to the trade, we need but look upon the sullen frowns that gather on the countenances of thousands of the Chinese in the presence of the foreigner; we need but witness the manifestations of the deep hatred of the foreign name that rankles in the Chinaman's bosom; we need but mark the expression of powerless despair that appears upon his features; we need but hear the perpetual reiterations of the charge of smugglers of opium and destroyers of the country that are ringing forever in the ears of the missionary, meeting him on the street, in his chapel, and at his very home;

we need but listen to the complaints of fathers, and witness the tears of mothers and sisters whose murdered sons and brothers have fallen as victims to the seductive poison; we need but look upon the anguish of despairing wives, whose soulless husbands are about to sell them to gratify their unconquerable lust for opium, and the tears and sobs of daughters just emerging into womanhood to be sold into prostitution by imbruted fathers, the victims of the unyielding drug. The fathers and the mothers, the wives and the daughters of China, idolatrous heathens as they are, have hearts that can feel and eyes that can weep, and we have seen those hearts bleeding, and have watched those tears, as they wept for fallen husbands, sons, and brothers, and implored our aid to rescue them from the grasp of the fatal habit. O, could the three hundred and sixty millions of Chinese subjects send forth one simultaneous voice on this terrific traffic, from three hundred millions of that people would break out a loud and deep anathema which would startle India, and which would make even the throne and Parliament of England tremble, as its dying echoes reiterated, No opium! No opium!

Whatever opinions may have been entertained before the war, (and we ask how any man in his senses, with the facts before him which we have adduced, could be deceived with regard to the invariable policy of the government?) now it must be universally admitted that the traffic in opium is downright smuggling; and, however unpalatable the dreadful fact may be to the accomplished gentlemen and princely merchants who are engaged in the trade, they can only be esteemed as smugglers, and must, in the eyes of all conscientious and upright men, take their places among this degraded, and in enlightened countries, most detested class. We can distinguish between the trader and his trade, and yet we cannot forget the old Spanish proverb, that "a man is known by the company he keeps," and yet one of the defenders of the trade in the Chinese Repository, himself a merchant and a dealer in what he calls "the elegant luxury," can go no further in his claims for respectability for himself and his compeers in the traffic, than to be associated with the rum and gin traffickers, the keepers of gambling-houses and race-horses, &c., in

England. He is welcome to his company. The merchants in China dealing in opium are, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, gentlemen. They are well educated and refined, intelligent and accomplished in all the arts and elegancies of social life. We need not say they are men of enormous wealth—their business proves this; and we are glad to acknowledge that, in many instances, they have made munificent donations for benevolent purposes. In commercial probity they are unsurpassed; their talents as men of business would do honor to the first commercial houses of Europe or America; yet I would not for all the wealth of India have their consciences, or participate in their unworthy trade.

We have already said that one of the most painful features connected with this traffic is the character of the princely merchants engaged in it. They are not low, vulgar, degraded outlaws—they are gentlemen of intelligence and fortune. They are not ruined or bankrupt tradesmen, whose poverty might be pleaded as a palliation of their crime; they are men who count their wealth by hundreds of thousands, and some by millions. They are not themselves marauders, and masters of well-armed brigantines; they are the respectable employers of the former, and the princely owners of the latter. They are not low, ignorant, and impoverished retailers of the fatal poison, or they would long ago have inherited the contempt and hatred of the world; and those arms which once defended their trade, would have been employed in driving them from the coasts of China, as the guilty destroyers of human life, and as working the ruin of legitimate trade. But does the character of these merchant-princes, who smuggle into China, not cakes, but thousands of chests, diminish the enormity or palliate the evils of the opium traffic? Is he any the less a smuggler, because he forces into the country his contraband product in large cargoes? Is he any the less the guilty author of the evils which are heaped upon this third part of the human race by his pernicious traffic, because he rolls in wealth, and supplies the fatal cause of ruin in thousands of packages? Is he exempt from the crime of bringing ruin, and poverty, and desolation, and death upon millions of Chinese, because he lives in elegance, and

works this desolation, not by his hands, but by his orders? Is he free from all the fatal collisions, the piracies, the murders, and the violence which attend the smuggling of opium, because he himself, perhaps, was never on board a "Fast-crab" or a "Scrambling-dragon," but simply gives employment to the unprincipled owners of these boats, and uses as instruments the very worst of characters, the Lasear, the Chinese pirate, murderer, and robber? Ask not these questions of the guilty trader;—faults in his life have bred errors in his brain, and he cannot answer them. But ask them at the bar of God; ask them at the tribunal of human conscience; ask them at the doors of the ruined millions of Chinese; ask them at the graves of victimized thousands, and if the ghosts of these opium victims were furnished with an instrument whose tones could reach our material senses, they would give an answer which would startle even the seared consciences of these traders in death.

But we must pass on to consider the effects of the opium traffic. One of the most striking is the *impoverishment of the empire by the immense drainage of specie which it produces*. This began to be noticed and felt by the government and people many years ago, and as early as the year 1838 called forth several memorials from high officials and from the first men of the nation. It was one of these memorials, presented by the President of the Sacrificial Court in 1838, which awakened the government anew to opposition to the traffic, and which produced those decided efforts to suppress the trade which gave offense to the British government, and drew down upon the Chinese the force of the British navy. In this memorial the President refers His Majesty and the Cabinet to the former prosperity of the empire, and then brings before them the evidences of embarrassment and impoverishment which everywhere prevailed in the country. He shows the nature of these embarrassments; and in a masterly manner traces them to the contraband opium traffic, by showing the nature and extent of this trade and entering into figures to show the manner and the exact extent of the drainage produced by this trade. He concludes his memorial by showing, from the constant expansion and increase of the trade, that the time is not

far distant when the empire will be exhausted of its resources, and when impoverishment, anarchy, and dissolution, will break up the empire.

This memorial was well calculated to arouse the government of China, and resulted in a determination to suppress the traffic, even at the expense of the sacrifice of the whole foreign trade; and to satisfy our own minds that these facts of the memorialist are not mere idle fears, but stern and deplorable realities, we need but refer for a moment, first, to the operations of the trade; and secondly, to the contrast which the condition of China now presents to that which it exhibited one or two centuries ago. We have already seen the enormity of the trade, and have given as an approximation to the sum drained from this country by the illicit traffic alone in a period of fifty years, \$516,741,600; only an approximation we say, for this is but the result of known quantities of the drug disposed of in the country, and in a contraband trade who can determine the unknown quantities which find their way into the empire? Yet what nation on the face of the globe could long endure this enormous drainage from its resources? It is a vast and exhausting sum abstracted from the nation's wealth without any equivalent being offered in return. It is the price of a poisonous drug, whose only power, as used in China, is to corrupt the morals and destroy the lives of the Chinese. It is a drain made upon the country by bands of princely smugglers, in despite of the constant efforts of the government to prevent the influx of the drug and the efflux of specie, thus producing to the government another enormous loss in the sums which it has expended in fruitless efforts to suppress the trade.

But let us examine the operations of this trade a little more minutely. For the commercial year of 1836-37, the results of the British trade in opium with China were as follows:—

Patna opium, 7,192 chests, at \$77s per chest, \$5,595,376
Benares " 2,575 " 681 " 1,756,725
Mulwa " 17,687 " 675 " 11,938,725
Turkey " 292 pcculs 611 " 178,412

Total..... \$19,471,238

During that year the whole sum of British imports, including opium and specie, was \$34,900,662, from which it is seen that the value of opium alone exceeded more than one-half the whole importation.

Examining the exports for the same year, we find the whole sum, exclusive of bullion, to have been \$25,339,284; leaving a balance in favor of British importers of \$9,560,378, which should be diminished only by \$470,940 imported in specie into the country. This balance of nine and a half millions of dollars was paid in bullion. During that year the whole British exportation of teas amounted to \$14,802,782 the opium importation exceeding it by nearly \$5,000,000. Thus in one year alone the actual drainage from the resources of the empire was nearly twenty millions of dollars. That part of this was paid indirectly in teas and silks, cannot be considered as diminishing in the least the annual drainage;—it saves to the country an amount of bullion equal to the value of the teas and silks, but none the less exhausts the valuable resources of the empire in paying for a worthless and destructive drug.

Suppose this illicit traffic did not exist, how widely different would be the results of the British trade with the empire of China! In the commercial year already referred to, the legitimate importations by British merchants, exclusive of specie, amounted to only \$14,958,484, while their exports amounted to \$25,339,284, exceeding their importations by more than ten millions of dollars;—the single item of teas alone equaling within \$100,000 the whole sum of British imports. Thus, if the illegal traffic were suppressed, instead of draining annually from the empire \$9,560,378 in bullion as the actual excess of British importations, or nearly \$20,000,000 in specie, teas, and silks, to pay for the pernicious drug, these twenty millions would be saved to the resources of the empire; and in addition to this, the British trade would add to the revenue of the country more than ten millions of dollars, making an annual difference of more than thirty millions of dollars to the resources of China. To what purposes these thirty millions of dollars might be appropriated, and how far they might go toward opening an extensive and profitable trade to all the maritime nations of the world, instead of being absorbed by the illicit trade of a handful of opium dealers, may be easily conceived.

How different from this is the American trade with China! In the American and other foreign trade, we have an excess of

exports over imports in favor of China of more than a million sterling. Looking over the results of the year ending July 1, 1837, prepared by the Chamber of Commerce, we find for that year, as already given above :—

Importation of opium under the British flag	\$19,471,238
Total imports,	34,900,662
Importation of opium under the American flag	275,621
General trade, . . . . .	8,291,430

In the British trade the importation of opium is considerably more than one half of the sum of imports; in the American trade the value of opium is not one-thirtieth of the value of the imports into China. In *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* for March, 1843, we are favored with a table exhibiting the exports of the United States to China, during a period of twenty years, from 1821 to 1841, from which it appears that during this period the sum of the exports was \$49,588,360, of which nearly three-fourths was in specie, viz., \$32,435,433. The writer in the Magazine says :—

"The export of specie direct from the United States has of late years decreased, in consequence of the use of drawn bills on London, which were equivalent to specie, inasmuch as they reduced the quantity of specie to be sent from China to the British possessions. From these statements, it appears that the United States and Great Britain together have purchased of China, independently of opium, annually, about eight million dollars worth more of goods than the Chinese have purchased in return. This eight millions has been paid to China by the United States, and it and an additional eight to nine millions have been extracted from China, in specie, by the sale of opium, which has grown to be the most valuable staple of the British East India possessions."

In other words, the British trade in opium is sufficient to pay for all the silks, teas, &c., exported out of China by Great Britain and the United States, absorbs all the specie conveyed to China by American merchants, and leaves a balance of eight or nine millions of dollars to be paid by the Chinese. While this exhibits the perpetual drain on the resources of China, it also exhibits the dilemma into which American merchants are thrown. The opium trade gives to British merchants almost a monopoly of the whole Chinese trade, or at least makes them the masters of the trade, rendering it necessary for American dealers to pay as high prices, in specie, for tea, silks, &c., as they pay in opium; and, holding in their hands the balance of trade, American specie is ab-

sorbed in paying this balance, thus making the merchants of the United States support the very system which gives to their British competitors so great an advantage.

While these results of the trade prove a constant and ruinous drainage from the resources of China, the country itself everywhere presents to the eye of the observer unmistakable evidences of general impoverishment. When we read the descriptions of China as given in the works of the early Jesuit missionaries, we look upon the vast empire which they describe as one of great wealth and prosperity. We are charmed with their gorgeous descriptions; we look with astonishment upon the evidences spread out before us of the enormous wealth and magnificence of the Chinese empire; we read with satisfaction of the quiet industry, the affluence, and the general prosperity of the Chinese people; we endeavor to form an idea of the vast sums of money which have been appropriated for purposes of defence and general improvement; we calculate the cost of the Great Wall, of the Imperial Canal, of the countless water-courses for irrigation and drainage, of the numberless bridges, of the massive temples, of the lofty and expensive pagodas, which all over the country lift their summits high toward the clouds; their palaces, their public buildings, their enormous tombs, rise before us as evidences of wealth and magnificence. Where, we ask the observer of to-day, where now are all these evidences of grandeur and affluence? Where is the China described by early travelers? It is not to be found. That China is no more. Shall we say these early travelers were deceived—that they have given us overdrawn pictures of the country; that their gorgeous descriptions of China never had any corresponding reality in the empire which they describe? We may not thus impeach the character of these earlier visitors to China. It is true, they tell us much that they heard, and we do not believe it; but they also tell us much that they saw, and we should not deny it.

China has changed, greatly changed, since their day; but yet sufficient remains of her former magnificence are still before us to justify and render credible their enthusiastic descriptions. The Great Wall, stretching for more than fifteen hundred

miles across the northern frontier, neglected and falling to decay, still presents its ruins as a proof of former greatness. The Grand Canal, now the scene of civil war, shows its ruins still to the traveler. The canals and water-courses, sadly neglected; the pagodas tottering to ruin; the palaces deserted; the temples abandoned and falling to decay; the bridges broken and many of them useless; the fortifications abandoned and crumbling to the ground; the tombs unswept and neglected, are all here,—here in ruins,—here clothed in mourning,—here wearing the aspect of desolation and decay,—here, as crumbling monuments of Chinese wealth and magnificence,—here as sad evidences of the merciless and ruinous influences of the foreigner's avarice.

Besides all these evidences of former wealth, industry and prosperity, we know sufficient cause for the present evidences of impoverishment. We know that more than half a billion of dollars have been abstracted from the country, for which no equivalent but a poisonous drug has been returned. We know that the mines of China, which must originally have ranked among the richest in the world, have been exhausted to supply the waste of this drainage, and that the government has actually been engaged in making surveys to discover new ones. We know that more than one hundred and fifteen millions of pounds of opium have been consumed by the victimized subjects of China within the past half-century, and which has been working disease and death among millions of Chinese, thus producing another source of impoverishment, by unfitting millions of besotted opium smokers for the performance of the duties of life. We know that millions of dollars more have been expended in efforts to suppress the abominable traffic, and in conducting a three years' war, and in paying an enormous and unjust indemnity occasioned by this illicit trade. Whatever China may once have been, now she everywhere exhibits painful evidences of poverty and decay. While we cannot mourn over some of the results of this impoverishment—such as the abandonment of her idolatrous temples, which in many places are crumbling to ruin; the neglect of her magnificent festivals, and the desertion of the idolatrous ceremonies at the tombs of the dead, which are left neglected and over-

grown with weeds—we cannot but look upon them as sad evidences of a breaking empire. But we may mourn over abandoned defences, forts in ruins, walls falling to decay, bridges that are impassable, canals no longer navigable, cities deserted, commerce in confusion, merchants in bankruptcy, broken traders committing suicide, families in filth and rags, a country in civil war, an empire on the eve of dismemberment; and confident of the truth of our picture, we call upon the guilty trafficker in the pernicious drug to look upon his work.

Another important result arising from this trade may be thus stated in the language of the *Canton Circular* for 1846:—

"With respect to the opium trade, as at present conducted, it is certainly a great evil, and indirectly injures the sale of other merchandise. One of the most prominent effects of this traffic, so intensely hated by the government and the vast majority of the people, is the jealousy and prejudice which it produces in the Chinese mind against all commercial intercourse with foreigners. It not only, as we have seen, strips them of all their resources, but it destroys all desire upon their part to improve their circumstances, and effectually deters them from entering into extensive and free intercourse with foreign traders. The Chinese, as the foreign trade is now conducted, can only look upon it as a losing system, in which all is loss to them, and all gain to the foreigner. They can only view the foreign trader as the enemy of their country, as the unprincipled dealer in a pernicious drug, who, for gain, will sacrifice the nation that consents to trade with him. They can only look upon the foreigner with a jealous and suspicious eye, as plotting the ruin and subjugation of their country, and who in China has not seen that jealous eye?"

We do not believe that the Chinese are mimical to an extensive foreign trade; on the contrary, they have given many evidences, not only of willingness but of anxiety to engage in traffic with foreigners, and had not the extensive evil influence of the trade in this drug been felt throughout the country, we have reason to believe that China would have proved one of the best markets in the world for the sale of European and American products. The Tartar government is usually considered anti-commercial. The reason is obvious. The Manchus are themselves foreigners, who by the power of their arms subjugated the empire of China, and who only hold their sovereignty over these millions of people by a feeble power. That the usurpers of these vast dominions should look with fear and jealousy

upon the advances of other more powerful foreign nations, is to be expected; yet, in the history of foreign intercourse with China, the Tartar government has ever been foremost in its liberal policy, and has granted all that would be consistent with its own security in maintaining its hold on the territories which its arms had conquered. It was so in the days of Kanghi, when the Jesuits made strong efforts to establish their missionary operations in the empire; and it was not until the conduct of these missionaries gave rise to the suspicion that they were plotting the subjugation of the empire, that they were driven from the territories of China. It was so in the early ages of the foreign trade, and nearly all the difficulties which have arisen in the progress of commercial intercourse have originated during the past half-century, during all which time the government has been unrelenting in its opposition to the opium traffic.

It was the testimony of Lord Napier, the first superintendent of British trade in China, that "the Chinese are most anxious to trade;" and on another occasion his lordship says, "It is a perfect axiom that the Chinese people are most anxious for our trade, from the Great Wall to the southern extremity of the empire." Why, then, is there not an extensive trade with this country in European and American products? Why are the manufactures of Great Britain shut out from this trade, and why must the merchants of America cash their bills with specie in London instead of bartering in American products with China? Simply because the whole trade is absorbed in the opium traffic. For seventy years it has been interfering with the legitimate trade of this country; for seventy years it has been closing up the gates of this vast empire to the products of English and American industry; it has been absorbing the whole of the foreign trade of this country to fill the treasury of India, and to enrich a few dealers in opium; it has been exciting the fears and the enmity of the people against all foreigners; it has been draining the nation's resources, and rendering it impossible to purchase the legitimate merchandise of foreign countries. These important sentences are not bare assertions; they are truisms known well in China, and acknowledged by both natives and foreigners. Mr. Martin, au-

thor of a recent and excellent work on China, and for a long time a resident of that country, inquired of one of the chief officers at Shanghai, how trade could be best promoted; he immediately and with great sternness answered, "Cease sending us millions worth of opium, and then our people will have more money to purchase your manufactures."

It is a fact, that in proportion as the opium traffic has increased, that in foreign manufactures has decreased. Is it not strange that in a trade which amounts annually to \$35,000,000 worth of products imported into China, but little more than two millions of dollars will cover the whole importation of British manufactures, and that this importation of legitimate products still continues on the decrease.

It is well known that the Chinese, to the extent of their ability, are anxious to enjoy the elegance and comforts of foreign products. The grandee never exhibits such self-complacency as when, in summer, he can handle a foreign watch, and clothe his person in the fine cotton and linen products of other countries; and in winter his ambition is fully met when he can appear in a suit of foreign cloth. Every carpenter in the country would gladly exchange his rude implements for the handsome and delicate tools of the foreigner. Even the tailor is anxious to give up his needle, thimble, and scissors, for the superior articles which the foreigner can furnish him. Why, then, will not this trade yield profitable returns to British and American manufactures? The answer is obvious and undeniable. The manufacturer cannot compete with the opium smuggler. The resources of the country are preoccupied by the seductive drug of India. It is obvious that, since the only way in which a nation can buy the productions of other countries is with articles of its own industry, the constant drain of the productions of China in exchange for such an article as opium, must sooner or later cripple its means with which to trade at all; and this would have been the result in China before now, were not the waste partially supplied by the passing of the balance of the American trade through the hands of the Chinese into the hands of the opium dealers.

It is evident, then, that but for this illicit traffic, in view of the vast resources

of the empire, now dissipated on a pernicious drug, and in view of the unquestionable desire that already exists in China for foreign products, not only would this great country afford a much more extensive market for these products, but the benefit of the trade thus established, instead of being monopolized, as the present contraband trade is, by a few British traders in China and India, would be generally spread over Great Britain and America, and prove a commerce worthy of the fostering care of both nations.

How long will the British public remain blind to these facts? How long will the people of England consent to be blind-folded by their government, and lulled to sleep and inaction by the precious opiates which come from India and China, and from the House of Parliament, while that government is fostering, defending, and encouraging a trade which is working incalculable injuries to the morals, the health, the commerce, and the industry of a vast nation? The opium traffic is an undeniable injury to every other form of trade. It is an injury and a wrong to the commerce of every nation with China, not even excepting Great Britain itself. What, we ask, has the trade in opium done for England? Nothing. It has been of great advantage to India; it has paid an enormous revenue to the East India Company; it has saved British India from great financial embarrassments; it has sustained the armies, fought the battles, and cultivated the fields of India, while it has cursed and oppressed the wretched natives; it has enabled the government to pay to the proprietors of East India stock the high yearly dividend guaranteed to them by Parliament in the charter of 1834; it has enabled the Court of Directors very conveniently to draw their large remittances for home charges; it has given princely fortunes to a few British merchants, wrung from the wretchedness of millions of victimized opium smokers; but what has it done for England? Nothing. We say unhesitatingly, Nothing. It has been a wrong to the British public. It may have saved the government some embarrassment in legislating for India, but it has wronged the people. It has shut out London, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Bristol, and Nottingham from the vast trade of China. It has supplanted the trade in British products and manufactures,

and has deprived three hundred millions of people of the ability to purchase lawful products, by draining the resources of the country and imbruting and destroying the people.

If it has thus wrought only injury to the general trade of Great Britain, and we are compelled to wonder at the apathy and indifference of the British public to the evils of this trade, what shall we say of America? How long will the merchants and people of America submit to be shut out from the vast trade which might be established with China? How long must American merchants be compelled to engage in the unequal competition with British opium dealers? We do not intend to insinuate that American merchants in China are wholly free from connection with the illicit traffic. We know to the contrary; and wish all the strictures we have made on the traffic, and all the evils we have adduced as arising from it, to fall with equal weight upon our countrymen, who, free from the temptation and the greater inducements presented to the English minds, still, for mere purposes of selfish gain, engage in the unlawful trade. Still the American trade in opium is insignificant compared with the gigantic traffic of the English; and we have reason to believe that most of the American houses engaged in it would gladly withdraw from it, if they could in any other way compete with the great English houses trading in opium. It is known to all that the traffic is a great injury to the American trade; that it shuts out from this vast empire nearly all lawful products; that while the American trade gives a balance in favor of the Chinese for several millions of dollars annually, which in other circumstances might be paid in American products, the merchants of our country must pay this balance in specie, by exchange between the United States and England. The American merchant can scarcely do otherwise than try to meet this balance against him by entering the lists with his British competitor in opium. The British dealer in opium has closed up the gates of the empire against lawful American products, and leaves the American the only alternative of carrying on his trade in teas, silks, &c., with specie, or of joining his guilty rival in the suicidal work of deluging the country with opium.

Thus the American name has become

tarnished as well as that of England. The merchants of America can only be viewed by the Chinese as dealers in opium, and though guilty to a much less degree than their British rivals, they are inheritors of the same hatred and suspicions that fall to the lot of the traders of Great Britain, and, though deserving more, they can secure no better or greater privileges for their trade than the merchants of England. This suspicion and jealousy fall upon the United States as well as upon American merchants in China; and if we except the odium of the British war, and of the East India cultivation of opium, which has sullied the name of England, the flag of America is no more respected or less tarnished in the eyes of the Chinese than that of Great Britain, and, though unjustly, the American government is supposed to foster and protect the contraband trade. How can the Chinese do otherwise than arrive at this conclusion? While they know that America produces no opium, and can exonerate the Americans from the odium of opium cultivation in India, they also know that large quantities of Indian and Turkey opium have been imported on American account—that United States vessels store it at Cumsingmoon, Shanghai, and elsewhere—and that the American flag floats from the masthead of many a vessel conveying the drug along the coast. The Chinese are to a very great extent ignorant of the usages of western nations, and while they behold the subjects of America engaging boldly in this illicit traffic, and discover the American flag prostituted in this base service, while American representatives in China refuse to put forth any efforts to arrest the trade, they can only infer that there is collusion in the case—that the American government as well as the English protects the opium trade!

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#### THOUGHTS TO THINK ABOUT.

IT betokens as great a soul to be capable of curing a fault, as to be incapable of committing it.

Man, though born with faculties to search through the depth of time, and powers to flourish through the ages of eternity, seldom looks beyond the present hour.

Your word is your servant, so long as you retain it; but it becomes your master when you suffer it to escape.

Human nature is like a bad clock; it may go right now and then, or be made to strike the hour, but its inward frame is to go wrong.

Idleness is the gate of all harms.

Great cities are Satan's universities.

To govern with judgment is to govern with justice.

The greatest hero is not he who subdues nations, but he who conquers himself.

Effects in nature are never fortuitous.

Mistake not motives when causes are unknown.

In private we must watch our thoughts, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.

We may live by forms, but there is no dying by forms.

Afflictions are God's whetstones—they put a new edge upon old principles.

The best way to see daylight is to put out thy candle. What thou canst not comprehend, believe.

We are what we are in private.

Our principles are the springs of our actions—our actions the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be employed in forming our principles.

Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind *no* is often more agreeable than a rough *yes*.

The meanest man may be useful to the greatest, and the most eminent stand in need of the meanest: in a building, the highest and lowest stones add to their own mutual stability.

Opinion of ourselves is like the casting of a shadow which is always longest when the sun is at the greatest distance.

All is but lip wisdom that wants experience.

The credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

Never let your tongue go before your thoughts.

Time is like a verb, that can only be of use in the present tense.

Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed.

Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make suitable requital.

Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which health and retirement afford the body.

Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

### BADGES—THEIR HISTORY AND VARIETIES.

THE French knight, who in his metrical chronicle—now accepted as an authoritative historical record—has left us such an interesting account of the sudden and tragical downfall of the second Richard, one of the most unfortunate of England's monarchs, relates that when the king's only attendants were "sorrows, sadness, afflictions, mournings, weepings, and lamentations, there was one Jenico, a Gascon squire, who showed well the true love he had for King Richard; for never for threats, nor for any entreaty whatever, would he put off the badge of his lord the king, to wit, the hart, saying: 'Now God forbid that for mortal man I should put off the order of my rightful lord.' So that at last it came to the knowledge of the Duke of Lancaster, who caused him to be shamefully and basely led to the castle of Chester, where he expected day by day to lose his head." The chronicler proceeds to state, that he could not ascertain whether Jenico was executed or not. It is gratifying to us to know, however, that the loyalty and fidelity of the Gascon did not cost him his life. During the three subsequent reigns, he can be occasionally espied through the dim mists which envelop the by-ways and out-of-the-way places of history. At one time, we read of him defeating with great slaughter the *Magyennys*, and other wild *Irishry*, in Ulster; at another, in conjunction with the Bishop of Down, making treaties with the redoubtable Donald of the Isles, and otherwise comporting himself as an approved good soldier and servant of the state. The white hart was Richard's favorite cognizance: he wore it, in honor and remembrance of his mother, the beauteous Joan Holland, the renowned Fair Maid of Kent.

The coat-armor of a royal or noble family being considered of far too sacred a character to be worn as a personal ornament or distinction by a retainer of inferior rank, unless a herald, the badge, cognizance, or sign of company, as it was variously termed, worn by all, from king or baron down to the menial, served as a recognition and distinction of party, of feudal allegiance and dependency, to both friends and foes. It was worn on the arm or cap: the minstrel was distinguished by wearing his suspended round the neck by

a silver chain. Unlike the device, which was assumed at pleasure, and merely expressed the peculiar design, sentiment, or inclination of the person who bore it, the badge was invariably considered hereditary, and was assumed in commemoration of daring feats of arms, or family alliances, as an emblem of territorial tenure and possessions; and, in some instances, it even indicated the name or title of the chief by whom it was worn. Nor was it worn on the person alone; the mansions of the great, the ecclesiastical edifices they founded or endowed, their tombs, furniture, armor, vassals, all were marked by the distinguishing badge. Yet, like the device, it was not recognized by the heralds, though in course of time it has surreptitiously crept into coat-armor as a heraldic charge.

The two most ancient badges in English history are the White and Red Roses of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. The white rose of York was the territorial distinction and tenure of the Castle and Honor of Clifford, a possession of that royal house. It is difficult to say why it is more particularly mentioned as their war-badge during the devastating civil war; probably it was selected, as such, from the other badges of the family, merely in contradistinction and opposition to the red rose of Lancaster. Shakspeare, in his historical dramas, closely follows the text of the old chroniclers; yet we have not been able to find, among any of those black-letter historians, any allusion to the famous scene in the Temple Garden; but a tradition of such an occurrence might have been extant in the great poet's day, nor does it seem at all improbable that Richard Plantagenet said:—

"Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,  
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:  
Let him that is true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honor of his birth,  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

And that Somerset replied:—

"Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Theobald IV., King of Navarre, and Count of Champagne and Brie, the famous troubador, poet, patron of poets, song-maker and song-singer, as the old writers term him, returning from the Holy

Land, brought with him the first Damas-  
eus rose ever seen in Western Europe.  
Planted in a congenial climate and soil at  
Theobald's city of Provins, the new and  
beauteous flower flourished and multiplied,  
attracting great attention, and receiving  
the high honor of being used in the grand-  
est and most solemn religious ceremonies  
of the day. Some years subsequently,  
Edmund, surnamed Crouchback, the sec-  
ond son of Henry III., married Blanche  
of Navarre, a descendant of Theobald.  
Provins, at that time, was famous for its  
woollen manufactures; and Philip *le Hardi*,  
King of France, eager to raise funds  
to prosecute an unjust war, heavily taxed  
the master manufacturers, who declared  
their unwillingness and inability to submit  
to such exaction. William of Pentecost,  
the mayor of Provins, wishing to obtain  
the king's favor, proposed to the masters,  
that if they would pay the increased tax,  
he would cause the bell which announced  
the hours of labor to be rung an hour later  
than the usual time every evening, thus  
giving the masters an hour's extra work  
from each man. This proposition was ac-  
cepted, and the consequence was, that the  
workmen broke out in open insurrection,  
during which the mayor was killed. The  
king, enraged at this proceeding, sent  
Edmund Crouchback to reduce the citi-  
zens to order, which he did in a fearfully  
cruel manner, and also broke the bell to  
pieces, declaring that, for the future, the  
will of the master alone should regulate  
the hours of labor. In commemoration of  
these events, Crouchback assumed as a  
badge the red rose for which Provins had  
already become famous; and the king  
gave him the titles of Champaigne and  
Brie. We may just add, as a sequel to  
this specimen of feudal times, that after  
some years, and many petitions, letters-  
patent were granted, permitting the town  
to have another bell, named Guillamette, in  
honor of the murdered mayor, and bearing  
an inscription humiliating to the citizens;  
but Provins never after regained its man-  
ufacturing importance. Crouchback sub-  
sequently became Earl of Lancaster: his  
descendant Henry, surnamed Wryneck,  
was the first duke of that title. John  
of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III.,  
marrying Blanche of Artois, sole heir-  
ess of Wryneck, assumed the badge of  
the red rose, and shortly after was, by  
Parliament, granted the dukedom of Lan-

easter. As the Lancastrian party de-  
fended their usurpation, by asserting that  
Crouchback was the eldest son of Henry  
III., but had been set aside on account  
of his deformity, and that consequently,  
through Blanche of Artois, they were the  
legitimate heirs to the throne, the red rose  
of Provins derived from Crouchback had  
a strong political signification, as well as  
being the badge of a powerful party in the  
state. The importance of badges as the  
insignia of political partisans must not be  
underrated. The white hart of the de-  
posed Richard was a continual source of  
inquietude to the usurper Henry; statutes  
were enacted forbidding its being worn;  
and though Richard had been long dead,  
leaving no direct heirs, yet Harry Percy,  
"the hair-brained Hotspur," raised the  
north, and fought the battle of Shrews-  
bury under the badge and banner of the  
white hart. Even so late as Queen Eliz-  
abeth's time, an act was passed, by which  
a severe penalty was laid on "all phantasti-  
call prophecies, upon or by the occasion  
of any badges, cognizances, or like things."

The origin of the well-known badge  
worn by the Princes of Wales has long  
been an unsettled question among antiqua-  
ries. The common version—that it was  
the crest of the king of Bohemia, who  
was slain at the battle of Cressy, and first  
assumed by the Black Prince in commemo-  
ration of that conflict—is now considered  
to be merely a mediaeval myth. The king  
of Bohemia's crest was the wings of a  
vulture; but he wore as his device the repre-  
sentation of an ostrich eating a spike, to  
imply how little he dreaded the perils of  
cold iron. This ostrich, then, it is sup-  
posed, supplied the three feathers for the  
prince's "cap of fame." On the other  
hand, there is clear evidence that Edward  
III., and most of his sons, wore the ostrich  
feathers as well as the Black Prince. The  
famous herald and antiquary, Randle  
Holme, ascribes a totally different origin  
to this badge. He asserts that the ostrich  
feathers were the ensigns of the Princes  
of Wales during the independence of their  
country, long prior to its conquest by the  
English; and after that event, the eldest  
sons of the kings of England, as Princes  
of Wales, continued to wear them, adding  
the motto, *Ich dien*, (I serve,) to express  
that, though of paramount importance in  
Wales, they yet owed allegiance to the  
crown of England. Even at the risk of

being tedious, it would be unfair to omit the Welsh tradition respecting this motto. They maintain that it is a corruption of the Welsh, *Eich dyn*, (Behold the man,) and was applied to Edward of Carnarvon, in consequence of his royal father having learned and exclaimed these words when he presented the infant prince to the assembled tribes, in fulfilment of his equivocal promise that he would give them a prince "who could speak no word of English." Camden's explanation of *ich dien* is worthy of notice. He states that it alludes to the words of the apostle, Gal. iv, 1: "The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all." There is great probability that Camden is correct. Formerly, the children of the highest rank not only waited at table, and performed other menial duties for their parents and seniors, but also wore blue gowns, the distinguishing dress of domestic servants. The last relic of that garb is still to be seen in the long blue coat worn by the scholars of Christ's school, London; and we may add, that the last relic of the badge still clings to the arms of a few of the London watermen and firemen.

Besides the white rose, the house of York had several other badges; as a falcon confined by a fetterlock—a white lion, representing the earldom of March—a black bull, for the Honor of Care—a white boar, for the Honor of Windsor. Edmond Langley, son of Edward III., first assumed the falcon in the fetterlock, thereby, as it is supposed, implying that "the aspiring blood of York" was debarred from mounting to the throne. Edward IV., when the fortunes of his family were in the ascendant, commanded his son to wear this badge, but with the fetterlock open; and said, that when Edmond Langley first wore it, he asked his children if they knew the Latin for fetterlock; not receiving an immediate answer, he thus proceeded: "Well if you cannot tell me, I will tell you. It is *hic, hec, hoc, taceatis*—that is: Be silent and quiet, for God knows what may come to pass hereafter." The white boar was the favorite badge of Richard III.; thirteen thousand, worked in fustian, were distributed at his coronation. The swan and the antelope were well-known cognizances of the house of Lancaster. They derived the swan through the Bohuns, from Godfrey of

Bouillon, and he from the famous, or rather fabulous, Knight of the Swan, so celebrated in ancient romance. A portcullis was the badge of the Beaufort branch of the Lancaster family; it was worn by our Tudor kings, and also by James I. of Scotland and his descendants, in commemoration of his marriage with the courageous and devoted Lady Jane Beaufort.

An old political poem, not long since discovered among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, is particularly curious from its enumeration of the badges worn by the Yorkist leaders at the sanguinary battle of Towton, in 1461, which proved so fatal to the Lancastrians: forty thousand of that party, it is said, were left lifeless on the field. This dreadful conflict is unparalleled in the history of warfare; it commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued until the afternoon of the next day, snow falling heavily all the time. The poem, if it is really worthy of the name, is an exulting paean on the great victory, and is composed in honor of Edward IV., who is designated in it as "the white rose of Rouen"—the flower alluded to at the end of each verse, he having been born in that city. Being of considerable interest as an early English political effusion, we give a short extract from it, premising that we have been compelled to modernize the spelling, to make it intelligible to the generality of readers:—

The greyhound and the hart's head, they quit  
them well that day;  
So did the harrow of Canterbury, and Clinton  
with his kav;  
The white ship of Bristol, he feared not that  
fray;

The black ram of Coventry, he said not one nay.

Blessed be the time that ever God spread that

flower.

The falcon and the fetterlock were there that  
tide;

The black bull also himself he would not bide;  
The dolphin came through Wales, three carps  
by his side;

The proud leopard of Salisbury he gaped his  
gums wide.

Blessed be the time that ever God spread that  
flower.

The boar's head from Windsor, with tusks  
sharp and keen;

The ostrich feather was in the field, that many  
men might see;

The wild rat from Northampton, with her broad  
nose;

There was many a fair pennon waiting on the  
rose.

Blessed be the time that ever God spread that  
flower.

A peculiar description of badges worn by a few noble families were termed knots, being merely threads of gold or silver lace, and party-colored silk, twisted and knotted into certain fantastic but distinct forms. When carried on stone, this ornament frequently formed a continuous line of fretwork round a building. The Stafford, Wake, and Bourchier knots are well known to antiquarians.

Sometimes objects were chosen as badges which, from their designations bearing the desired sound, represented the name of the wearer. These symbolical puns upon surnames were known as rebus. The comparisons of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, were embroidered with *mulberries* on that memorable occasion when he appeared in the lists.

At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day.

The badge of Arundel was a swallow—in French, *hirondelle*; that of Harrison, a hedgehog—in French, *herisson*. The rebus, however, was mostly used by ecclesiastics; almost every bishop and abbot having one with which, carved on stone or painted on glass, they adorned their dwellings, and the churches, colleges or other edifices that they erected, endowed, or repaired. Many of these are still to be seen. The abbey-church of St. Albans displays in many places the rebus of Abbot Ramridge—the representation of a *ram* standing on a rocky *ridge*. In Abbot Islip's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, his name is represented in three different modes—an *eye* and a *slip* of a plant; a man slipping from the branch of a tree, and exclaiming, *I slip*; and the capital letter *I* beside the *slip* of a plant. The rebus of Prior Bolton of St. Bartholomews, in London, was a bird *bolt* (an arrow) inserted in a *ton*; that of Bishop Middleton, the letter *M* in the *middle* of a *ton*! Alecock, Bishop of Ely, and founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, covered the most conspicuous parts of that building with the representation of a *cock* standing on a terrestrial globe, the latter being considered symbolical of *all*! At the university of Oxford, a curious custom, derived from the rebus, is still maintained. Every New Year's Day, the bursar of Queen's College presents a needle and thread to each student, saying: "Take this, and be thrifty." The needle and thread—*aiguille et fils*—being the rebus of Robert de Eglesfeld,

the chaplain of Philippa of Hainault, and founder of the college, which he named Queen's in honor of his royal mistress.

Rare Ben Jonson, in his play of *The Alchemist*, takes an opportunity of ridiculing the rebus, among the other follies of his day which he so trenchantly satirizes. When Abel Drugger, the simple tobacco-nist, applies to the impostor Subtle to invent for him a sign-board that will magically attract customers to his shop, the cheat says to his confederate, in presence of their admiring dupe:—

"I will have his name  
Formed in some mystic character, whose *radii*,  
Striking the senses of the passers-by,  
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections  
That may result upon the party owns it.  
As thus: He first shall have a *bell*—that's *Abel*;  
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*.  
In a *ring* gown; there's *D* and *ring*—that's *Drug*;  
And right anenst him, a dog snarling *er*—  
There's *Drugger*. Abel Drugger, that's his sign,  
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic."

We ought not to conclude without noticing the marks used by the traders of the olden time, principally on their seals and goods. Many instances of these merchants' marks, as they are termed, may still be found on tombstones and old houses in the eastern coast of England. Public notaries, also, used distinctive marks, which were publicly registered. Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk*, complains that "they use no mark at all now, but only add N. P. at the end of their names." Indeed, from the inspection of old documents, it appears, that when few could write, almost every illiterate person who had to sign his name used a distinctive hieroglyphic—not the simple cross that is used now-a-days, with John Nokes, his mark. The peculiar mark of a notary would insure to the ignorant that that official had examined or executed the document to which it was attached, in the same manner as the mark of the merchant afforded a guarantee for the quality of the goods. The reader may have smiled at the silly conceits of the rebus; yet it is most probable that it was purposely adopted to convey to the illiterate the name of their pious benefactor. The last merchant's mark that we have seen in actual use, was on the merchandise of the East India Company, previous to that corporation ceasing to trade. As an example of the use of such marks among illiterate people and foreigners, we may observe,

that bales of valuable cloths passed from hand to hand from Canton to Peking, Tibet, or Japan, without ever being opened—the well-known mark of the Company being a sufficient guarantee for the quality and quantity of their contents.

[For the National Magazine.]

### THE ANGEL CHILD.

SUGGESTED BY "BERTILE," A FRENCH POEM.

BY MABEL GRAY.

Happiness round our hearth-stone now is smiling,  
A bird of paradise hath furl'd its wings  
Beneath our roof, and every care beguiling,  
All through the live-long day she sweetly  
sings.  
"Tis June, sweet June! within our garden  
bowers

Are rare young blossoms of the fairest hue,  
But in our house, sweeter than all the flowers,  
Buddeth our angel-one, our blest Lulu—  
Rare human blossom! from thine eye of azure  
A guileless spirit gazes into mine;  
My white-wing'd dove! whose coming brought  
such pleasure,

Whose little heart is nestling close to mine.  
Had thy lips language, they might tell a story  
Of a fair home, in some far sunnier land—  
Hast thou not wander'd from the realms of  
glory?

Do they not miss thee from the angel-band?

Tell me, sweet child! answer me, young im-  
mortal!

Hast thou a mission from the starry skies?—  
What angel weeping oped for thee the portal  
That leads to earth from realms of paradise?  
O as thy sisters sadly throng'd around thee,  
To bid thy parting spirit an adieu,  
Methinks the brightest with her mantle bound  
thee,

Her robe of innocence, my own Lulu!  
The cherub Sweetness gave thine eye its azure,  
Purity set its seal upon thy brow;  
While Beauty kiss'd thy cheek and lips, my  
treasure,

And Goodness o'er thy features shed its glow.  
My gifted one! comes not thy voice's sweetness  
From the blest song the holiest scrap sings?  
Such gifts are thine, they would have full com-  
pleteness

Hadst thou but worn to earth thy shining  
wings.

Didst thou not hear above the touching story  
Of Him who in the guise of a young child,  
Came down to earth from the bright realms of  
glory,

And dwelt with men, the meek, the undefiled?  
Did he not send thee, pure and spotless angel,  
Down to this world of sorrow and of sin;  
And say, "Go, be to men my own evangel,  
To tell of that bright land they all may win."  
I will protect thee, little child! a lowly,  
A silent mission to the earth is thine;

No wise men from the east with off'rings, holy,

Shall bend in homage at thine humble shrine.

No gems shall glitter mid thy sunny tresses,  
No gifts of frankincense to thee be given;  
But on thy brow shall loving lips print kisses,  
More fitting gifts than any this side heaven.

O pure, my child, as is thine outward seeming,  
So be the tablet of thy soul within:

As the young lily pure, as little dreaming

As it of the world's heartlessness and sin.

Wait, wait on earth; repine not at its sorrow;

In all life's darkness lift to heaven thine eyes;

Still looking upward to that glorious morrow

When thou shalt join thy sisters in the skies.

"And so she wrapp'd her hallow'd mantle  
round her,

And bent her footsteps from the upper skies;

Gently were sever'd the fond ties that bound  
her

To the bright angel-band in paradise.

She came to earth, and in my arms reclining,

She fondly nestles on my loving breast;

But life is dark—I know that she is pining

For her sweet sisters, for their land of rest."

Thus sang a mother, as upon her breast  
Her first-born babe she softly lull'd to rest:  
Well might she, gazing in those azure eyes  
And on that brow, have dreams of paradise;  
Well might she think that cherub child too fair,  
To dwell long years in this dark world of care.

The babe is sleeping; o'er its starry eyes,  
Like mists o'er moonlight, each vein'd eyelid

lies;  
The little hands are folded as in prayer,  
From the clear brow waves back the golden hair,  
O heaven!—the loveliest sight on earth to see,  
Is the sweet sleep of guileless infancy.  
Round the soft cheek the laughing dimples stray  
Or gently kiss the lips in airy play;  
While e'en as ripples o'er a peaceful lake,  
Smiles the repose of those calm features break.

"Whence come those smiles? Say, hath my  
Lulu gleams

Of paradise e'en in her earthly dreams?  
Roams not her spirit to the land of bliss,  
Too fair, too pure for such a world as this?  
Angels are whisp'ring to thee, I know;  
Not long, dear child, thou'lt tarry here below."  
The mother said, and as she breathed a sigh,  
She felt an angel's pinions rustle by.  
She heard a voice: "Would you detain on earth,  
Far from its home, a soul of heavenly birth?  
Would you see languish in this world of sighs  
One whom her sisters woo to paradise?"

"No, though my heart should break, it must  
not be;

Thy gift, O God, I render back to thee:  
Not vain her earthly mission, child of love,  
For she shall woo me to the land above;  
She shall await my coming on that shore,  
Where death's cold hand shall never part us  
more.

Come when thou wilt, O death!—thou bring'st  
no fear;

For well I know the Holy One is near:

Into his hands my sinless child I trust,

Knowing his ways are merciful and just."

Death came. So softly was life's frail tie riven  
The babe who slept on earth awoke in heaven.

## PETER AND JUDAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THOLUCK.

IN the Christian life the sun is often enveloped in mourning, and its progress lies through storms and tempests; but we have in the Holy Scriptures the most striking exemplifications of the truth, that we may fall, but not to our utter confusion, if only we know how we can be raised up again, and that it is to the most feeble of his children that the faithful hand of the Lord is especially turned. How many who have deplorably fallen have drawn from Peter's example strength to rise up again! What a mighty and gracious blessing has God imparted to us, in preserving for us this portion of Peter's history!

He who has a nature like Peter's—in the morning weak, in the evening bold; to-day flaming, to-morrow cold—may well despair, at first sight, of the possibility of God's forming a temple for his glory from such sorry materials. Yet it was to none but Peter that the Lord addressed these words, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Wonderful, indeed! Nor would we wonder the less did we know what poor materials the Lord possessed in the hearts of the rest of his disciples. How feeble their capacity for acquiring knowledge, or of understanding the plainest words of our Lord! and in their hearts how much impurity had grace to struggle with,—the faithlessness of a Thomas, for instance, and the impure fire of a John! But there is one thing to be observed, they were children, and something can be made of children,—children can be trained. And hence, notwithstanding all their spiritual poverty, their Lord was so certain of the result that he could rejoice and praise his Father in heaven, saying, “I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.”

I have often met with those who could not conceive how a man like Peter, after such words as these, “Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life,” could deny his Master, and swear, “I know not the man.” Ah, “Wind and weather have overnight Touch'd many a flower with a withering blight.”

If once a man fall, of course the whole world will run him down. But how do we estimate a false word? If that wall be once thrown down which should stand forever between the Christian heart and falsehood,—if between truth on the one hand, and falsehood on the other, what are called necessary lies can be allowed to introduce themselves, and if these can glide over the lips almost as freely as words of truth,—what reason have we to think that in the hour of danger and trial many of those who now boast with Peter, “Though all men shall be offended, yet will I never be offended,” (Matt. xxvi, 33,) would not have fallen as that disciple fell?

But if none of us would have fallen on that night as Peter fell, how many of us, do we suppose, would have been found standing by his side when he testified in the very face of the judges of the crucified Jesus, “We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, and hanged on a tree: him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.” Acts v, 29-32. How many would have continued at his side when he willingly received the stripes, and went forth from the council, “rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for his name?” Acts v, 41. When his Saviour was dying on the cross, he was among the cowards; but when he was to verify the Saviour's words, “Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterward,” henceforth we find him not among the cowards; henceforth we find him a witness of the sufferings of Christ; henceforth we find him following his Saviour indeed,—following him to the pillory and to shame, and at last entering upon a participation in his Saviour's cross. And how many of us who stand by and accuse him would have followed? No, Peter; thou knewest what thou saidst when thou spakest to thy Saviour thus: “Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.”

In what more consolatory manner could this great truth have been presented to timid hearts, wavering still between heaven and earth,—our good Lord maketh his

strength perfect in weakness? How often have I, when I felt my hands feeble and my knees weary, when I staggered hither and thither with uncertain steps, when I sighed, "O, shall the twilight never vanish, and I find entrance into the perfect light?"—how often have I, a fallen child, arisen by Peter's example!

Verily, it must have been long indeed before he was thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of the Saviour. Even after he had preached Christ, not only are we told that the *new* man Peter had to strive with the old, but that the old man was often victorious. When those zealous for the law came down from Jerusalem, he was afraid to eat any longer with his brethren contrary to the law. In this respect he feared man more than God; he acted contrary to his better knowledge; and for this he was reproved by his brother Paul. That the fear of man could conquer the better knowledge of an apostle was shameful in the highest degree; but while it saddens us deeply to think of the greatness of human weakness, it leads us with still greater self-distrust to exclaim, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," and to renounce all confidence in one's own strength. At the same time, we have in this no small testimony to the fact, that much grace and not a little weakness may coexist for a long time in the human heart: while this testimony is enhanced by the reflection, that it was this very Peter who laid at Pentecost the first foundations of the Christian Church, who took joyfully scourgings and revilings for the name of Jesus, and who ultimately followed his Lord even to the cross. Patience, therefore, thou weak heart of mine,—patience with thyself, seeing God has so much long-suffering with thee.

But how has this child, who has so often fallen, been always raised up again? He fell—but he never let go the hand which sustained him; and it was this hand which lifted him up again! The disciple spake no doubtful truth when he once said, "To whom shall we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life;" and again when he said, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;" and, therefore, no sooner did he fall than the tears of penitence sprung forth, and, from these penitential tears, invigorated love. How beautifully is this depicted in the narrative of his denial! He was yet standing by the fire

in the court of the high priest, when the doors of the inner apartment opened, and the Saviour stepped forth from the judicial examination. The cock crowed twice; "and the Lord turned to Peter, and Peter thought on the words of the Lord, which he said, Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly." O that Judas could have wept such tears! Perhaps it was at this very time that he went to the high priests and said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood;" even then, perhaps, there was time to seek the Saviour of sinners himself. O, Judas, why wentest thou to those cold-hearted hypocrites, who flung thee back thy money with a—"What is that to us? see thou to that?" Why didst thou not hasten to Him whose innocent blood thou hadst betrayed, and raise, even beneath the cross, thy hands in supplication? True, those arms, which were ever stretched forth to every seeking sinner, were now nailed upon the cross; but most assuredly those lips would not have said to thee, "See thou to that!" If he could no more stretch forth his arms to thee, would not his broken-hearted look at least have spoken forgiveness? But in that heart there was neither love nor faith! Severe, indeed, were the words pronounced over his betrayer by the meek and gentle Lamb of God: "The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born." Matt. xxvi, 24.

Self-murder is too often the last convulsive effort of a storm which has raged for years through the bodily frame. Where it reveals its own peculiar nature, suicide is but the topstone of a life-long slavery to sin, in which the sinner springs into its opened jaws, merely because, over mountains and valleys, weary and worn, he has been lashed on by sin to this brink, where the last deed of his life is the culminating point of his sin, and in which he dies. Can there be aught more horrible than self-murder?

My Father and my God, one thing would I entreat: If in my great weakness I should fall, O give me true contrition in my heart, and let not my repentance be without tears! Lo, I can say with Peter, "If thou takest me not up, I know not where to go." Thy hand I

never will let go. And if I leave it not, thou wilt not let me lie in the dust, but wilt lift me up; and when thou shalt have humbled me, so that I renounce dependence on myself, and seek my strength, my consolation, all in thee, then the hour will come when I shall no more tread with uncertain steps, but shall walk forever in uprightness of heart before thy face!

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#### JUSTIN MARTYR—A SKETCH.

**J**USTIN MARTYR was a very remarkable man. In the title of his works he is called Justin the philosopher and martyr. He was, in fact, what the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself might have become, had it not been for some natural defect in his character as a lover of truth, or for the prejudices engendered by his stoical pride. An ardent lover of truth, Justin, as is well known, tried the various schools of heathen philosophy, and found them all wanting; his mind knew no rest in the search after truth till he embraced Christianity. He was born in Samaria, but brought up a heathen. At the time of the accession of Marcus Aurelius, Justin was, according to one account, about sixty years of age; according to another, seventy at the least; according to another, not much more than forty. Devoting himself in his early days to heathen philosophy, he was attracted by the Stoics; but they could give him no satisfaction, when his soul yearned after the knowledge of God. He passed under the teaching of several sects, dissatisfied with them all, till at last he thought he found rest in Platonism. He rejoiced in Plato's lofty views of the connection of man's soul with the world invisible, and the hopes of going to God when the soul should shake off the body. Very touching is the well-known account he himself has left us of his conversion,—how, meditating one day on these lofty truths, he went forth to walk alone on the sea-shore, and was followed by an old man of kind and grave aspect. The stranger's conversation corresponded with his appearance; they talked of grave and lofty subjects—the stranger pointed out to him the insufficiency of all human teaching, spoke to him of the prophets whom God had raised up as inspired teachers, and urged the necessity of prayer, if the soul would really learn to know the God of truth. "Pray," said the old man, "that

the gates of light may be opened to thee; —not to all men does it belong to comprehend the truth, but only to him to whom understanding is granted by God and his Christ."

This interview made a deep impression on the mind of Justin, and he ultimately took refuge in Christianity, "esteeming it," he tells us, "the only safe and profitable philosophy." Henceforth, still retaining his philosopher's garb, he devoted himself to urge upon others that system in which his own soul had found rest. He wrote the two defenses of Christianity which we find in his works—one addressed principally to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, the other to the Roman senate during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. But if his arguments reached Marcus Aurelius's ears, they failed not only to convince him, but even to make him friendly or just to the author. Justin, on his second visit to Rome, was apprehended with several of his friends and disciples, brought before Rusticus, the prefect of the city, and commanded to sacrifice to the heathen gods. But he had learned even in his heathen days to admire the constancy of the Christian martyrs, and he was not now to be terrified into a denial of the religion which had been for years the joy of his heart. Rusticus, the prefect, before whom he was summoned, was one of the philosophic teachers of Marcus Aurelius; and Crescens, the Cynic, the audience of whose school had diminished by the teaching of Justin, is said to have urged on his death. The philosophers were jealous of the teacher of a true heavenly wisdom such as their worldly minds could not reach. Rusticus pressed Justin to renounce Christ; but the friends with one voice declared their steadfast faith, and their hope of being preserved at a higher and more awful tribunal, before which all men must stand. Sentence was pronounced on them as refusing to sacrifice, and disobeying the commands of the emperor. They were all scourged and beheaded; and the faithful secretly carried away and buried their remains. This martyrdom is referred by Milman to the year 166 or 167, the sixth or seventh year of Marcus Aurelius. The Greeks celebrate the 1st of June, the Latins the 10th of April, in memory of the death of Justin, and tradition points out the Church of St. Lorenzo without the walls of Rome as the resting-place of his remains.

## THE LAST TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

THE skepticism which arose and prevailed so largely in the eighteenth century, had at least one excellent effect—that of uprooting a multitude of popular superstitions, among which one of the most formidable was the belief in witchcraft. It may not, perhaps, be generally remembered, that at the time when Steele and Addison were writing the "Spectator," witchcraft was still a capital offence, and that persons accused of it had suffered the penalty of death not many years before. It was in 1691 that Mr. Justice Holt put the first serious check upon prosecutions of this sort in the English courts of justice; but we nevertheless find him five years later presiding at the trial of one Elizabeth Horner, who was charged with "bewitching three children of William Bovet, one of whom was dead." Mrs. Horner was acquitted; and it was afterward remarked by the good Dr. Hutchinson, that "no inconvenience hath followed her acquittal." Later than this, however, that is to say, in the year 1712, a poor woman in Hertfordshire was tried, and actually "found guilty," upon an indictment charging her with "conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat"—a form of accusation which certainly threw ridicule over the whole proceeding; but, in conformity with the verdict, the judge was nevertheless obliged to sentence the prisoner to be hanged, and was able to save her only through the intervention of a "pardon," which he subsequently obtained in her behalf. As it may serve to give us a glimpse into the condition of rural England nearly a century and a half ago, when the schoolmaster was less abroad than he even is at present, it is here proposed to relate the story of this last of the witchcraft prosecutions. The particulars are drawn from Mr. Wright's lately published "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic," a work well worthy of perusal by such as may be curious respecting the history of popular delusions.

Be it known, then, that in the year 1712 aforesaid, there was living at Walkern, in the county of Hertford, England, a poor woman of the name of Jane Wenham. It is not clear whether she was an old woman or a young one, or a woman of middle age, but in all probability she was "growing into years;" and being not ex-

actly a person of amiable temper, she had, for that and other reasons, come to be regarded by her neighbors as a witch. When the horses or cattle of the farmers in the parish chanced to die, the ignorant, stupid people ascribed their losses to Jenny Wenham's sorcery. This was particularly the case with a farmer named Chapman, one of whose laborers, Matthew Gilson, told him a strange sort of story, which seemed to imply that he (Matthew) had been wondrously bewitched himself. This man was subsequently examined before the magistrates, and he then made a curious deposition. He declared "that on New-year's day last past, he, carrying straw upon a fork from Mrs. Gardner's barn, met Jane Wenham, who asked him for some straw, which he refused to give her; then she said she would take some, and accordingly took some away from this informant. And, further, this informant saith, that on the 29th of January last, when this informant was threshing in the barn of his master, John Chapman, an old woman in a riding-hood or cloak, he knows not which, came to the barn door, and asked him for a pennyworth of straw; he told her he could give her none, and she went away muttering. And this informant saith, that after the woman was gone he was not able to work, but ran out of the barn as far as a place called Munder's hill, (which was above three miles from Walkern,) and asked at a house there for a pennyworth of straw, and they refused to give him any; he went further to some dung-heaps, and took some straw from thence, and pulled off his shirt, and brought it home in his shirt; he knows not what moved him to this, but says he was forced to do it he knows not how." A part of this singular statement was corroborated by another witness, who declared that he saw Matthew Gilson returning with the straw in his shirt; that he moved along at a great pace; and that, instead of passing over a bridge, he walked straight through the water.

On hearing the story, John Chapman felt confirmed in the suspicions which he entertained against Mrs. Wenham; and on meeting her one day shortly afterward, he ventured to tell her a bit of his mind, applying at the same time several offensive epithets, whereof that of "witch" was one of the mildest and least opprobrious. It would seem, however, that he rather

"caught a Tartar;" for on the 9th of February, Jane Wenham went to Sir Henry Chauncey, a magistrate, and obtained a warrant against Chapman for defamation. In the sequel, the quarrel between Mrs. Wenham and the farmer was referred to the decision of the parish clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who, in settling the matter, appears to have spoken somewhat harshly to the woman, advising her to live more peaceably with her neighbors, but nevertheless condemning Chapman to pay her one shilling as a compensation for the injury sustained through his abuse.

Here it might have been hoped the business would have ended. But Mr. Gardiner, though a clergyman, was as firm a believer in witchcraft as farmer Chapman; and presently a circumstance transpired which led him to suppose that the old woman was dissatisfied with the kind of justice he had given her, and that, therefore, by way of vengeance, she had determined to perform a stroke of witchcraft in his household. His judgment had been delivered in the parsonage-house kitchen, in the presence of Anne Thorn, a servant maid, who was sitting by the fire, having the evening before "put her knee out," and had just then got it set. Jane Wenham and Chapman being gone, Mr. Gardiner had returned into the parlor to his wife, in company with a neighbor of the name of Bragge. These three persons, according to their several depositions, had not been seated together more than six or seven minutes, when they heard "a strange yelling noise in the kitchen;" and on Mr. Gardiner going out to see what was the matter, he "found this Anne Thorn stripped to her shirt sleeves, howling and wringing her hands in a dismal manner," but quite incapable of uttering anything articulately. The reverend gentleman called aloud for Mrs. Gardiner and Mr. Bragge, who thereupon sprang up and followed him. Mrs. Gardiner, with a woman's impatience to solve a mystery, asked the girl what was the matter with her; and the latter, "not being able to speak," pointed earnestly at a bundle which lay upon the floor, and which her mistress thereupon took up and unpinned, and "found it to be the girl's gown and apron, and a parcel of oaken twigs with dead leaves wrapped up therein." As soon as the bundle was opened, Anne began to

speak, crying out, "I'm ruined and undone;" and after she had a little recovered herself, she gave the following relation of what had happened to her. She said when she was left alone she found "a strange roaming in her hand"—what this might signify we cannot exactly understand—however, she went on to say, that "her mind ran upon Jane Wenham, and she thought she must run some whither; that accordingly she ran up the close, but looked back several times at the house, thinking she should never see it more; that she climbed over a five-bar gate, and ran along the highway up a hill; that there she met two of John Chapman's men, one of whom took hold of her hand, saying she should go with them; but she was forced away from them, not being able to speak, either to them or to one Daniel Chapman, whom, she said, she met on horseback, and would fain have spoken to him, but could not; then she made her way toward Cromer, as far as a place called Hockney-lane, where she looked behind her, and saw a little old woman muffled in a riding-hood, who asked her whither she was going. She answered, To Cromer, to fetch some sticks to make her fire; the old woman told her there were now no sticks at Cromer, and bade her go to that oak-tree and pluck some from thence, which she did and laid them on the ground. The old woman bade her pull off her gown and apron, and wrap the sticks in them, and asked her whether she had e'er a pin. Upon her answering she had none, the old woman gave her a large crooked pin, bade her pin up the bundle, and then vanished away; after which she ran home with her bundle of sticks, and sat down in the kitchen stripped, as Mr. Gardiner found her."

On hearing the girl's relation, all parties were sufficiently astonished and perplexed; Mrs. Gardiner, however, exclaimed, "We will burn the witch"—alluding to a received notion, that when the thing bewitched was burned, the witch was certain to appear; and accordingly she took the twigs, together with the pin, and threw them into the fire. By a singular coincidence, Jane Wenham immediately came into the room, pretending, it is said, to inquire after Anne Thorne's mother, and "saying she had an errand to do to her from Ardley Bury, (Sir Henry Chauncey's house,) to wit, that she must

go thither to wash next day." Now according to the depositions of the prosecutors, "this mother Thorn had been in the house all the time that Jane Wenham was there with John Chapman, and heard nothing of it, and was then gone home." Of course it was very likely that Jane Wenham might have forgotten to mention the message, owing to the excitement she was in through her unpleasant affair with Chapman; at any rate, no such charitable excuse was thought of by the wonderfully shrewd people who had her case to deal with. On hearing her statement, "Mrs. Gardiner bade Jane Wenham go to Elizabeth Thorn, and tell her there was work enough for her there"—meaning, that she would be required to nurse her daughter Anne—and thereupon the supposed witch departed. Furthermore, the depositions say, that "upon inquiry made afterward, it was found that she never was ordered to deliver any such errand from Ardley Bury;" and so there seemed to be but one reasonable inference left, namely, that Jane Wenham, being a witch, her presence in Mr. Gardiner's kitchen had been mysteriously enforced by the burning of the twigs and pin aforesaid!

Here, at any rate, was an excellent groundwork for a charge of witchcraft. Chapman's two men, and the horseman, deposed to meeting Anne Thorn on the road, as she related; and others of Mrs. Wenham's enemies came forward to testify that several people had previously been bewitched by her. The clergyman was eager to promote the prosecution; and on his solicitation a warrant was obtained from Sir Henry Chauncy for the woman's apprehension. The examinations were taken in due form before Sir Henry at Ardley Bury; and he directed four women to search Jane Wenham's person for the customary "witches' marks," but none, it seems, were found. Next day, however, the examination was continued, and the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner was taken, affirming the particulars already mentioned. Jane Wenham perceived that the accusation was assuming a formidable appearance, and in her dread of being sent to jail, she earnestly entreated Mrs. Gardiner "not to swear against her," and offered to submit to the "trial of swimming in the water"—a common mode of testing the guilt of suspected witches. Sir Henry, who seems to have yielded to most

of the prejudices of the prosecutors, refused to allow of such a mode of trial. But there was another clergyman, the vicar of Ardley, no less superstitious than the rector of Walkern, who undertook to try her by a still more infallible method, that of repeating the Lord's prayer, a thing which no witch was considered capable of doing. Being submitted to this ordeal, the poor woman, either in her confusion, or through lamentable ignorance, repeated it incorrectly, and hence another proof was obtained in support of the charge against her. The parson, moreover, so frightened her by threats as to induce her to confess that she actually *was* a witch, and further, to accuse three other women of Walkern with being her confederates in unlawful practices, and more especially with having a direct intercourse with Satan.

The prosecution seemed now in a fair way of prospering; and accordingly Jane Wenham was committed to prison to take her trial at the assizes. On the 4th of March the case came on before Mr. Justice Powell, who was not a little puzzled how to deal with it. No less than sixteen witnesses, three of them being clergymen, were heard against the prisoner, and all the absurdities before set forth were solemnly recapitulated and affirmed. The poor woman declared her innocence, and the judge did what he could to damage the proceedings. Nevertheless, a Hertfordshire jury found her "guilty," and Mr. Justice Powell had to put on the black cap and pronounce sentence of death according to the statute for such cases made and provided. He certainly never intended that the sentence should be executed; but that being the legal penalty for proven witchcraft, he had no alternative but to go through the formality. A pardon was subsequently obtained, and the poor woman was set at liberty, much to the horror of her superstitious persecutors. To save her from any further ill-treatment or annoyance, an enlightened and kind gentleman, Colonel Plummer, took her under his protection, placing her in a cottage on his own estate, where, it is agreeable to learn, she "passed the rest of her life in a quiet, inoffensive manner."

Such is as faithful an account as we can give of the last trial for witchcraft. It is, perhaps, a story which would scarcely be worth the telling, were it not in some sort calculated to show us the harassing and

dangerous persecutions to which the poor and neglected were in former days liable. Whatever may be the difficulties and disasters of the present time, there is certainly ground for congratulation in the fact, that no one can now become the victim of any such ridiculous accusation. Witchcraft has long been an obsolete delusion. One of the most important results of the trial here in question, was the publication, two or three years afterward, of the famous "Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft," by the king of England's chaplain in ordinary, Dr. Francis Hutchinson—book which gave the last blow to the declining superstition; from that time the belief in witchcraft lingered only among the most ignorant portions of the population, and now at last there seems reason to conclude that it is well extinguished.

[For the National Magazine.]

### IN ST A U R A T I O.

"And God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assumed."

ALL was a waste profound,  
Shoreless the drown'd orb swung,  
Each mountain brow around  
Wide wat'ry arms were flung;  
And overshadowing all,  
A dead world's mourning pall,  
One sombre cloud of brooding blackness hung,  
When lo! to still their strong and fierce unrest,  
The breath of God breathed o'er the billows' breast.

And giant mountains rise  
From out the dusky plain,  
And from the darken'd skies  
Watch for the world again;  
Anon glad hillocks merge  
Above the lowering surge,  
Like timid Nereids from their parent main,  
Where dovelike, tired of the unvarying deep,  
Each moonbeam pale and sighing breeze may sleep.

Then silence kept the earth,  
Silence than chaos old,  
As ere creation's birth,  
The heavens yet unroll'd,  
She held her solemn sway  
When nature passive lay  
In sluggish atoms, uninspired and cold  
As in her vaults, when spoken nature's doom,  
A dead creation shall have found a tomb.

That pallid demon, death,  
Aims his dread shaft no more,  
For nations of the dead,  
Unburied, strew each shore;  
Each ghastly upturn'd face  
Meets the cold moon's sad gaze,  
And restless ghosts roam Stygian deserts o'er—  
Like baffled wolf, amid a blasted fold,  
He ram'd a waste, wide, voiceless, cheerless cold.

But now the mantling cloud  
Is lightly curl'd away;  
Iris, in spangled shroud,  
Greets the glad god of day;  
Waked was each buoyant breeze,  
Dimpled the sparkling seas,  
And rippling rills ran laughing on their way,  
And starry choirs blend in a choral song  
For earth restored, and joyous strains prolong.

S. T. FROST.

[For the National Magazine.]

### THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

How loud the bells are chiming!  
How merrily along  
The snowy street is heard the gush  
Of laughter and of song!  
Is time indeed so worthless?  
Is life so blank and drear,  
That we should hasten thus with mirth  
To greet the glad new year?

Dead flowers beside the hedgerows  
Hang dry and colorless;  
Shorn are the lovely fields and vales  
Of their green loveliness;  
While round the humble peat-fire,  
Cheer'd by its feeble light,  
The children of the homestead  
Come clustering at night.

The forest's dim recesses,  
The woodland lakelet near,  
All miss the summer singing birds—  
Their music soft and clear.  
Instead, the lonely eagle  
High cleaves the wintry air;  
The hungry raven and the hawk  
Perch on the branches bare.

There's not a breath of music  
In all the realms of snow,  
Save where the towering pine-tree  
Are whispering soft and low—  
Or from the frozen lakelet  
Rings forth the song and jest,  
As troops of merry skaters glide  
Upon its polish'd breast.

Yet winter hath its beauty;  
How clear the sunbeams fall!  
How pure the soft camera-light  
That tints and brightens all!  
Unlike the checkering shadows  
Upon the summer stream,  
The winter's crimson morning robe  
Is like a fairy dream.

O glad New Year! thou comest  
As other years have come,  
To gladden many a loving heart,  
To darken many a home;  
And yet with blessings laden,  
With truth and love sincere,  
To many a weary fainting one  
Thou comest, glad New Year!

## THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

**T**HREE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking," said Martha Howney to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would; and were you to leave 'the Grapes' to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish"—

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Matthew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Matthew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: "Matthew, what *is* vampires?"

Matthew made no reply; so Martha—who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shriveled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Matthew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him!—but she would "manage him." It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own.

"Martha," he called at last in a loud voice, "I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft."

"I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman: his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher: and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here"—such was Martha's answer.

"And more!" replied Matthew—"more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for."

"He's an honorable man, Matthew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy, (he will have brandy.) They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something: I forget what."

Matthew waxed wroth. "Have I not told you," he said—"have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawn-broker, to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but *that* is his fault, not mine."

"You said just now it was *yours*," said his sister, sulkily.

"Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?" exclaimed Matthew, impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added: "but, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are."

Martha would talk: she looked upon the last word as a victory. "He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard if, with all my labor, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby."

"I am sorely beset," murmured Matthew, closing the book with hasty violence—"sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset," he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was "beset"—by *infirmitas of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful

thing how the little grain of "good seed" will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will come forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upward*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at mid-day, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Matthew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee, (for Matthew and Martha had endured the unsympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood,) a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee*; but her bee had no wings—it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Matthew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events—it was, struggling but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Matthew so angry that Martha wished she had never had anything to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Matthew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Matthew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: "No;" he was "regaining his senses." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone: he had been "worse"—that is, according to her reading of the word "worse"—before; taken the "dumps" in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business "like a man."

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment "in kind;" even his wife's *last* shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs. Peter have for it now?—it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it—so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Matthew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did! Time passed on; Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. "Of course," she argued, "he will come to himself in due time."

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room—it was in fact her watch-tower—the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, "Come in," at once; she longed to know what new temptation

he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet he feared—"Matthew made such a worry out of every little thing." The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, "Come in," in a penetrating sharp voice, which was anything but an invitation.

"I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to *lend* me a trifle on," said the ruined tradesman; "I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawnbroker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley—you know I can say that."

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved "pictures;" she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few colored caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon toward the screen. "Very well," she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do—"very well; what did you say you wanted for it?" He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation before him.

"Have you the heart, Miss Hownley," he said, while fingering, rather than counting the money—"have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?"

"If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price," she answered with a light laugh; "and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE."

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

"O, very well," she said; "take it—or leave it."

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—

"Another shilling, miss? *it will be in the till again before morning.*"

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, among a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths "waiting to be mended."

That night the master of "the Grapes" could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little parlor, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Matthew saw a large family Bible: pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:—

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?"

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!"

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: "Envying, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"New and Old, New and Old," murmured Matthew to himself—"I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament." He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought

by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in array before him as *social* crimes, as *social* dangers ; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely ; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs the 23d chapter : " For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." 1 Corinthians, 6th chap., 10th verse : " Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

" Again that awful threat !" murmured Matthew ; " and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban ? "

1 Samuel, the 1st chap : " And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken ? put away thy wine from thee." Luke 21 : " And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares."

" Ay, *that day*," repeated the landlord—" *that day*, the day that *must* come."

Ephesians, 5th chapter : " And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess : but be filled with the Spirit." Proverbs, 20th chapter—" Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." " Woe to thee who sell-est wine to thy neighbor, and minglest strong drink to his destruction."

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room ; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man ; no ear but the all-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself : " *Who* will counsel me in this matter ?—to whom shall I fly for sympathy ?—who will tell me what I ought to do—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while

in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness ?" He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake ; but so it was that it occurred to him : " You have an Immortal Friend ; take counsel of him—pray to him—learn of him—trust him—make his book your guide ;" and opening the Bible he read one other passage : " Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right*, for *that* shall bring a man peace at the last."

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged ; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to PETER CROFT !

" Emma Hanby"—born in his native village ; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call " Daddy"—was *she* then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife—of the drunkard Peter Croft ? It seemed impossible ; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up ; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music ; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

" And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself ; " even I have done this—this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter

Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes," he would have drunk somewhere else; but his scared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Matthew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—bleary-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres—pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a vail before his bedroom window.

To Matthew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Matthew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. O, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! O, how often he repeated: "God, give me strength! Lord, strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a 'respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I knew that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had 'sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been—erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures!—talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as

if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the river. 'Away they go!' I said; 'their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium-tremens* through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!' As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst among those who had frequented 'the Grapes,' and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed

myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feeble-mindedness and duplicity, and want of respectability to temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and, among many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

"I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognized her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. 'You,' she said, 'and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?'

"I told her what I had done—that in future mine would be strictly a temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"'Will that,' she answered in low deep tones of anguish—'will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Matthew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!' she added, and her words pierced my heart—'look! had I my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice

—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenishing—your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. O, to what a home! O, in what a state!

“I do think, as you stand there, Matthew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, “respectable!”—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ’s death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!”

“I laid her own *Bible* before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing, into that wretched room; I sent a physician: I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died! ‘And remember,’ she said to me, ‘there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the ‘good-fellowship’ poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish, to the verge of the pauper’s grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to

promote temperance. O, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard’s return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children’s bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day’s toil!”

“Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

“When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. ‘No,’ she said, ‘my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. *He* cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burned into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard, day after day, sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!’

“She was right. Peter’s days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children’s sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope, except of that beyond the grave. My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded churchyard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink, which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard’s child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother’s; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was ‘the Grapes.’ Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!”

## GEORGE BANCROFT.

HIS HISTORIC PHILOSOPHY—HIS ORTHODOXY.

THE celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the New-York Historical Society was one of the most successful literary jubilees ever held in our city. The committee of preparation evidently appreciated the unique importance of the occasion—an occasion which was not only the first of the kind in the history of the society, but also the last which most, if not all who were to share in it, should see. It was expedient therefore that it should be signalized by special solemnities and the highest ability. George Bancroft, the historian of the nation, and unquestionably at the head of our historical literature, was the legitimate orator of the day.

An eager crowd gathered at Niblo's Theater long before the hour; and when the society entered, that elegant structure was crowded in all its galleries and aisles by the *élite*, both literary and fashionable, of the city. The stage was occupied by a large audience of itself, composed of authors, statesmen, heads of literary institutions, clergymen, and public citizens. Religious exercises were observed—noticeable for both their particularity and their specific orthodoxy. We could not but observe how they contrasted in these respects with the decorous religious generalities of Boston on similar occasions. They were dignified, but had the downright brave Dutch tone of the stable old Knickerbocker faith, which must have sounded queer, to say the least, on such an occasion, to the ears of Mr. Winthrop and the other Bostonians present, as well as to Drs. Osgood and Bellows.

The address of the occasion, or rather the speaker himself, was of course its chief attraction. Mr. Bancroft took his stand at the front of the stage, manuscript in hand, and spoke during nearly two hours—an unusually long address, (especially as dinner was pending,) but felt by all to be only too brief. His subject, the *Progress of Mankind*, was treated with an elaborateness, an abundance of recent scientific information, a condensed terseness of style, and a philosophical abstractness, which few popular speakers would have courage to risk before a popular assembly; but these traits were so relieved by occasional gems of rhetorical beauty, and sustained by such a vigorous, manly

tone of correctness, as kept almost every hearer in an attitude of eager attention. It was interesting to look around on the overhanging throng, after an hour and a half's hearing, and notice the intent gaze, the forward attitude, the concentrated thoughtfulness of the multitude. All seemed to be conscious that one of the grandest inquiries was passing in review before them, illuminated by some of the grandest lights of learning and reason. Few, we think, who were present, will be disposed to accuse our strong language as an exaggeration, even if they should not fully endorse the strange terms of our venerable fellow-citizen, Dr. Francis, who, in his speech at the dinner, said:—"I am, sir, within an atmosphere of intellect. You have to-day had a blaze of it. You have seen the force of it. You have witnessed its incantation, and you know how wonderfully magnificent its influence has been."

Mr. Bancroft is not an orator, but very eloquent nevertheless. He begins to look old; he is cadaverous; his cheeks are sunken, a defect which somewhat obtrusive whiskers try in vain to conceal. He looks pallid, and lank, and severe-featured, as if sedentary and studious habits had dried up the sap of his substance—his clothes hang loosely upon him. His head is an outright refutation of Gall and Spurzheim—it is narrow, not high, projecting only where a woman's ought to—it is, in fine, cramped at nearly every point where a phrenologist would look for noble outlines. His hair is changing with years or labors, and it is worn in the sleekest, flattest style, as if to hide the lack of craniological pretensions. He gesticulates but little, and holds on steadily to his manuscript; his voice partakes of the general feebleness of his aspect—it sounds dyspeptical, and tells the truth in this respect, we rather think. There is a general severity about Mr. Bancroft's appearance which indicates quite positive habits of thought, and of feeling also, and which is not adapted to conciliate a popular audience. In fine, whatever of intellectual indication he presents, consists more in his general bearing than in any special traits. Nevertheless, on this occasion, as well as on others, where we have heard him for twenty years past, he failed not to make an impression which few acknowledged orators could produce.

You become convinced in a few minutes that you are listening to a most manly and accurate thinker, with whom most well-ascertained learning, however remote from his own habitual studies, seems familiar; whose philosophical cast of mind gives breadth and dignity to all his discussions; who insists upon a beneficent and hopeful construction of all mysteries, however dark or terrible; whose energy of thought and purpose bears itself unyieldingly along through the effort of the occasion, despite any physical feebleness; and to whom, above all, the sentiment of human liberty, the enfranchisement of the intellect, the conscience, and the political estate of man, is the ever-present thought, the highest seen star of his vision, culminating in the zenith, though it be at the midnight of men's prospects.

The address at the historical jubilee was interesting, especially to literary men, as developing the philosophy and even the theology of Mr. Bancroft's historical theory. The previous announcement of the subject attracted an unusual throng of cultivated minds to Niblo's with this expectation. There are, doubtless, very various opinions respecting the results of his historical labors thus far; but if there are any American citizens who have read his volumes without pride—pride for his intellect as well as for his theme—we beg leave to say that we are not at this moment writing for them. The style of the work—perspicuous, keen, terse, and yet sufficiently ornate; its research making available (thus far) every practicable resource of our historical data, and sifting and collating them with a steady and perspicacious judgment; its method—adjusting and grouping facts and periods in a manner at once philosophical and picturesque; its delineations of character—too sharp, perhaps, yet sculptures if not paintings; its spirit, kindred throughout with the democratic genius of our history—these are some of its attributes, and they guarantee it, we think, a future position among the historical classics of our language. But besides these excellences, and paramount to them all, is the high philosophical purpose maintained throughout his narrative. In this respect we hesitate not to make to him the extraordinary concession (as it will doubtless seem to some of our readers) of pre-eminence above all our great historians.

The pomp and grandeur of Gibbon befit his theme; his research and learning were boundless; but what is the philosophy—what the lesson of his magnificent labors?—a splendid exemplification, not a solution of the law of the decay of nations. By ignoring Christianity, he put out the chief light that could guide his studies to a legitimate result. The facility, or rather the felicity, of Hume's narration, his graceful style, brief but almost perfect portraiture of character, and insidious sophistry in the use of data for his partisan opinions, result—in what else than an example of special pleading—of the tact of an accomplished advocate? He shows sagacity, but never philosophy, in its higher sense. Robertson is still the delight of every historical student, for his graphic pictures, his elegant style, and lucid method; but his lessons are only particularities scattered over his pages as mere incidents suggest them. Now, to place Bancroft in the rank of these writers will be considered by not a few readers, even among his own countrymen, a very considerable stretch of presumption, and to give him pre-eminence among them will be pronounced sheerly ridiculous. We give him not this pre-eminence, taking his claims as a whole; but we do give him the pre-eminence in what is the most preeminent excellence of all history—its philosophic purport. We have the presumption to predict, that in the next generation English critics will not fail to rank him in the best historical authorship of our language. His subject—the historical development of political self-government, that is, in other words, of liberty itself—is almost peculiar, and forces upon him the advantage which we assert. No section of human history—not by any means those even of the Greek and Roman republics—present the advantages which the colonial and early federal history of this country affords to the philosophic historian. Athens and Rome took precedence of us only in one respect, in art—they were destitute, however, of the great element of human development, that which now controls, and is forever to control all other laws of progress, *Christianity*—an element which has permeated and actuated our whole history.

Mr. Bancroft has appreciated well this great fact, and it fully indicates his historical theory. The "ideal philosophy"—

so called as contradistinguished from the materialistic or atheistic—pervades his pages. We stop not here to speak of theological particularities, which may be pronounced exceptionable—we speak of the general spirit of his volumes. There is a God; this God is not merely in the distant heavens, but here among us men; he reigns in all things, and all things are tending to the beneficent issues which he wills; the history of these North American lands is thus tending to a preordained result, and that result is the democratic enfranchisement of humanity—the last word of God to men, the last lesson of history. *Liberty*, therefore, founded upon the divine ordination and conformed to the divine supremacy—this is the sublime theory of history, as evolved in our annals and avowed by Bancroft, and it is the true one, the final one—there is logic, and life, and power in it, which the world will ever hereafter recognise.

Such then, we repeat, is the preëminent excellence of Bancroft's historic-philosophy, and such the characteristic sentiment of his late address. "Things proceed," he eloquently said in that address:—

"Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice, and well-adjusted, and perfect harmony; so that, as the hand of the skillful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chord of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may, one day, arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present and foretell the future; but as yet, the sum of present actions, though we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole; men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the divine will; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated. The antagonisms of imperfect matter and the perfect idea of liberty and necessary law become reconciled. What seemed irrational confusion, appears as the web woven by light, liberty, and love. But this is not seen till a great act in the drama of life is finished. The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah after he had passed by; and so it goes with our search for Him in the processes of life. It is when the hour of conflict is passed, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim: 'Lo! God is here, and we knew it not!'"

It was at the close of this eloquent strain that he uttered one of the most effective passages of the whole discourse.

It called forth a simultaneous burst of emotion from the assembly. Dropping his manuscript, folding his arms, (albeit it was *a la Napoleon*,) and looking intently upon his audience until he reached the phrase "receding centuries," when he pointed backward over his shoulder, he said:—

"At the foot of every page in the annals of time may be written, 'God reigns.' Events as they pass away 'proclaim their Great Original'; and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting 'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS,' with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages."

The passage was grandly poetic, and it was eloquently uttered, in spite of a most oratorical attitude. It was an example of our former remark, that he is eloquent in spite of his elocution.

Sublimely true as this view of history is, taken as a general law, we nevertheless think Mr. Bancroft overstrained it; and the emphasis with which he treated it took his audience, especially his theological hearers, by surprise, as the first of a series of *éclaircissements* respecting his new theoretical opinions, which continued to startle them during the remainder of the discourse. Cosmical order itself, he contends, is not more dependent upon the fixedness of law than is the economy of the moral world. There is a sense in which the Arminian as well as the Pre-destinarian will admit the doctrine of fixed laws in history. It is not a recent doctrine. Bossuet's Universal History is an attempt to illustrate it by a narrow application of the great truth to the Jewish history. Edwards's History of Redemption is a repetition of the idea. The *Scienza Nuova* of Vieo, the Italian, is a superior development of it. Schlegel, (F. W.) Schelling, and Cousin have discussed it more or less.\* Mr. Bancroft seemed to give it the force of fatalism itself. Consciousness, upon which we are ultimately dependent for the validity of all our reasoning, utters its verdict against fatalism without pausing for any process of reasoning. Man instinctively recognizes the moral freedom of his actions, and his reason absolutely denies his responsibility for necessitated acts. This is the nearest

\* Some good works on this subject have been produced in this country; among them "God in History," by the Rev. Hollis Read; and "Christ in History," by Rev. Dr. Trumbull.

and the best logic against fatalism; no hypothetical reasonings can stand before it. Everything that opposes it must be a theoretical sophism, as it must inevitably be a practical one. Mr. Bancroft assailed the materialistic philosophy of Locke and Hobbes; it is from that very philosophy that the mental habit of confounding, through a false analogy, the physical and the moral systems, by transferring the fixedness of physical law to the moral economy, arises. Can we not suppose it possible to Almighty power to have put the moral world under such general laws as would admit of individual contingencies? Is there anything impossible to God in this respect, and if not, why then not accept that view of the subject which corresponds to the most spontaneous utterances of consciousness and to the conditions of practical morals? those conditions upon which alone there can be any responsibility—any authority in government, any merit in virtue. Mr. Bancroft, we should suppose, has become a strict Edwardian in theory; but Edwards himself and his followers, everywhere, have denied the fatalistic results which we think Mr. Bancroft avows, and which we deem quite unessential to his general theory. It was the doctrine of Bolingbroke and his hunchbacked laureate, and not of Jonathan Edwards, that "whatever is, is right." A right philosophy, recognizing God's final control of events, does indeed hear the "receding ages" shout their *Te Deum*; but not the moral conduct of individual men, especially of individual tyrants, great military butchers, heresiarchs, and impostors.

With this qualification, Mr. Bancroft's doctrine of the divine agency becomes the hope of all good men for the world's future:—

"That God has dwelt, and dwells with humanity, is not only the noblest illustration of its nature, but the perfect guarantee for its progress. We are entering on a new era in the history of the race, and though we cannot cast its horoscope, we at least may in some measure discern the course of its motion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The reciprocal relation between God and humanity constitutes the unity of the race; the more complete recognition of that unity is the first great promise which we receive from the future. Separate nations have, indeed, had their separate creeds, institutions, and homes. The commonwealth of mankind, as a great whole, was not to be constructed in one generation, but the different nations are to be con-

sidered as its component parts, prepared like so many separate springs and wheels, one day to be put together.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The world is just beginning to take to heart this principle of the unity of the race, and to discover how fully and how beneficially it is fraught with international, political, and social revolutions. Without attempting to unfold what the greater wisdom of coming generations can alone adequately conceive and practically apply, we may observe that the human mind tends not only toward unity, but universality.

\* \* \* \* \*

"With each successive year a larger number of minds in each separate nationality inquire into man's end and nature; and as truth and the laws of God are unchangeable, the larger the number of minds that engage in their study, the greater will be the harvest. Nor is this all; the nations are drawn to each other as members of one family, and their mutual acquisitions rapidly become common property."

This train of thought was pursued with striking illustrations, and at much length. It was concluded at last by the following just and hopeful sentiments:—

"Finally, as a consequence of the tendency of the race toward unity and universality, the organization of society must more and more represent the principle of freedom. This will be the last triumph of humanity; partly because the science of government enters into the sphere of personal interests, so that the application of those laws is resisted by private selfishness; and partly because society, before it can be constituted aright, must turn its eye upon itself, observe the laws of its own existence, and arrive at the consciousness of its capacities and relations.

"The system of political economy may solve the question of the commercial intercourse of nations, by demonstrating that they all are naturally fellow-laborers and friends; but its abandonment of labor to the unmitigated effect of personal competition can never be accepted as the rule for the dealings of man with man.

"The love for others and for the race is as much a part of human nature as the love of self; it is a common instinct, that man is responsible for man. The heart has its oracles not less than the reason, and this is one of them. The good time is coming when the spirit of humanity will recognize all members of its family as more equally entitled to its care; when the heartless jargon of over-production in the midst of want will end in a better science of distribution; when man will dwell with man as with his brother; when political institutions will rest on the basis of equality and freedom. The subtle and irresistible movement of mind, silently but thoroughly purifying opinion and changing society, brings liberty both to the soul and to the world. All the despotisms on earth cannot stay its coming. Every error that man discards is an emancipation; every superstition that is thrown by is a redeeming from captivity. The tendency toward universality implies necessarily a tendency

toward freedom, alike of belief and in action. The faith of the earliest ages was, of all others, the grossest. Every century of the Christian Church is less corrupt, and less in bondage than its predecessor. In the present age the sum total of spiritual knowledge, as well as of liberty, is greater, and less mixed with error than ever before. The future shall surpass it. The senseless strife between rationalism and supernaturalism will come to an end; an age of skepticism will not again be called an age of reason; and reason and religion will be found in record.

"In the sphere of politics, the republican government has long been the aspiration of the wisest and the best. 'The human race,' said Dante, summing up the experience of the middle age, 'is in the best condition when it has the greatest degree of liberty'; and Kant, in like manner, giving utterance to the last word of Protestantism, declared the republican government to be 'the only true civil constitution.' Its permanent establishment presupposes appropriate experience and culture; but the circumstances under which republics are possible prevail more and more. Our country is bound to allure the world to liberty by the beauty of its example."

The portion of this able address which produced the liveliest sensation through the audience, was that in which the speaker made a distinct and bold avowal of Trinitarian Orthodoxy, especially of the Godhead of Christ, as not only a theological doctrine, but an essential, historical principle in the progress of humanity. Readers of the historical volumes of Mr. Bancroft have perceived his tendency in this direction; but to most of his hearers who knew that he had once been a Unitarian clergyman, and indeed to all others, the emphasis with which he stated the doctrine was unexpected—his clerical hearers especially gave evident signs of agreeable surprise. Dr. Bethune, whose good-humor might have kept a whole monastery fat in the days of Rabelais, seemed fairly to swell out, if such a thing were further possible, with an ecstasy of gratification; and, when he rose to propose a vote of thanks, appeared for a while to forget the resolution in his hearty effort to eulogize, if not to canonize the speaker. We must give the reader this remarkable passage of the address; its view of the relation of the Incarnation to history is luminous, if not altogether novel.

"If events do, as I believe, correspond to the divine idea; if God is the fountain of all goodness—the inspirer of true affection—the source of all intelligence—there is nothing of so great moment to the race as the conception of his existence; and a true apprehension of his relations to man must constitute the turning-point in the progress of the world. And it has been so. A

better knowledge of his nature is the dividing line that separates ancient history from modern—the old time from the new. The thought of divine unity as an absolute cause was familiar to antiquity; but the undivided testimony of the records of all cultivated nations shows that it took no hold of the popular affection. Philosophers might conceive this divine unity as purest action, unmixed with matter; as fate, holding the universe in its unrelenting grasp; as reason, going forth to the work of creation; as the primal source of the ideal archetypes, according to which the world was fashioned; as boundless power, careless of boundless existence; as the infinite one slumbering unconsciously in the infinite all. Nothing of this could take hold of the common mind, or make

"\*Peur and Baalim  
Forsake their temples dim,"

or throw down the altars of superstition.

"For the regeneration of the world, it was requisite that the Divine Being should enter into the abodes and the hearts of men, and dwell there; that an idea of him should arise which should include all truth respecting his essence; that he should be known not only as an abstract and absolute cause, but as a perfect being, from whose nature the universe is an effulgence; not as a distant providence of infinite power, or uncertain or inactive will, but as God present in the flesh; not as an absolute law-giver, holding the material world, and all mortal and intelligent existence, in the chains of necessity, but as a creative spirit, indwelling in man—his fellow-worker and guide.

"When the Divine Being was thus presented to the soul, he touched at once man's aspirations, affections, and intelligence; and faith in him sunk into the innmost heart of humanity. In vain did the proud and ambitious Arius seek to overlay spiritual *truth* with the fabulous conceptions of heathenism, to paganize Christianity, and to subordinate its enfranchising power to *false worship* and to despotism. Reason asserted its right of supremacy, and the party of *superstition* was driven from the field. Then mooned Ashtaroth was eclipsed, and Osiris was seen no more in Memphian grove; then might have been heard the crash of the falling temples of Polytheism; and instead of them, came that harmony which holds heaven and earth in happiest union.

"Amid all the deep sorrows of humanity during the sad conflict which was protracted through centuries for the overthrow of the past and the reconstruction of society, the idea of an incarnate God carried peace into the bosom of mankind. That faith emancipated the slave, redeemed the captive, elevated the low, lifted up the oppressed, consoled the wretched, inspired alike the heroes of thought and the countless masses. The down-trodden nations clung to it as to the certainty of their future emancipation; and it so filled the heart of the greatest poet of the Middle Ages—perhaps the greatest poet of all time—that he had no prayer so earnest as to behold in the profound substance of the eternal light, that circling of reflected light which showed the image of man.

"From the time that this truth of the triune God was clearly announced, he was no longer

dimly conceived as a remote and shadowy causality, but appeared as all that is good, and beautiful, and true; as goodness itself, incarnate and interceding, redeeming and inspiring; the union of liberty, love, and light; the infinite cause, the infinite mediator, the infinite in and with the universe, as the paraclete and the comforter. The doctrine once communicated to man, was not to be eradicated. It spread as widely, as swiftly, and as silently as light; and the idea of God with us dwelt and dwells in every system of thought that can pretend to vitality; in every oppressed nation whose struggles to be free have the promise of success; in every soul that sighs for redemption."

A noble testimony that, and happy is the country in having an historian who will interpret its development and its destiny in the light of such grand truths—a history of which Robert Winthrop said, at the dinner after the address:—

"Who would not envy the writer the privilege of penning such a record? Methinks he would catch some inspiration from the Psalmist of old—his pen would be that of 'a ready writer.' No cold and heartless skeptic could portray such a progress; no Gibbon could delineate the glowing picture. He might be trusted with the task which told the decline and fall of empire; but a theme like that would inspire new faith in him who wrote—faith in the capacity of man for self-government, and in the ultimate prevalence of the gospel of Christ, which, after all, is the only sure and effectual instrument by which either social or political—lost in enthusiastic applause—that history is to be written; and when written, is to exercise an influence on the world, for good or for evil, such as no other uninspired history has ever yet exerted. It is not too much to say that American history—the history of these United States, and of the several States—is to be the fountain to mankind of such a hope, or of such despair, as they have never yet conceived of."

Christianity is, in fact, one of the chief attributes of our history. It led to the founding of nearly all if not absolutely all our colonies. Its absence, as a matter of form, from our present political system, does not arise from national disregard of it, but from precisely an opposite cause—from a regard for its purity—a conviction that its freedom and power should be above political embarrassments. Our country presents a great demonstration of the "voluntary principle;" nowhere, in the Protestant world, are more liberal provisions made for religion by state patronage than are here made voluntarily by the people;\* and nowhere is religious zeal more active. Mr. Bancroft has, thus far in his

narrative, had abundant data to deal with on the subject—the Puritans of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the Baptists of Rhode Island, with Roger Williams's doctrine of "soul liberty;" the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Roman Catholics of Maryland, the Churchmen of Virginia, the Huguenots along most of the Atlantic coast; the Catholics, with their heroic missionaries along the Northern and the Western frontiers, have afforded opportunities for some of his finest passages. He is about to reach the times of American Methodism—that great evangelical movement which, by its itinerant ministry, has laid the moral foundations of many of the western states, and whose early heroes were among not only the chief ecclesiastical characters, but among the greatest public actors of any class, in the early development of the nation. He will not, we presume, commit the blunder which Macaulay castigates in his Edinburgh Quarterly article on "History." "We have read," says that able writer, "books, called Histories of England, under the reign of George II., in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned. A hundred years hence this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct." The American historian will find in this section of our religious history many of the most impressive and romantic data of his narrative—heroic characters, marvelous incidents, personal adventures, and great results,—results which have, in less than three quarters of a century after the organization of Methodism, secured it, according to the United States census, more than one-third of the "accommodations" in the country for religious worship, and placed under its religious influence about one-fifth of the population of the land. Our other historians have ignored these facts—they belong to the "breed" reprobated by Macaulay. Mr. Bancroft will in this, as in other respects, decline to be classed with them.

But we must close this rather long article. The assembly voted by acclamation that the address should be published. We hope these remarks will induce our readers to obtain it. They will find it an altogether extraordinary production among the popular speeches of the day—elegant in style, replete with learning, profoundly philosophical and suggestive, and characterized by a moral tone which is worthy of the Christian philosophy of our age.

\* Reed and Matterson's Visit to this country, and Dr. Baird's work on Religion in America, give the statistical proofs of this fact.



METROPOLITAN NEOPHYTE OF WALLACHIA.

## A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

ON my journey from Jassy to this place, I visited the bishopric of Bouzeo, which is a small town with green spires, built upon a river of the same name. It is, however, one of the richest prelacies of Wallachia, and the white walls of its immense abbey attract the attention of all travelers.

There are nearly three hundred monasteries in Moldo-Wallachia, and about five thousand churches, or more properly places of worship. Under the general title of clergy are reckoned some sixty thousand persons, who are divided into popes or prelates, deacons, monks, singers, neophytes, readers, &c. The offices of the last-mentioned are, of course, mere subordinates; every congregation being furnished with its choir of singers. The services of the Church consist mainly in chanting hymns and psalms, and the repetition of the liturgy, which is made up of prayers and legends of the saints, interspersed with texts of Scripture. Preach-

ing and catechising are seldom heard; indeed, the former has been strictly forbidden in Russia for many years, and only the higher ranks of the clergy are at all capable of it.

The Greek Church, like the Romanist, acknowledges two sources of doctrine, the Bible and tradition; but its creed is mainly based upon the Nicene Council, though somewhat modified by councils of later date. Its seven sacraments are like those of its Papal rival, and with kindred bigotry salvation is denied to all unbelievers of its tenets. Confession is also indispensable, though the officiating priest must be married and belong to the order of St. Basil. The invocation of the saints, and especially the worship of the Virgin, is zealously practised, and crosses, reliques, &c., are objects of superstitious adoration, besides being no inconsiderable articles of revenue.

The marriage of the clergy constitutes one of the main differences between the

Greek and Latin Churches. All, except the monks, and the higher dignitaries chosen from them, are allowed to marry once, but not a widow ; and upon the death of his wife, the priest no longer retains his diocese, but retires to a cloister, where he becomes one of the *hieromonachi*. Those belonging to this class alone can officiate at mass and administer the sacraments. They are subdivided into four classes, each with its peculiar distinctions in the ceremonials of the Church. The first two of these divisions are called archpriests ; and in the frequent pompous processions they wear the *camilooca*, a mitre in the form of a crown, enriched with precious stones and surmounted with a cross. It is of a red color, but it was formerly white ; and the reasons for this change of hue is a constant subject of study and discussion among these erudite priests. When unemployed in the Church, they wear, in common with the other three classes, a round cap, without a visor, encircled with a long black vail which is thrown behind, and called a *vladica*, doubtless from the Latin *relaticus*. The accompanying picture gives a good idea of this head-dress and their general costume. All the clergy allow the hair and beard to grow.

Purgatory is not received as a doctrine

of the Eastern Church, and carved or sculptured images of holy persons are strictly forbidden ; but the representations of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, are painted, and frequently adorned with precious stones. The sign of the cross is made with the thumb, the index and middle fingers united signifying the Trinity ; much importance is attached to this ceremonial for the cure of diseases, infirmities, &c.

Transubstantiation is believed by both divisions of the Church, as we shall see directly ; but the Greeks use leavened bread, the wine is diluted with water, and both elements are distributed in a spoon to every one, even to children, long before they are capable of understanding their significance.

The Church has four principal fasts : Wednesday and Friday of every week are also days of abstinence, which are quite rigorously observed, especially by the lower classes. The holy-days are so numerous and so carefully kept, that only about one hundred and eighty working days are left out of the three hundred and sixty-five. Notwithstanding their frequency, the Moldo-Wallachian scrupulously observes their return, often with the severest austerity. Whenever he passes a church, whether on foot or on horseback, alone or in company, he makes the sign of the cross three times, and exclaims *Gospodi pencilu*, (Lord, have mercy upon me.) Nothing can prevent the performance of this ceremony, which is regarded as a sacred duty. The moral restraint of religion is very similar in the provinces to that exercised upon the banditti of the Calabrias. The pious devotee would be very likely to commit a robbery while upon his knees in prayer, and he would have no scruple in imploring the divine protection upon himself while taking the life of a fellow-creature. A famous brigand, named Basil, in one of his expeditions, murdered and robbed the owners of a house in a secluded situation ; but seeing one of his accomplices draining a pot of beer, he broke his jaw with a single blow of his powerful fist, exclaiming, "Dog ! Know you not it is Friday, and have you no fear of God ?"

This rigorous observance of the ceremonials of the Church does not prevent the toleration of other religions in the Principalities. Every sect, except the Moham-



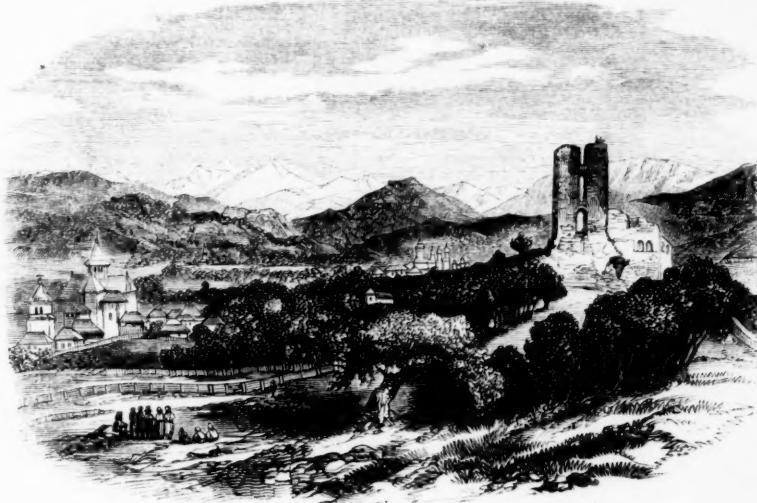
ECCLESIASTICAL COSTUME.

median, has perfect freedom for its priests, temples, and worship. The mosque alone is prohibited, since the treaties of Adrianople and Ackermann.

The finest church in the Danubian Principalities is that of Argisch in Lower Wallachia. It is situated in the midst of a beautiful valley, not far from the grand road to Hermanstadt. It is of white marble, covered with arabesques, from pedestal to cornice. Every stone is wrought with delicate and even exquisite carvings, executed in the highest style of art and with an almost infinite variety of design. The two graceful towers which surmount it are of perfect proportions, light, well-placed, elegant in design, and

so curiously and spirally carved that they seem about to fall upon each other. This illusory danger has however been apparent since 1516, the time of its foundation; no immediate catastrophe can therefore be reasonably expected. It is the only relic in these countries of the renaissant architecture, and it is a treasure of which even Italy might be proud.

Its interior is decorated like all the Greek churches, with fresco paintings, fresh in color, but without design. On each side of the nave are numerous female confessionalists; a single aisle conducts to the chair, designed for the singers and monks. The *catepetazma*, or vail of the sanctuary, is perfectly dazzling. It is a vast parti-



ARGISCH.

tion covered with gold and richly carved. Two side-doors open from this, for the use of the subordinate religious functionaries. The sacred one in the middle is never passed but by the officiating priest. At the right and left are representations of Christ and the Virgin; from the height of the arch, where the images in their gold or vermillion-colored shrines are in greatest profusion, are suspended three large lamps. I refer with this particularity to the church of Argisch because it is altogether unique, as the superbest ecclesiastical structure of the Principalities as well as the only example of its style.

Of all the monasteries of the Princi-

palities, Niamzo is the richest, largest, the most beautiful and the most populous. Its situation is central and picturesque. High mountains covered with snow form its horizon; the gate of entrance is guarded by sentinel fir-trees; five hundred monks reside within its walls, though they are by no means confined to them. Two churches and two belfries are also comprised within its limits—objects of great reverence and pride to its inmates.

Besides the numerous branch establishments which ornament the mountains of these regions, in the vicinity of Niamzo, is the convent of Agapo, where the daughters of many of the proud nobility



MONASTERY OF NIAMZO.

are placed by their parents, to save them from a union with men of inferior condition. They are generally so beautiful that there would be no difficulty in disposing of them in marriage, even without the dowry which their haughty sires are too poor to bestow. But the pride of life is here paramount to the dictates of nature. The convent of *Kiatie*, which signifies springtime, is not far distant, pleasantly situated in the midst of a smiling plain, enameled with flowers, which well entitle it to its name.

Numerous pilgrims flock to Niamzo every year; many go to weep over the ruins of its ancient fortress, which may still be seen a few hundred paces from the gates of the monastery. Every stone of these ruins awakens stirring memories in the hearts of the inhabitants.

In 1421 Stephen IV., surnamed the Great, then viivode of Moldavia, withdrew into the mountains before a Turkish army, commanded by Bajazet II., whose landing he was unable to prevent. He retreated however in good order, though closely pressed by the enemy. When he had reached the height of Niamzo he left his army for a few moments, and with hasty steps presented himself at the gate of the fortress. His mother, who was acquainted with all that had occurred, had garrisoned the place; as the sentinel was about to

admit the monarch, she cried from the summit of the walls, "I forbid his entrance, it is not my son;" then turning to Stephen, she exclaimed, "Have you forgotten that I am your mother? Return to your enemy, and let me see you no more till you are victorious. It is better to die than to owe your safety to a woman."

These Spartan reproaches rekindled the courage of Stephen. He returned to his followers, and said, "My children, we must make one last effort;" and hastening on to the main body of his army, he faced about toward his pursuers. This unexpected determination aroused the enthusiasm of his soldiers, all of whom were ready to sell their lives in his service. In this state of courageous excitement, a few moments after, they met the enemy in a narrow valley, which for a long time bore the name of *Resboiana*, the place of the war. The suddenness of the attack left the enemy no time to arrange his forces; it was made with such impetuosity, and followed by such prodigies of valor that it proved irresistible. The Turkish troops were overwhelmed, routed, and put to flight in consternation. They were pursued, the retreat upon Vaslei prevented, the rear guard were all massacred, and more than thirty thousand dead bodies strewed the green valley of *Resboiana*. Never was victory more complete. The

dead were interred, and it is said that the bones of the slain, whitened by time, changed the name of the battle-field to that of *Valea Alba*, the White Valley. Leaving one of his generals to drive out Vlad VII., who still maintained a position in the district of Putua, he returned to Niamzo to embrace his heroic mother. And now war and religion—the convent and the fastness—alike consecrate the scene. Such is the faith of the East, and, alas! of the world.

The convents of Wallachia remain what they have always been—the abodes of idleness and superstition; they have lost the only advantage which they presented under the earlier Turkish government—they are no longer a refuge from tyranny. About forty of the whole number claim a fifth part of the produce of the cultivated lands of all the others, which, as stated above, are a little more than three hundred. The monks are the most zealous agents of Russian politics. The czar is regarded by them as the true head of the Church; and frequent gifts from St. Petersburg of pictures, reliques, church ornaments, discriminatingly distributed, serve to keep up the most amiable state of feeling.

And now, after these desultory glimpses at the Church, let us rest here a few minutes in the shade of the Niamzo Convent, and have a few more definite words on the religion of the Principalities.

The Eastern or Greek Church has a credit for orthodoxy entirely too high in Protestant lands. Practically it is as debased as it well can be; dogmatically its supposed points of favorable contrast with the Western or Roman Church are, to a great extent, unreal. Its popular superstitions are numerous, and puerile in the extreme. A more abject, a more morally enervated people than the populations of the Eastern Church, can hardly be found on the earth. Its liturgies, which of course are the practical standards of its faith, are numerous and complicated—they amount to the enormous number of *sixty-seven* among the different sections of the Church. In Russia, as well as in other countries, the prayers are uttered in at least *eight tones*, and two huge volumes (folio) are requisite to prescribe these variations. It is hardly credible, yet a positive fact, that the changes of the service for each day and for almost every devotion of each day occupy twenty folio

volumes, and these volumes render necessary another called “The Regulation,” as a sort of index to them. The whole system of the Eastern Church is thus mirened into endless particularities, or rather puerilities, and it is no easy task to discriminate exactly the measure of its orthodoxy amid such encumbering rubbish. It has credit for denying transubstantiation—that monstrous nonsense of the Western Church—for granting the popular use of the Scriptures, for condemning image worship, the doctrine of purgatory, the infallibility of the head of the Church, &c. A thorough study of its actual tenets would however show that in most of these respects it can only pretend to *modifications* of the corruptions of Rome, and these modifications are often equivocal enough to puzzle a Thomas Aquinas or a Duns Scotus.

If the Greek Church has denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, the denial has been so ambiguous as to leave it yet an open question whether her primitive authorities did or did not teach it. Its liturgies teach it now unquestionably, if there is meaning in words. I will not detain you with quotations from them; but the following declaration, made in opposition to the doctrines of the Reformation, by patriarchs and bishops, assembled in Council, at Bethlehem in 1672, may be cited as conclusive of the question:—

“We believe that in the celebration of this mystery our Lord Jesus Christ is present, not in a figurative or imaginary manner, nor by any excellency of grace as in the other mysteries, nor by a bare presence, as some of the fathers have said of baptism, nor by impanation, nor by the substantial union of the Divinity of the Word with the bread that is set upon the altar, as the Lutherans ignorantly and wretchedly think, but verily and indeed; so that after the consecration of the bread, the bread is changed, transubstantiated, transmuted, transformed into the very true body and blood of our Lord which was born in Bethlehem, . . . . and that the wine is converted and transubstantiated into the very true blood of the Lord, which was shed for the life of the world, when he suffered upon the cross. Further, we believe that after the consecration of the bread and wine, the substance of the bread and wine no longer remains, but the very body and blood of our Lord, that is to say, under the accidents of the bread and wine. One and the same Christ is verily and indeed present, and one body and one blood of Christ in all the separate Churches of the faithful. And this not as though that body of the Lord which is in heaven were to descend upon the altars, but because the bread of propitiation prepared in all the separate Churches, being

converted and transubstantiated, after the consecration becomes one and the same thing with the body which is in heaven. . . . Further, we believe that this is a true and propitiatory sacrifice for all the quick and dead."

From the doctrine of transubstantiation comes the adoration of the host in the Western Church: it has been supposed, generally in Protestant countries, that the Eastern Church has escaped this idolatry. It is, however, logically consequent on transubstantiation, and does in fact exist in the Greek communion. The "elevation of the host" is only less formal than among the Romanists, and at a different part of the service. The congregation bows before it, &c. The council from which I have already quoted, avows:—

"We further believe that the body and blood of the Lord ought to be especially honored and worshiped with a divine worship."

The Papistical views of the efficacy of the sacraments are generally if not positively avowed in the East: the administrator of baptism prays that God would "fashion Christ in him who is *now to be regenerated*;" and so indispensable is baptism considered, that nurses, or any person whatever, must administer it in the absence of a priest, before the death of a new-born child. There is no salvation without it.

While the Greek Church denies the infallibility of the head of the Church, it nevertheless does, in an equivocal way, claim infallibility for itself as a body. It virtually, as we have said, denies salvation without its own pale.

It imposes less restriction than Rome on the popular use of the Bible, but practically the Holy Scriptures are unknown to the people; and while some of its elder authorities encourage their popular use, the Anti-Protestant Council of Bethlehem, of 1672, declares that "all Scripture is not to be read by the untrained." Bible Societies have nevertheless received sanction, and royal sanction, in Russia, at a former day. Nicholas has, however, found their influence adverse to his policy of the unity of the Church, and has generally suppressed them.

The confessional—perhaps the greatest practical mischief of the Western Church—does really exist among the Easterns, yet qualified by the modifications which so ambiguously mark most of its other

points of resemblance. In the Principalities, for instance, it consists in a reference to the Decalogue, and an acknowledgment of the transgression of any one or more of the commandments. The power of absolution almost necessarily follows from the rite of confession. There are liturgical indications of hesitancy on the part of the Greeks to assume this blasphemous pretension, yet they positively teach it nevertheless. Throughout Russia the form of absolution is declarative, but in the liturgy the priest says:—

"Concerning the crimes which thou hast told out to me have not a single care, but depart in peace."

The Greeks go beyond the Latins in this clerical presumption—they absolve the *dead* even; and it is a custom, in some places, to put the written form of absolution in the hands of the corpse. In this form the priest says:—

"The Lord Jesus Christ our God, who gave his divine commandment to his disciples and apostles to retain or remit the sins of those who fall, from whom also I have received power to do the same, pardon thee, my spiritual child, whatsoever sins, voluntary or involuntary, thou hast committed in this present life, now and forever."

If there is any doctrine in which the Greeks might seem certainly to dissent from the Latins, it is that of purgatory and of intercessions for the dead. They have no masses for the dead—an inestimable advantage over the West, for their pockets at least; yet even here the usual ambiguity of their tenets perplexes and confounds us again. The Bethlehem Council declares a probationary state for certain classes of the dead—those who repented without the fruits of repentance—and on three separate days after death devotions are held at the grave of the deceased in behalf of his soul. The dead are remembered in the consecration of the Lord's supper. In the liturgies may be found repeated but yet indirect intercessions for them. They also contain supplications to the Virgin and saints, of whom there is a most bountiful superabundance, there being more than one to every day of the year. One of the rituals (that of St. Chrysostom, so called) says:—

"Rightly divide our path, confirm us all in thy fear, guard our life, make safe our goings, through the prayers and supplications of the glorious mother of God and ever Virgin Mary and all thy saints."

And again:—

"The grace of thy lips, shining forth like a torch, illuminated the world, enriched the universe with the treasures of liberality, and manifested to us the height of humility; but do thou, our instructor, by thy words, father John Chrysostom, intercede to the Word, Christ our God, that our souls may be saved."

In the liturgy of St. Basil are these words:—

"May thine intercession, most blessed Virgin, console thy servants, assuage their sufferings, cleanse their sins, and heal their sorrows."

And in the ritual of St. James, we read the following:—

"It is very meet to bless thee, the mother of God, the ever blessed, the entirely spotless, more honorable than the cherubim, and infinitely more glorious than the seraphim; thee who didst bear without corruption God the Word, thee verily, the mother of God, we magnify. In thee, O full of grace, all creation exults, and the hierarchy of angels and the race of men; in thee, sanctified temple, spiritual paradise, glory of virgins."

And again:—

"O most holy ever-virgin, the mother of God, the mighty protectress, the port, the wall, the ladder, and the bulwark, have pity and compassion on this sick person; for he feleth unto thee *alone*."

Monasticism is profoundly superstitious in the Eastern Church. The monks are what they always are elsewhere, and always must be, from the inevitable tendency of their mode of life—indolent, ignorant, and vicious—the mere mimics of devotion. The priests, though allowed to marry with the restrictions we have mentioned, are a profligate class, the drunkards and roisterers of the land, especially in Russia, where, in order to secure religious services on the appointed days, the people find it necessary, in some instances, to confine the reverend father the night before, that he may not be too drunk for his duties.

It has been supposed that image worship was not tolerated in the Eastern Church, and the old canons do most decidedly interdict it; but here again superstition and orthodoxy have effected a compromise by a practical equivocation. Images are allowed in the form of *paintings*, but not of *statues*—a puerile distinction which comports with the childishness and imbecility that mark the whole character of the system. Paintings abound in the churches. They are required, how-

ever, to be rude, lest any artistic excellence should secure them undue worship! They are usually the most barbarous bunglings that ever disgraced art.

The Eastern Church, everywhere in conflict with the Mohammedan fatalism, maintains a strenuous war against the doctrine of predestination. Arminius would have been delighted with its attitude in this respect at least.

So much then for the more specific principles of the Greek Church, which includes at least sixty-five millions of people. This rapid but accurate survey is certainly not very consolatory. Popery may have more positive errors, but it seems more compatible with art and civilization—its lowest population cannot be more abject than the masses of the Eastern Church. The doctrines of the latter respecting the celibacy of the clergy, and the popular use of the Scriptures, are great concessions, which may facilitate future attempts at reformation. The same may be said, perhaps, of the ambiguity which marks many of its worst errors; but when shall the world see this huge, barbaric and superannuated system of hierarchical power and theological imbecility shaken? The presence of the Turk has enervated it in some of its oldest seats; but his presence, or its felt power at least, is passing away, and the stupendous strength of Russia fortifies the dominion of the system throughout immense regions of Europe and Asia. One thing at least is clear: the Greek Church, even more certainly than the Latin, must dwindle wherever the higher European civilization advances.

But we linger here in the shadow of the hoary structure; let us be off on our route.

How beautiful the thought that there is a *real* happiness: after the allurements and ostentatious display of the fading beauties of time, after all the pride and avarice of man is disgusted with his very nature, so perverted, and in truth sees the folly of adhering to the deceitful anticipations of lasting pleasure in this world, then how it cheers the weary heart to have the promises of *true* happiness in enlightening and cultivating himself to the more genial pleasures of life, guaranteed by the prospects of a happy futurity!—*Harlan.*

## OUR FELLOW CLERK.

WE always thought Henry Westerton very mean. He was the second clerk in the establishment in which my cousin and myself were juniors. We knew he had a liberal salary, and that he was unmarried; but so far from this having any effect on him in the way of loosening his purse strings, there was not one of us that would have been guilty of the miserly habits which were laid to his charge. When I say "one of us," I mean one out of the dozen clerks who daily found their way from various quarters, as regularly as the clock struck nine, to the large many-desked counting-houses.

There could be no doubt of his meanness. The careful way in which he brushed his hat every time he took it off, proved it. It was an old hat too, though one would scarcely have guessed it at first sight—only for the shape, which was I cannot tell how many seasons behind the fashion; but a good many. The fact is, he had such a way with his hat; and he was found out once inking it round the edge. Well, then, there was his coat, which, for three whole years, he wore to the office, and which he set as much store by as if it were new only last week—taking it off and folding it up in his desk, and putting on an old office coat, that had been a great-coat once. *He* said it was more comfortable to wear—a loose coat for writing in; but *we* knew why he did it:—he was mean and miserly; of course that was it.

We used to tease him—that is, we tried to tease Westerton about his old hat and coat, and other things: but it didn't do any good. In fact, it wasn't easy to put him out; he was so good-tempered, he could bear almost anything, and so ready to oblige in everything except where money was concerned; and this, of course, made it more provoking.

But it was not only in wearing old clothes, that some of us who had not a quarter of his salary would have been ashamed to be seen in, that Westerton's miserly ways peeped out. We made a subscription once for a holiday on the water. There were not many holidays for us, you may be sure; but there was one red-letter day for us one summer, on some particular occasion, and we all agreed—all but Westerton—that we would have

a day's sail. The head clerk, and one or two others, did not mean to go, and they said so; but they laid down their full share of the expenses cheerfully, and wished us a pleasant and safe voyage. But when it came to Westerton, he only said he wished he could afford it; but it was not in his power to join us, nor yet to assist in defraying the expenses. You may be sure that he was looked upon as meaner than ever after that; and he had a good deal to hear from all of us, in one way or another, about it, for a long time afterward; but he didn't take any notice of our taunts.

This was not all. One evening one of our clerks was in company, when he heard Mr. Westerton's name mentioned: and he found out, by somebody who knew all about it, that there was a young lady to whom he had been engaged several years, who was kept waiting and waiting till he could afford to marry. Now we all knew what Westerton's salary was, and that there were many people with not half so large an income who were married, and could live comfortably too. So it was quite plain that it was only his meanness and miserliness that made him afraid of the expense of a wife. Of course it was a want of spirit in the lady, whoever she was, that made her put up with his delays: but then we could make excuses for her; but there were none for him—only that he was mean.

I do not say that Westerton could not be generous sometimes. We did him the justice to acknowledge that. Once, one of our clerks had a long illness; and, poor fellow! he had a wife and family to support; and, of course, when he left off coming to the counting-house, and was obliged to give up his situation for the time, he was very badly off. Our employers allowed him a small weekly sum, and there was a subscription among all the clerks to help him a little. Well, Westerton joined in that subscription, which we did not expect from him, so mean and selfish as he was; but it proved afterward that he did a great deal more than that; for when poor Smith got better, and came back again, he hadn't enough to say about Westerton—how he had visited him; and had paid, out of his own pocket, for keeping his eldest boy at school; and was always bringing him something nice and strengthening; and had paid a quarter's

rent for him when he was hard pushed, and might have been turned out of his home, ill as he was, or, at any rate, have had his furniture seized for the rent. This altered our opinion of Westerton a little, till one of us, more sharp than the rest, said that no doubt he had begged and made up subscriptions among his friends for poor Smith; and that it was a cheap way of getting a name, to be generous with other people's money. This was true, no doubt; and, to be sure, if a person can be mean in one way he can in another: so, after all, Westerton did not get much credit for generosity, if that was his motive.

And yet I cannot say but that Henry Westerton was liked. O yes, everybody in the counting-house liked him—he was so good-natured, as I have said, except where money was concerned: it can scarcely be conceived how mean he was; I have not told half. There were his dinners, for instance; but I won't say anything about them, for every one has a right to please himself in what he eats and drinks. But besides his being good-natured, he was so steady and conscientious and so cheerful. He had always something kind to say to us juniors especially. There was not any cant or slang about him; but he sometimes said a word or two about religion, and gave us a little advice now and then, when there seemed to be something not quite as it should be in our conduct, that we could not help respecting him, though he was so mean and miserly. I remember, one time, saying something rather disrespectful about my father: it was not much, or at least I did not think it was much then: it was some disrespectful name I gave him, such as speaking of him as "the old governor at home," instead of saying "my father." Well, he did not seem to take any notice of it at the time; but a day or two afterward he took a quiet opportunity of reminding me of what I had said so flipantly, and of entreating me, as I valued God's blessing, and as I desired to have pleasant recollections of past days when I grew older, never to think or speak lightly of my father or mother.

It is strange, perhaps; but I never forgot that mild and gentle reproof: it did me good; and I respected him more than ever after that, though he *was* mean about money.

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That was not the only time in which Westerton exercised an influence over me for my own good. One of our clerks was a gay, wild young fellow, and once almost persuaded me to go with him in the evening to the theater. I certainly should have gone if Westerton had not heard of my intention, and called me to his desk when business was over. Then he spoke so pleasantly, and yet so seriously, about the dangers and temptations to which I was about to expose myself—of the obstacles that would be thrown in the way of my success, and the grief it would be to my parents, if I should become fond of this kind of amusements; "and more than all," he added, "such pursuits often prove the downward road to eternal ruin"—that I promised him I would give up my intention; and I did. I had afterward great reason to respect him for it; for the young man I should have gone with turned out very badly, and I might have been like him. But then, what a pity it was Westerton was so mean!

Not to make this part of my story any longer, Mr. Westerton left the counting-house at last, after being there a good many years. It seemed strange; but though he had such a character for miserliness, almost every one was sorry when he was gone. We none of us knew, at the time, exactly where he went; but it came out afterward that he was taken into partnership in a house in the city—a large concern, doing a good deal of business. And then, of course, this accounted for his mean and saving ways. No doubt he had been hoarding up and up, till he had money enough to purchase a share in that concern. To be sure this was all very well; but still we thought a man may be prudent and economical without being niggardly; and we fancied how close he would most likely be, as he got to be rich, and would not have any enjoyment of life whatever.

Some time afterward we saw in the paper that Henry Westerton was married—married at last to the lady he had kept waiting so long; and we thought that she was not much to be envied, especially when we remembered his starving ways about his dinners, and how cheap he used to get them.

It was a good many years after this, and when I was second clerk at our counting-house, that I was invited to spend an evening at the house of an old

friend who lived a few miles out of the city. I had to go by rail, and was to sleep at my friend's house, and get back by an early train next morning.

On entering the carriage, there was one other person there—a middle-aged gentleman, whose looks, for a moment, puzzled me. I felt sure that I had known him, or met him; but could not remember when or where. The puzzle did not last long; for he no sooner spoke than I knew the voice: it was that of Henry Westerton. I made myself known to him directly, (of course I was more altered than he was,) and we soon got into a pleasant conversation.

And yet I could with difficulty persuade myself that my fellow passenger was the same Henry Westerton I had known in other days, and whom I could scarcely dissociate in my memory from the old but well-preserved hat and coat which had seemed to be a part of himself. Here he was, in neat, certainly, but good and faultlessly correct garb; he had the outward appearance of a man in circumstances so prosperous as to be indifferent to a coat and hat more or less in the year. I might be mistaken, to be sure; but it struck me that, in this particular at any rate, he had abandoned his miserly ways; but then, perhaps the position he held compelled him to appear well-dressed, and he might be mean for all that.

I made these remarks silently, of course, while our conversation went on; and after a little time I found my suspicions and former prejudices melting away, for the time at least. Let me explain how and why.

I am the son of pious parents, and had been trained in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This is a Scripture phrase, and an expressive one; I trust that many of my readers know by experience what it means. By God's mercy, and in answer to the prayers of those parents, I had been preserved from the contaminating influences of irreligious and vicious companions, though I had not been free, as I have shown, from their enticements, to which, in one instance at least, I had almost consented; but I had not, in my more youthful days, given my heart to the Saviour. It had pleased God, however, at a somewhat later period, to enable me to make this unspeakably blessed choice.

It was natural, then, when I accidentally encountered my former fellow clerk, to express to him my gratitude that he had, on the occasion to which I have referred, interposed his kind and gentle influence, so as to draw me back from what might have been the commencement of a swift and constantly accelerated downward course.

I did so; and this gave a turn to our conversation which made us regret the short distance we had to travel together; and when he left the carriage he put his card into my hand, and gave me a pressing invitation to his house in that neighborhood. When he was gone, and I remained alone in the carriage, my mind naturally reverted to the Christian intercourse I had enjoyed, and then as naturally to the thoughts we had formerly entertained of Westerton. I certainly could not reconcile these. His conversation had been deeply experimental in the religion which, let scoffers say what they will, is the direct antagonist of selfishness, and which tells us in express terms that "the love of money is the root of all evil;" it had glowed, too, with expansive benevolence. But then, the habit of saving and hoarding, which, nobody could deny, had brought upon him, not the contempt, but the derision certainly, of his fellows!

"Ah, well," I thought to myself, "the world is full of inconsistencies; and they too often creep into the Christian Church. There is no accounting for these things; the best thing is to take warning from them when they force themselves on our notice." And I put Mr. Westerton's card in my pocket, undecided whether or not to accept his invitation at some future day; for my prejudices were returning.

In another quarter of an hour I had reached my destination, and found at my friend's house other visitors besides myself; by one of whom, in the course of the evening, the name of Mr. Westerton was introduced; and, very much to my astonishment, I heard him referred to as one of the most liberal, generous, unselfish men in the whole neighborhood around.

"Do you mean Mr. Henry Westerton, of such and such a house in the city, and whose name is on this card?" I asked, producing the card, and handing it to the speaker.

"Yes, the same; are you acquainted with him?" he asked.

"I have some slight acquaintance with him," I answered rather coldly; for I could not but fancy that the praises I heard were not quite deserved. "Westerton is rich now," thought I; "and he may not have the temptations to meanness which he once had; but——"

"Have you known him long?" asked my friend, breaking into the current of my thoughts.

"I knew him more intimately some years ago than I do now, and when he was in different circumstances; but, accidentally falling in with him to-day, he has invited me to renew our former acquaintance."

"Which you will do, of course."

"I am not certain," I replied; "I should like to know something more about him first."

My wish in this particular was gratified. To judge from the encomiums which were heaped on him, Mr. Westerton was a pattern of unostentatious benevolence. I was told that he lived in a simple inexpensive way, though his income must be very considerable—but not in order to save; it was conjectured, indeed, that he gave away every year far more than he expended in his whole establishment. He was personally active, besides, in every good word and work. By his sympathy, as much as by pecuniary assistance, he made many a sorrower's heart leap for joy and gratitude; and he was the friend of the fatherless and widow, whom he visited in their affliction. Young men were spoken of, whom Mr. Westerton had assisted in starting in life; and others, whom he had rescued from the vortex of dissipation, and the immediate consequences of youthful falls and extravagances. Concerning his own family, I learned that it was a very happy one; and that his wife seconded, by all means in her power, the noble efforts of her husband in the cause of religion and benevolence.

An hour or two later, and I was left alone with my friend.

"You seem in a silent mood," he said, after an attempt or two to draw me into continuous conversation had failed.

"I am thinking," I answered, "of Mr. Westerton, and am trying to account for the change which has taken place in his character since I knew him, and when he had such an evil reputation for meanness."

"Meanness!" exclaimed my friend, in surprise; "he is about the very last person I should suspect of that. Mr. Westerton mean!"

"Mean and miserly: we always thought him so in our counting-house; and we had daily opportunities of observing his conduct. To be sure, we might be mistaken; we must have been if he is now what you represent him to be; but yet I cannot exactly understand it."

"I cannot understand it either," said my friend, "and yet," he added, after a slight pause, "perhaps I can partly explain it. But in what way did you come to form such an opinion of Mr. Westerton?"

I hesitated at first to answer my friend's question; but he urged it. "I would not ask you," he said, "if I had not a good motive, and a hope of removing an injurious impression from your mind." So I told him about the close and shabby habits for which he was noted, and the care he took of every penny, though we knew that he had a large salary.

"And you never heard, then," my friend continued, speaking quietly, "that he might have some particular reasons for such rigid economy? It appears that you did not know him so very intimately, after all."

"O, if there had been any good reason, we should have known it, I suppose; at any rate, it would have been easy for him to have explained, which he never did. But the thing explained itself when he left the counting-house to join his present partners. Of course he had to pay for that."

"O!" said my friend.

"And besides," I added, "there was the young person he kept so many years waiting till he could afford to marry. I am glad they are happy now; but I do not think it right to keep an engagement of that sort dragging on year after year, especially if what we heard were true, that the wedding day had been fixed very soon after the engagement commenced, and that Westerton drew back from it, and put off the time indefinitely."

"That was true," said my friend, still quietly; "the day was fixed, and then postponed for several years. Well, is that all?"

"Quite enough, I think, to give us a mean opinion of him," I replied; "but I

judge from your manner that you think differently."

"The story is well known now," my friend responded; "I do not break confidence in telling it. Perhaps when you have heard what I have to say, you will see that your judgment was hasty and unkind. Let me tell you first, however, that Westerton did not throw into the firm that he joined a penny of capital; and for a very good reason—he had not a penny. But here is my story:—

"Mr. Westerton entered into life with very good prospects. His father was a banker in a large town in one of the western counties, and reputedly rich. He had a large family, and Henry was his eldest son.

"By one of those sudden and unexpected reverses which sometimes in the course of Providence fall on commercial circles, the banker was utterly ruined. There is no need to enter into the particulars of that event, only that its effects on his mind were irrecoverably mournful. The banker became an imbecile; and of all his family, only Henry was of an age, or in circumstances, to provide for himself, and he was on the eve of being married.

"Two courses," continued my friend, "were placed before young Westerton. One was, to marry and abandon his family to their fate, with such little assistance as he might possibly be able to give; the alternative was to break off his engagement, abandon his original profession, and work for the support of father, sisters, and brothers.

"He had not a thought for himself, sir; but he had for the young lady who was to have been his wife. He laid the case before her. 'We cannot be married now,' she said. 'It is not needful that we should be; but it is needful for you to be all that you have said. We need not, however, give up our engagement. When you feel at liberty to claim me for your wife, I will be your wife; and till then—'

"Well, sir, they parted. Henry obtained the situation in which you first knew him. For ten years he struggled on through difficulties which would have borne down a stronger man than he— which must have borne him down if he had not been supported by a consciousness of right, and assisted by heavenly strength and wisdom. He bore his father's infirmities, and denied himself every personal

gratification, to provide the feeble-minded man with luxuries. He educated his sisters and younger brothers—found employment for them—encouraged them by his example to straightforward and energetic action—threw over them the shield of his protection when they needed it."

"And all this time," I said, self-reproachingly, "we were calling him mean and miserly, laughing at his care of an old hat and coat!"

"It is the way with us all," replied my friend. "Man looks at the outward appearance. We have yet to learn how many noble, God-guided and self-denying hearts beat under a very shabby exterior. Shall I tell you any more of Mr. Westerton's story?"

"You need not," I said; "I can readily suppose the rest."

"Well, there is not much more to be told. Brothers and sisters, one after another, were enabled to provide for themselves, but still the father's support rested on the eldest son; and the burden became increasingly difficult to bear, when the way was so unexpectedly and extraordinarily open for Westerton to join the firm of which he is now the leading partner, as to show manifestly that the hand of God was in it, and that his approbation was resting on the filial regard and affection he had shown. Now, are you still prepared to maintain that your old fellow clerk was mean and miserly?"

My reader must answer for me. It is enough for me to say here, that I have practically learned a lesson which I hope never to forget—never to form a hasty judgment from outward appearances.

One word now, and I have done. The present world is not a state of perfect retribution, either in rewards or in punishment; there is another world, where all that is apparently anomalous in this shall be explained, and all that is imperfect rectified; but yet, in all God's dealings with men, there is nothing more commonly seen than that the man who honors father and mother, and places their earthly interests above his own, is the man upon whom God in his providence more particularly condescends to smile.

As a copy is then safest from blotting, when dust is put upon it; so are we from sinning, when in the time of our youth we remember we are but dust.—*Brooks.*

## POEMS OF THE ORIENT.\*

THESE poems have the true flavor of the East, that subtle aroma which has evaded so many would-be Oriental poets. Unlike his predecessors, Mr. Taylor writes from personal knowledge. Not what he has heard or read of, but what he has seen with his own eyes, and felt with his own perceptions, forms the subject of his verse. Wisely concluding that Byron had exhausted the stormy phases of Eastern life, and that Moore had made the most of its rosy dreams, he starts at once with the desert. Instead of melo-dramatic pirates, and operatic dancing girls, we have the roving Bedouin and his flying barb.

Wastes of yellow sand, over which broods the eternal sky, golden with morning, or dim and solemn with stars; stately palms, rustling in winds of spice by the edges of desert wells, or around the white tomb of some moslem saint; groups of camels, laden with bales from the gaudy looms of Bagdad; Nedjid stallions, tethered by snowy tents, or bearing their masters from the foe, shod with fire; such are some of the objects with which Mr. Taylor peoples his glowing pages. They are as familiar to him as the features of an American landscape to us: hereafter they will belong to the world. To read the majority of these poems is to see and know the East, so vivid are their pictures, and so marked the life they describe. They are more in keeping with the cast of Mr. Taylor's genius than anything he has yet written; and while we admire them as art creations, we must allow them a deeper value as the most perfect expressions of his heart and brain. He seems to have been feeling his way in former volumes: in this he has found the clew he sought, and we have the benefit of it by threading with him the enchanted gardens of Oriental thought. "Go," says he, in his "L'Envoi,"

"Go, therefore, Songs!—which in the East were born  
And drew your nurture—from your sire's control:  
Haply to wander through the West forlorn,  
Or find a shelter in some Orient soul.

"And if the temper of our colder sky  
Less warmth of passion and of speech demands,  
They are the blossoms of my life—and I  
Have ripen'd in the suns of many lands."

Poems of the Orient, by Bayard Taylor.  
Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Admirable in its way is this desert pastoral. We know of nothing half so good out of "The Arabian Nights." It would have gladdened the heart of Haroun Al Raschid himself:—

## "THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

"Next to thee, O fair gazelle,  
O Beddooe girl, beloved so well;

"Next to the fearless Nedjidee,  
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

"Next to ye both I love the palm,  
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

"Next to ye both I love the tree  
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three  
With love, and silence, and mystery!

"Our tribe is many, our poets vie  
With any under the Arab sky;  
Yet none can sing of the palm but I.

"The marble minarets that begem  
Caro's citadel-diadem  
Are not so light as his slender stem.

"He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance  
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

"A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,  
That works in the cells of the blood-like wine.

"Full of passion and sorrow is he,  
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

"And when the warm south-winds arise,  
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

"Quickening odors, kisses of balm,  
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm,

"The sun may flame and the sands may stir,  
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

"O tree of love, by that love of thine,  
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

"Give me the secret of the sun,  
Whereby the wood is ever won!

"If I were a king, O stately tree,  
A likeness, glorious as might be,  
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

"With a shaft of silver, burnish'd bright,  
And leaves of beryl and malachite;

"With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,  
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase:

"And there the poets, in thy praise,  
Should night and morning frame new lays—

"New measures sung to tunes divine;  
But none, O palm, should equal mine!"

Equally fine, although widely different, is "The Wisdom of Ali." It smacks of the mingled sageness and simplicity of the old patriarchal times:—

## "THE WISDOM OF ALI.

"The Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,  
Said: 'I am Wisdom's fortress; but the gate  
Thereof is Ali.' Wherefore, some who heard,  
With unbelieving jealousy were stirr'd;  
And, that they might on him confusion bring,  
Ten of the boldest join'd to prove the thing.

'Let us in turn to Ali go,' they said,  
'And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead  
Of earthly riches; then, if he reply  
To each of us in thought, accordantly,  
And yet to none, in speech or phrase, the same,  
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame.'

"Now, when the first his bold demand did make,  
These were the words which Ali straightway  
spake:—

"‘Wisdom is the inheritance of those  
Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes.’"

"Unto the second he said: ‘Thyself must be  
Guard to thy wealth; but Wisdom guardeth  
thee.’"

"Unto the third: ‘By Wisdom wealth is won;  
But riches purchased Wisdom yet for none.’"

"Unto the fourth: ‘Thy goods the thief may  
take; But into Wisdom’s house he cannot break.’"

"Unto the fifth: ‘Thy goods decrease the more  
Thou giv’st; but use enlarges Wisdom’s store.’"

"Unto the sixth: ‘Wealth tempts to evil ways;  
But the desire of Wisdom is God’s praise.’"

"Unto the seventh: ‘Divide thy wealth, each  
part

“Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart  
Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be  
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee.’"

"Unto the eighth: ‘Wealth cannot keep itself;  
But Wisdom is the steward even of self.’"

"Unto the ninth: ‘The camels slowly bring  
Thy goods; but Wisdom has the swallow’s wing.’"

"And lastly, when the tenth did question make,  
These were the ready words which Ali spake:—  
‘Wealth is a darkness which the soul should  
fear; But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear.’"

"Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,  
And they declared: ‘The Prophet’s words were  
true;’

The mouth of Ali is the golden door  
Of Wisdom.”"

"When his friends to Ali bore  
These words, he smiled and said: ‘And should  
they ask

The same until my dying day, the task  
Were easy; for the stream from Wisdom’s well,  
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.’"

Would space permit, we should like to  
copy a spirited “Bedouin Song,” and a  
magnificent description of a garden from  
“The Temptation of Hassan Ben Khalid.” We can only mention and com-  
mend them, together with “The Poet in  
the East,” “Amram’s Wooing,” “The  
Birth of the Horse,” “A Desert Hymn to  
the Sun,” and a couple of glorious Script-  
ture pieces, “Tyre” and “Jerusalem.”

Some of the miscellaneous poems (there  
are thirteen in all) are exceedingly beauti-  
ful, especially “The Mystery,” and “The  
Phantom.” With the latter our extracts

must end. Altogether, we consider Mr. Taylor’s volume the best volume of verse  
that has been published during the past  
year, either at home or abroad. It would  
take a dozen Gerald Masseys to write its  
poorest poem.

The style is clear and direct, even when  
most florid, and the various measures are  
models of sonorous rhythm. The volume  
is got up in the best style of Ticknor &  
Fields, and is dedicated to our contributor,  
Mr. R. H. Stoddard. And now for the  
touching poem with which we close:—

#### “THE PHANTOM.

"Again I sit within the mansion,  
In the old, familiar seat;  
And shade and sunshine chase each other  
O’er the carpet at my feet.

"But the sweet-brier’s arms have wrestled  
upward  
In the summers that are past,  
And the willow trails its branches lower  
Than when I saw them last.

"They strive to shut the sunshine wholly  
From out the haunted room;  
To fill the house, that once was joyful,  
With silence and with gloom.

"And many kind, remember’d faces  
Within the doorway come—  
Voices, that wake the sweeter music  
Of one that now is dumb.

"They sing, in tones as glad as ever,  
The songs she loved to hear;  
They braid the rose in summer garlands,  
Whose flowers to her were dear.

"And still, her footsteps in the passage,  
Her blushes at the door,  
Her timid words of maiden welcome,  
Come back to me once more.

"And, all forgetful of my sorrow,  
Unmindful of my pain,  
I think she has but newly left me,  
And soon will come again.

"She stays without, perchance, a moment,  
To dress her dark-brown hair;  
I hear the rustle of her garments—  
Her light step on the stair!

"O, fluttering heart! control thy tumult,  
Lest eyes profane should see  
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture  
Her coming brings to me!

"She tarryes long: but lo! a whisper  
Beyond the open door,  
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,  
A shadow on the floor!

"Ah! ‘t is the whispering pine that calls me,  
The vine, whose shadow strays;  
And my patient heart must still await her,  
Nor chide her long delays.

"But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,  
As many a time before:  
Her foot is ever at the threshold,  
Yet never passes o’er.”

# The National Magazine.

JANUARY, 1855.

## EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

"We close in the present number the semi-annual volume of our Magazine. It is usual at this period to reiterate appeals to the patronizing remembrance of subscribers and the public generally; we have taken the whim not to weary either them or ourselves in doing so. We have come to you, most respected public, during the past year, in our neatest attire, with a true and a warm heart, and a voice emphatic for the truth. We shall do so hereafter. If you like our visits, welcome us with your patronage; if you do not, bow us out of the door. And may God bless you! Amen."

Such was the paragraph with which we intended to conclude our last number, but which by a mistake was wrongly signed, altered in a sentence or so, and misplaced among our advertisements. It indicates our true sentiments respecting the usual style of appeals to subscribers at the end and the beginning of periodical volumes. It does not, however, forbid us to make our most grateful and cordial New-year's bow, and, with the "compliments of the season," to exchange a few words with our readers respecting the future.

This periodical was established for a general purpose. It was designed to be not merely a magazine of religious knowledge, but a religious magazine of general knowledge. A sentiment which we quoted some time ago from the good and great Dr. Arnold, states what we consider our right character. "I never," says he, "wanted religious articles half so much as articles on common subjects, written in a decidedly Christian spirit." There is a deep philosophy in the remark, such as was wont to characterize the large-minded writings of the man. Just such reading are we endeavoring to provide in these pages, giving it, at the same time, all the attractions which popular adaptation and pictorial embellishments afford. Such we believe to have been a want of our home periodical literature, and such the design of the originators of this work.

And now, good readers, though we wish not to blow a trumpet before us respecting our doings for the ensuing year, we may say that we shall try hard to behave as well as we have done, "only a little better." We have a grand programme in our head, but prefer to keep it there till we see how it will probably come out; for we are not sure that, like Minerva from the head of Jove, it will come forth full armed. We may intimate, however, that the series of matters promised some six months ago, and not yet through with, will be completed and much enlarged, including—

The illustrated "Trip from St. Petersburgh to Constantinople," taking in the scenes of the Eastern war—the *scenes* but not the events—for the latter are reported to our readers in the daily papers long before we could record them, and then the traveler from whom we give these sketches passed over the ground before the war.

Illustrations of Bunyan's Life and Times, giving the most complete series of pictures respecting Bunyan ever yet published, including a great variety of localities, reliés, &c.

A series of portraits of Artists, Authors, Divines, Inventors, &c. Of these we propose to give usually one portrait in each number.

A series of "Poetic Pictures," or specimens of the "Poets illustrated by the Artists,"—one in each number.

A series of illustrations of the best scenes in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

A series of illustrated Biblical papers, giving the results of the latest critical and geographical researches respecting interesting Biblical questions—such as the discoveries of the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, by De Saulcy—Layard's exhumations at Nineveh—the fate of the Lost Tribes of Israel, &c.

An abundant variety of pictorial illustrations of scenery, art, science, &c.

Increased labor will be bestowed on the whole work; and it will, as heretofore, be made to subserve the cause of sound morals and pure religion.

We shall, as heretofore, endeavor to provide one article in each number specially adapted to our clerical readers, (of whom we are happy to say we have many,) and one also, at least, particularly suited to the reading of the family circle.

With these fine intentions, then, we tip our editorial hat, good friends, and wish you all a happy new year; we ought, however, before we have bowed ourselves out, to mention one other and a very important improvement, with which we hope you will be favored before a very great while, and that is a better editor—that, certainly, would be a consideration fit to be put into our oration. Having been called to another public responsibility for which we feel no ordinary interest, and which will require a period of laborious preparation, we hope before the year ends to afford you this advantage.

When we were appointed to our present post, it was for the purpose of sustaining two distinct offices—not a very good policy we admit, but we could not help that. Our present editorial function was the secondary one; it was provided as an appendix to the other, and, probably, would not have been provided at all but in that way. Our other duties, comprehending an extensive scheme of cheap religious literature, have taken up the chief of our time, and been (we confess it) the favorite objects of our devotion, for we have considered them to promise results profound, permanent, and of almost inestimable importance. While endeavoring punctually to make our monthly salutation at the homes of our readers, we have also been at work "night and main," in our poor way, with these other duties, making speeches, traveling thousands of miles, begging thousands of dollars, editing books and tracts, writing newspaper articles, and brow-beating, right and left, the whole brood of obstacles and follies that usually rise up against a great and good cause in its outset. Hard work this, certainly, for a diminutive valetudinarian, not weighing a hundred and twenty pounds, yet delightful work, notwithstanding, and marvelously invigorating; we should have grown fat enough on it to be a bishop, had we been continued in it; but the multiplication of its business required its reorganization as a separate function. Deeming "in our fond conceit," that as we had possessed

both we could now have the choice of either, we actually threw down the pen editorial, by a written resignation, and were about to mount and ride through the land our favorite hobby, when our "reverend seignors" incontinently thrust us back again into the editorial sanctum, and as it is a rule with us to "obey orders," even if it costs our head, we are here to write "down" this magazine "by authority," or write it up by your patronage, generous readers. We have the comfort of knowing, however, that our other and favorite enterprise was assigned to hands fully competent for it, and that it has been so far developed and demonstrated as to make its future success a matter of responsibility only with those in whose behalf it was attempted.

A *mal apropos* change was this, however, for us; we who for years had been accustomed—educated we were about to say—to the sublime work of pommeling public questions—of thumping away through the newspapers on the perverse back of the "great public," or "stumping it" for some good cause through the land, were now to do—what? Spend the most of our time in fumbling among masses of imported periodicals for articles; poring over long-winded "communications," nine-tenths of which, after wearisome readings, were to go "under the table;" wrangling and haggling with draughtsmen and engravers—and with work enough at this to absorb one's whole time. This for us, a little thin-skinned, restless mortal, with the nerves of a mosquito!

We do not like it; that is the upshot of the whole matter, without further tediousness, and apart from all badinage. Making selections of "articles" and pictures, and reading five hundred pages for five that are accepted, is the chief work of this "editorial position." There is one very amiable gentleman (amiable to us personally, we mean, Mr. Reader) for whom we can select—nobody can excel us for him in this line; but he is peculiar in his tastes, and we have always confessed that we could do this very critical work for nobody else besides him. It requires too much genius for us.

And yet do not imagine this a strain of devout humility—far otherwise; we are blessed with an exhaustless self-complacency; we sometimes look into the glass of self-examination with silent wonder and grave admiration at the marvelous manner in which our defects round themselves down into the smallest pinacles beneath our gaze, and our merits and advantages round themselves out into plump and palpable features. It would not, therefore, be remarkable for us to conceive that we have had "pretty considerable" success in this reluctant work notwithstanding its incongeniality. The newspaper critics say so at least, and they, of course, are never doubted. Though not a denominational periodical, yet from peculiar circumstances we have been limited almost to a denominational sphere for our success; viewed in this denominational light, (and it is the only just view of the case,) our edition has been so far as we are now aware larger, perhaps, than that of any monthly or quarterly, or even newspaper, within an equal period, ever started by the denomination. Our access to the general public beyond these limits has de-

pended thus far upon very gradual means; still the non-sectarian character of the work is winning its way, and we are able to say with a grateful satisfaction, that from the organs of religious bodies (outside of our own denominational circle) without an exception, so far as our exchanges show, we receive the most uniform and hearty indorsements. But we are spinning out indefinitely this article that we intended to be but a paragraph or two. Again we make our bow, and this time bow ourselves out. It is high time.

Don't fail to read the story of *The Drunkard's Bible*. It is powerfully written.

We conclude in this number the series of essays on *The Opium Trade in the East*. They are from one of the best authorities on the subject. Those of our readers who have followed them up will have a full and clear view of the question—a question involving deplorably the British character and the fate of China.

The London *Athenaeum* gives some minute and very striking statistics respecting the Liverpool Free Library, which show an unexpected interest among the poorer classes of England for good literature. It says—"It is a noticeable fact that the larger proportion of solid reading is among the really working classes, the lighter literature more among young men in offices and shops."

Yankee genius is notoriously inventive and utilitarian, but it is also world-famous for its fun—broad, grotesque wit on a large scale, similar to all other Yankee things. It will not rest till it gets out of steam not only power, but humor, oratory, and even music. The latter suggestion has really "been taken into consideration." A Western editor proposes it. He says:—"We suggest to the ingenious manufacturer of steam-engines, the construction of a magnificent instrument of music, composed of steam-whistles, to be played with keys, the same as an organ. What, for instance, could be more 'grand and pleasant' than the music of the locomotive three or four miles off, coming on steaming you 'Hail, Columbia,' 'We come with songs to greet you,' 'Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,' &c., &c. What ingenious mechanic will be the first to put this good hint into practice? When patented, we speak for half the proceeds as a compensation for this suggestion." A Mr. Hoyt, of Indiana, has anticipated the hint, and actually describes, in the *Scientific American*, his "Steam Harmonicon." In concluding his description, he says: "It is my candid opinion that the Western boys will yet hear 'Old Dan Tucker,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' &c., played on the Western waters, by steam, at a distance of ten miles." What grand times are coming for you, musical amateurs! times, when all the navigable rivers and highways of the nation shall resound with marches; when waltzes shall whirl ten miles around among the mountains and valleys, and "Yankee Doodle" be whistled from town to town, on Independence Day. All this may seem to be mere joke; jocular as it seems, it may be a reality in two or three years.

PRESERVATION OF THE OLD WORLD.—Pompeii and Herculaneum continue to yield their testimonies of ancient life; Mariette has discovered, and is exploring Memphis; English and French explorations have brought to light, at Nineveh, the grandeur and much of the history and social life of Assyria. Meanwhile Babylon, "the great Babylon" itself, unavails itself to the gaze of our century. The French government, two or three years ago, sent three gentlemen to make scientific and artistic researches in Media, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia. One of them, M. Jules Oppert, has returned to Paris, and it appears from his report that he and his colleagues thought it advisable to begin by confining themselves to the exploration of ancient Babylon. This task was one of immense difficulty, and it was enhanced by the excessive heat of the sun, by privations of all kinds, and by the incessant hostility of the Arabs. After a while M. Oppert's two colleagues fell ill, so that all the labors of the expedition devolved on him. He first of all made excavations of the ruins of the famous suspended gardens of Babylon, which are now known by the name of the Hall of Amran-ibn-Ali; and he obtained in them a number of curious architectural and other objects, which are destined to be placed in the Louvre at Paris. He next, in obedience to the special orders of his government, took measures for ascertaining the precise extent of Babylon,—a matter which the reader is aware has always been open to controversy. He has succeeded in making a series of minute surveys, and in drawing up detailed plans of the immense city. His opinion is, that even the largest calculations as to its vast extent are not exaggerated; and he puts down that extent at the astounding figure of 500 square kilometres, French measure, (the square kilometre is 1196 square yards.) This is very nearly eighteen times the size of Paris. But of course he does not say that this enormous area was occupied, or anything like it; it comprised, within the walls, huge tracts of cultivated lands, and gardens for supplying the population with food in the event of a siege. M. Oppert has discovered the Babylonian and Assyrian measures, and by means of them has ascertained exactly what part of the city was inhabited, and what part was in fields and gardens. On the limits of the town, properly so called, stands at present the flourishing town of Hillah. This town, situated on the banks of the Euphrates, is built with bricks from the ruins, and many of the household utensils and personal ornaments of its inhabitants are taken from them also. Beyond this town is the vast fortress, strengthened by Nebuchadnezzar, and in the midst of it is the royal palace—itself almost as large as a town. M. Oppert says that he was also able to distinguish the ruins of the famous Tower of Babel—they are most imposing, and stand on a site formerly called Borsippa, or the Tower of Languages. The royal town, situated on the two banks of the Euphrates, covers a space of nearly seven square kilometres, and contains most interesting ruins. Among them are those of the royal palace, the fortress, and the suspended gardens. In the collection of curiosities which M. Oppert has brought away with him is a vase. It dates from the time of one of the

Chaldean sovereigns named Narambel, that is, somewhere about one thousand six hundred years before Christ; also a number of copies of cuneiform inscriptions, which he has every reason to believe that he will be able to decipher.

The following notes have been recently taken from the records of the old church in Andover, Massachusetts:—

"January 17, 1712. Voted (under protest) yt those persons who have pews sit with their wives."

"Nov. 10th, 1713. Granted to Richard Barker four shillings, for his extraordinary trouble in swiping our Meeting House ye past year."

"March 17th, 1766. Voted, that all the English women in the parish, who marry or associate with negro or mulatto men, be seated in the Meeting House with the negro women."

"In 1759 it was voted, amid much opposition, to procure a bass viol."

In former times it was customary for the Indians to attack a village on a Sunday, when they thought the men would be in church, and unprepared to receive them. The savages having been successful on several occasions, it became a necessary precaution for all the males to go armed, and have sittings near the door of a pew, to be enabled on the first alarm to leave the place where they were congregated, and repel the attack of their enemies. The custom of the male members of the family occupying the first sittings in a pew, is supposed to have originated in this manner.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE"—WHO WROTE IT?—D'Israeli, in his ever-charming "Curiosities of Literature," expresses boldly the opinion that "no one had, or perhaps could have converted the history of Selkirk into the wonderful story we possess but De Foe himself." So have we all been accustomed to believe, from those careless, happy days of boyhood, when we pored intently over the entrancing pages of "Robinson Crusoe," and wished that we also could have a desert island, a summer bower, and a winter-cave retreat, as well as he. But there is, alas! some slight ground at least for believing that De Foe *did not write* that immortal tale, or, at all events, the better portion of it, viz., the first part or volume of the work. In Sir H. Ellis's "Letters of Eminent Literary Men," (Cauden Soc. Pub. 1843, vol. xxiii.) p. 420, Letter cxxxiv, is from "Daniel De Foe to the Earl of Halifax, engaging himself to his lordship as a political writer." In a note by the editor a curious anecdote is given, quoted from "a volume of Memoranda in the handwriting of Thomas Warton, poet-laureate, preserved in the British Museum," in relation to the actual authorship of the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." The extract is as follows:—

"Mem. July 10, 1774. In the year 1759, I was told by the Rev. Mr. Holloway, rector of Middleton, Stoney, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years old, and in the early part of his life chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, while prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the History of Robinson Crusoe, merely as an amusement under confinement; and gave it to Daniel De Foe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower, and was one of his pamphlet writers; that De Foe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its extraordinary suc-

cess, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway also told me, from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated some parts of the manuscript to De Foe. Mr. Holloway (Warton adds) was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not val of telling anecdotes very learned, particularly a good orientalist, author of some theological tracts, bred at Eton school, and a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge. . . . He used to say that 'Robinson Crusoe' at its first publication, and for some time afterward, was universally received and credited as a genuine history. A fictitious narrative of this sort was then a new thing."

Besides, it may be added, the *real* and somewhat similar circumstances of Alexander Selkirk's solitary abode of four years and four months on the island of Juan Fernandez, had, only a few years previously, been the subject of general conversation, and had therefore prepared the public mind for the possibility, if not the probability, of such adventures.

**FILLIBUSTERISM.**—An English periodical asks: Is this word *fillibusterism* of English or American formation? If it be derived from the French *flibustier*, (freebooter,) would it not be more correct to say *flibusterism*?

KINGSLEY, the author, is described, by a London correspondent of the  *Tribune*, as addicted to the most athletic exercises, and even to the field-sports of "Merry Old England," and as "very unlike clergymen generally." "He is," says the writer, "tall, loose-limbed, and somewhat sportsmanlike in make. He is as strong in the leg and arm as he is in the head, and could ride or wrestle with most. His forehead is nobly-looking, and somewhat round; his hair is brown and straight. His head and face are a study of expression, and may be divided into three sections, each peculiarly representative. The forehead is finely intellectual; the eyes and middle portion of the face represent the affections; the mouth and chin give you the animal passions. I know not which has the preminence—they are all intensely vivid. The face has a severe expression, and many harsh lines are pulled all sorts of ways. I never saw Kingsley smile. He always wears a look of grim earnestness. Whether preaching, or talking, or playing with his children, he is always intent. But his eyes are very noticeable; not 'noticeable large gray eyes,' but soft gray. I mean soft in color, not in expression, for that seems of a far-away kind. They are mystical, like those of a man accustomed to look within, or rapt to a life beyond the moment; and while looking on every-day realities, they always preserve their remoteness. His earnestness of manner seems to extend to his feet, for he cannot stand still. He is as restless as those sea-animals out of their element which one sees at the Zoological Gardens, that wander round and round their prison unceasingly, as though they carried the motion of the sea with them. When in conversation, he will keep walking backward and forward all the time, like a thing of perpetual motion, stuttering as he talks, like another Charles Lamb, only more in earnest. The sea of life within him is seldom at rest; standing or sitting, it is forever billowy, and he sways to its motion. Fancy this figure standing against a wall, with hands locked behind, singing that song of his: 'The day of the Lord is

at hand,' and swaying his body to and fro, the eyes closed, the eyelids trembling with emotion, and you have the most striking idea that I can give you of Charles Kingsley and his Hebrew-prophet-like intensity of look, and manner, and personal bearing.

**MANUFACTURE OF SERMONS.**—The English Bookseller's *Intelligencer* says that very few genuine sermons, written to be preached by the writer, written for a particular object, come into the market now-a-days. They are manufactured in many ways. A clergyman who is unoccupied, doing no duty, gets acquainted with one of the dealers in MS. sermons. He is immediately set to work writing sermons, which are as soon set in lithographing. Sometimes these sermons are written by laymen, and sometimes they are cooked up out of other books, if not entirely copied. But those persons who are, or have been, in the business some time, have in general accumulated such stocks that they never think of getting any made. The only way they replenish their stock after copying and multiplying, is, by buying a lot, at a few pence each, of some clergyman's widow. A lot of two or three hundred comes as an immense addition, giving variety, introducing new texts, &c. It is a curious thing that all the MS. sermons sold are Evangelical or Low Church. "No sermon of High-Church principles will go down at all, nor will any dealer buy such." One reason why the sermon trade has so increased of late years is, the greater number of ordinations; for the principal sale of MS. sermons is to young clergymen. The principal sale, not the entire; for many clergymen of long standing also constantly use them."

**THE CROWN OF ENGLAND** is a costly "bauble," bedazzled with value enough to found three or four public charities, or a half-dozen moderate colleges. There are twenty diamonds round the circle, worth \$7,500 each, making \$150,000; two large center diamonds, \$10,000 each, making \$20,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, \$500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, \$60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, \$20,000; twelve diamonds contained in fleur-de-lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls, diamonds, &c., upon the arches and crosses, \$50,000; also one hundred and forty-one small diamonds, \$25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, \$15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim, \$15,000. Cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal, \$559,500.

**ANTIPATHIES** are as various as they are unaccountable, and often in appearance ridiculous. Yet who can control them, or reason himself into conviction that they are absurd? They are, in truth, natural infirmities or peculiarities, and not fantastical imaginings. In the French "Ana," we find mention of a lady who would faint on seeing boiled lobsters; and certain courtiers are named who experienced the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the odor of jessquils and hyacinths. Another is recorded who invariably fell into convulsions at the sight of a

carp. Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish of any kind that the smell alone threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré mentions a patient of his who could never look on an eel without falling into a fit. Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono could neither of them drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Udalas, king of Poland, fell sick if he saw an apple; and if that fruit was exhibited to Chesne, secretary to Francis I., a prodigious quantity of blood would issue from his nose. Henry III., of France, could not endure to sit in a room with a cat, and the Duke of Schemberg ran out of any chamber into which one entered. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose even if he heard the mewing of the obnoxious animal, no matter at how great a distance. M. de L'Ancre, in his "Tableau de l'Inconstance de toutes choses," gives an account of a very sensible man, who was so terrified on seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal. In the same book we find an account of an officer of distinguished bravery who never dared to face a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de L'Ancre says, he knew the individual perfectly well. There are some persons who cannot bear to see spiders, and others who eat them as a luxury, as they do snails and frogs. M. Vangheim, a celebrated huntsman in Hanover, would faint outright, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roast pig. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to external reverence, that if any one saluted him, he would involuntarily fall down. Valerius Maximus says that this Chrysippus died of laughing at seeing an ass eat figs out of a silver plate. John Rol, a gentleman of Alecantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of wool.

DE QUINCEY.—A reviewer of De Quincey, in the last *London Eclectic*, describes him as a very slow and laborious writer. The critique says:

"We have seen his MS. again and again, and we never saw writing so frequently *interlined*. Almost every word had its double-ganger, or duplicate, above it. He is, in fact, the most fastidious and laborious of writers, although he makes his art conceal his art, and his labor his labor. It is partly owing to this, and partly to his advanced age and numerous infirmities, that the volumes of this admirable edition have been progressing so slowly, and at such uncertain intervals of time."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—Lamartine says of Sieyes: "He thought much, he spoke little . . . even silence was one of his charms. To speak little in public assemblies is with some men to speak effectually."

COLERIDGE AN EXTEMPOORIZER.—We all know Coleridge's extemporaneous eloquence in conversation. He was similarly if not equally apt at extemporaneous public speaking. Mr. Collier, who heard his lectures on Shakespeare, has recently discovered his own lost "notes" of those discourses, and is about to publish them. In a public reference to them Mr. Collier remarks that for Coleridge's third lecture, and indeed for the remainder of the series, he made

no preparation, and was liked better than ever, and vociferously and heartily cheered. The reason was obvious; for what came from the heart of the speaker went warm to the heart of the hearer; and though the illustrations might not be so good, yet being extemporaneous, and often from objects immediately before his eyes, they made more impression, and seemed to have more aptitude.

In the first edition of *Coleridge's Literary Remains* is a letter from him to Mr. Britton, in which he thus indirectly corroborates Mr. Collier's description of the delivery of his thoughts at his lectures:—

"The day of the lecture, till the hour of commencement," Mr. Coleridge says, "I devote to the consideration, What of the mass before me is best fitted to answer the purposes of a lecture? that is, to keep the audience awake and interested during the delivery, and to leave a sting behind; that is, a disposition to study the subject anew, under the light of a new principle. Several times, however, partly from apprehension respecting my health and animal spirits, partly from my wish to possess copies that might afterward be marketable among the publishers, I have previously written the lecture; but before I had proceeded twenty minutes I have been obliged to push the MS. away, and give the subject a new turn. Nay, this was so notorious, that many of my auditors used to threaten me, when they saw any number of written papers on my desk, to steal them away, declaring they never felt so secure of a good lecture as when they perceived that I had not a single scrap of writing before me. I take far, far more pains than would go to the set composition of a lecture, both by varied reading and by meditation; but for the words, illustrations, &c., I know almost as little as any one of the audience (that is, those of anything like the same education with myself) what they will be five minutes before the lecture begins. Such is my way, for such is my nature; and in attempting any other I should only torment myself in order to disappoint my auditors—torment myself during the delivery, I mean; for in all other respects it would be a much shorter and easier task to deliver them in writing."

REPUBLICS.—It is remarkable, says a correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, that the only governments of the world which have an excess of receipts over their expenditures are republics—the United States and Switzerland.

COST OF WAR.—Mr. Corwin estimates the cost of the Mexican War at nearly \$300,000,000. From 1816 to 1834, eighteen years of peace, our national expenses amounted to \$464,000,000, of which nearly \$400,000,000, or about six-sevenths of the whole, were for war purposes. It is estimated that the support of her war system is costing Europe in time of peace \$1,000,000,000 a year, besides the interest in her war debts, which amount to \$10,000,000,000. For twenty years, from 1797, England spent for war purposes alone more than \$1,000,000 every day. The wars of all Europe from 1783 to 1815 cost \$15,000,000,000—enough to cover the world with the means and institutions of civilization.

A GREAT FACT!—At a recent meeting of the London Ragged Schools, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire said they could tell them, from their experience of the city prisons, that since the establishment of ragged schools, juvenile crime had diminished fifty per cent. This is a great fact, and cannot be too extensively known as a most powerful argument in support of such institutions.

## OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The Book Business—Advertising—Jewett & Co.—Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Ida May—Recent Books—Wayland—Epes Sargent—Plurality of Worlds—Medicine—Goldsmith—Theology—Universalist College—Colonial History—Items.

You would hardly recognize the establishments of several of your old friends among the booksellers in the elegant new rooms which they have provided for their extended trade. The sponsors of Uncle Tom and the Lamplighter—Jewett & Co.—crowd the sides of one of the largest stores upon Washington-street with their books, and present as inviting a resort for those in pursuit of literary treasures as can be found in the nation. This firm has the honor of inaugurating a new order of things in the book-trade. From the sale of a few editions of even a popular work, by a system of vigorous advertising, they have brought up the distribution of their most "taking" volumes to the unprecedented number of eighty and one hundred thousand copies.

Other members of the trade are seizing the same ready facility for arresting the eye of the public, and awakening its curiosity. The patronage of the book-trade is becoming exceedingly valuable to the daily and weekly press. The immense letters, followed up and supported by descriptive notices and enigmatic phrases from editorial pens, the current literature of the day assaults the eye as you open almost any secular and religious print, and charms well nigh irresistibly for a hearing. There is danger of ruining this matter "under ground." Advertisements are becoming too fulsome, and promise more to the eye than is fulfilled in the reading; still it is well to grant the author an ample opportunity of securing such an audience as he may fitly instruct. I have heard it whispered that the numerous valuable works bearing the same imprint with this magazine, if they could be announced as widely as their less deserving competitors, would enjoy a general popularity, and accomplish an inefinable amount of good. The business that will not advertise in this age must perish.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. have entered their spacious granite store on Winter-street, and exhaust its utmost capacity in bestowment of their numerous publications. It is marvelous to learn the number of volumes circulated by this enterprising firm, especially of their cheap historical series, and of their editions of the poets. Lingard, Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, at a price that would hardly seem adequate to meet the expenses of publication, are issued by thousands from their rooms, and evidently all leave their toll behind, to build up this great book-mart. These publishers have just struck a golden vein again in the new work which they have issued, "Ida May" written by the wife of a lawyer now resident at the North, but formerly at the South, and evidently personally familiar with the institution which forms the basis of her volume. It is a sad book; it does not excite the smiles of Uncle Tom, neither does it bestow the relief of tears, like its powerful predecessor. It brings a weight like a night-mare upon the spirits; and while it is generous toward the South, it levels a terrible blow against its peculiar institution. The book has already been widely read, six thousand copies having been ordered before the first edition was distributed among the trade.

The same firm have issued the second edition of Dr. Wayland's "Intellectual Philosophy," the volume fully justifying the raised expectations of students. It is comprehensively logical in its arrangement, and eminently practical in its illustrations. Epes Sargent's new First-Class Reading-Book is rapidly securing its deserved rank in our higher schools, and promises to supersede all others among the mature classes. Mr. Sargent is now editing a volume, to be published in the same style as his edition of Rogers, containing the poems of Collins, Goldsmith, and Beattie. This will be followed by an edition of Hood. For beauty and cheapness, this edition of the British Poets is unparalleled.

The author of "Plurality of Worlds," published by Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, has issued an answer to the various reviews of his theory, which is published in the new edition of this most original and powerful speculation.

One cannot fail to be struck with the change that is passing over the practice of medicine. The heroic age of blisters, bleeding, and powerful doses, is fast passing away, and what is styled the *expedited* practice is taking its place. This consists in a careful watching of the process of nature, affording aid only when absolutely

called for, and administering but very little medicine. Dr. Bigelow has issued through the press of Ticknor & Fields a volume styled "Nature in Disease," consisting of several lectures before classes of medical students, and full of valuable suggestions to every intelligent reader. While it may convey distrust in many medical specifics, it will convey important information in reference to the most ordinary forms of disease, and the hygienic measures which may be used to guard against or modify them.

An unpublished poem of Goldsmith has been found in the hand-writing of the poet, and has just been published in Murray's splendid edition of Goldsmith's Works. It will appear in Sargent's forthcoming volume of the Poems of Collins, Goldsmith, and Beattie. The denominational societies are renewing their vigor in the circulation of religious works, especially setting forth the doctrines and discipline of their ecclesiastical orders. The doctrinal Tract Society, established in this city, under the direction of the Orthodox Congregationalists, is engaged in reproducing the works of the Puritan Divines, and in securing their general distribution. They are offered for sale at about the cost of publication, and collections are also taken in the Churches for their gratuitous distribution. Following these evangelical precedents, an association has been established among the Unitarians, and the able secretary, Dr. Mills, is engaged in securing a permanent fund of \$5,000 to be used as a capital for the publication and distribution of denominational literature. The scheme seems to be very popular, and the fund grows continually toward its completion. Quite a large number of volumes have already been published.

A new educational institution—I believe the only denominational establishment belonging to the Universalists—has just gone into operation in an imposing college building, lately erected upon an elevation north of Charlestown, and overlooking the whole vicinity of our city. Its faculty is composed of the following gentlemen:—Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, D. D., President, Professor of History, Ancient and Modern Geography, Natural and Revealed Religion; William P. Drew, B. A., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages; John P. Marshall, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences; Benjamin F. Tweed, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric, Logic, and Elocution; Enoch C. Rolfe, M. D., Professor of Hygiene and Physiology.

An interesting *memoriam* of colonial history has just been published by Gould & Lincoln, from the pen of J. Wingate Thornton, Esq., entitled "The Landing at Cape Ann; or, the Charter of the First Permanent Colony on the Territory of the Massachusetts Company." Historians have hitherto bestowed upon Salem the honor of being the birthplace of Massachusetts; but if this interesting chronicle is reliable, of which there seems to be no doubt, this honor belongs to Cape Ann under Governor Endecott. The Colonial Charter under which Governor Endecott acted at Salem, bears the date of 1628; while the Charter borne by Comant to Cape Ann is dated in 1624.

A young gentleman of Cambridge, Mr. William Winter, who has contributed numerous poetical productions to the columns of the daily press for the past two years, has a volume of his collected poems in press, to be published at an early date.

From the "Conflict of Ages," Dr. Edward Beecher has turned his powerful pen to the struggle of the times. He is lately from the press in the form of a stout duodecimo, entitled "The Papal Conspiracy Exposed, and Protestantism Defended, in the Light of Reason, History, and Scripture." Stearns & Co. issue this work, and it may readily be believed to be a work of marked interest. It is a powerful argument, fortified by documents, secured by the most pains-taking diligence.

Jewett & Co. announce "Life-Scenes of the Messiah," by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, finely illustrated, and "William Wells Brown's book, "The American Fugitive in Europe," said to be a work of interest. They have just issued a beautiful volume, called "The Mothers of the Bible," by Mrs. S. G. Ashton, with an introduction, by Rev. A. L. Stone.

Mr. Gleason, the well-known publisher of the *Pictorial*, having realized a large fortune, has retired from its publication. It has been purchased, with all its immunities, for the round sum of \$200,000 by M. M. Ballou, who has been from the first its editor. The new publisher enters upon his work with vigor, and promises radical improvements in the forthcoming volumes.

It is reported that the great importing and publish-

ing house of Little, Brown, & Co., is to leave the present rooms upon Washington-street, and to occupy a large building upon Tremont-street. They are still engaged in the simultaneous publication of library editions of English prose and poetical writers, and in the production of the great American series of British Poets, after the style of the English Aldine edition.

Mr. Thomas Bulfinch, of this city, is now bringing through the press of B. B. Mussey & Co. a volume, entitled "Stories of Mythology," in which he seeks to give unlearned readers a clear idea of the mythologic legends, to which constant allusion is made by poets, sculptors, and orators.

In a most eloquent discourse upon Granville Sharp, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at its opening, by Hon. Charles Sumner, the orator alluded to the origin of the common Latin quotation, *natu justitia, ruit custum*—"let justice be done, though the heavens fall." He remarks that though of classical stamp, it could not be traced to any classical source, and is supposed to have been coined by Lord Mansfield on the interesting occasion that called it forth. It was at the trial of an African fugitive slave, who was arrested in the neighborhood of London, where he had been residing some time. Granville Sharp, who had already become conspicuous for his anti-slavery principles, came to the rescue of the fugitive, and under the writ of *Habeas Corpus* brought the case before the King's Bench on the 29th of February, 1772, Lord Mansfield being at the time Chief Justice. The whole defense was based upon the principle that the British Constitution did not admit of property in man. The timid Chief Justice sought to escape the issue, but the determined philanthropist held him to the simple decision upon this point, and the well-known result, drawn from reluctant lips, was, "If the parties will have judgment, *natu justitia, ruit custum*—let justice be done, whatever be the consequences." He declared that, "treating slavery to natural principles, it can never be supported; that slavery cannot stand on any reason, moral or political, but only by virtue of positive law; and that in a matter so odious, the evidence and authority of this law must be taken strictly. No such law could be shown in England; he therefore concluded, let the negro be discharged."

The munificent bequest of the late Samuel Appleton has at length been confirmed by the action of the trustees of his will. They have distributed the generous sum of two hundred and ten thousand dollars in the

following manner, following in the arrangement what they knew, or believed to be, the wishes of the noble donor:—

To Harvard College, for the erection of a Chapel, stocks valued at.....	\$50,000
The Boston Athenaeum.....	25,000
The New Ipswich Appleton Academy.....	20,000
The Sailor's Snug Harbor in Boston.....	20,000
Dartmouth College, to complete the Appleton Professorship of Natural Philosophy.....	15,000
Amherst College, for a Zoological Cabinet.....	10,000
The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, as a fund for publication of their transactions.....	10,000
The Massachusetts Historical Society, as a publishing fund.....	10,000
The Industrial School for Girls, located at Winchester.....	10,000
The Massachusetts General Hospital, as an addition to the Appleton fund at the M'Lean Asylum for the Insane.....	10,000
The Trustees of donations for Education in Liberia.....	10,000
The Lawrence University of Appleton, in Wisconsin.....	10,000
The New-England School of Design for Females.....	10,000
Total.....	\$210,000

Few public libraries are patronized to the extent of our City Institution, now entering upon the second year of its history. It numbers sixteen thousand volumes, and increases at the rate of six thousand annually.

Seven thousand persons have entered their names to enjoy its privileges, and from sixty to seventy thousand volumes are taken annually from its shelves to be read at home. Only fifteen volumes are found to be missing at the close of the year. A reading-room, containing the best periodical literature of the country, is connected with the library; and its advantages are highly appreciated by a large company of readers. The only lack is a suitable building; and this want, we trust, will be supplied at an early date. The last plan that has been discussed, is to have the new fire-proof structure erected in the public garden, which will be both an eligible and a central site. Before the close of another year such a building will, doubtless, be rising in elegant proportions from its foundations.

## Book Notices.

We have a formidable mass of books on our table, and very little space for the discussion of their merits. The *Literary Letter from Boston* and *Literary Record* must suffice for our "bookish" readers the present month. We quoted in our editorial notes of last month, from the "Autobiography of Jay" of Bath. It is a most readable production. The *Carters* of this city have issued it in two volumes, and, we need hardly say, in the neatest style. We have so repeatedly referred to Redfield's fine serial edition of *Simms's Works*, characterizing them in general, that we need not comment on the issues in particular as they appear. The last one is *Southward Ho!* in the usual substantial style of this well-known house. Clark, Austin & Smith, New-York, have published a school edition of Mrs. Cutler's *Human and Comparative Anatomy*. It is brief, almost a skeleton of the subject, but carefully prepared, and its one hundred engravings teach as much as the text. Dr. Paley's *Evidences* maintain an unimpaired preéminence among the standard defences of our faith. We are happy to announce that the *Messrs. Carter* have sent out a new edition of this able work,

with notes and additions by C. M. Nairne. The editor's improvements increase much its adaptability as a text-book, for which use Chalmers considered it the best work of its class. The "Juveniles" still abound. *Carter* sends us a charming little embellished volume entitled *Tender Grass; or, Little Lamb*; it is for the very toddlers of the household, and the very article for them if any book at all is—a question, by the way, for two classes, mothers and philosophers. *Carlton & Phillips* have issued *Three Days on the Ohio River; Recollections and Rambles in the South; Two Fortunes; The Prodigal; Stories from the History of Mexico; Stories of England*, 2 vols.—all edited by Dr. Kidder, a guarantee of their excellence; their illustrations are especially commendable. *Pictorial Gatherings* is an unusually fine volume from the same house—the cuts constitute its chief value—they may challenge comparison with any wood-engravings of the country.

S. P. Andrews, Esq., some few years ago read before the New-York Historical Society a paper on the Chinese language, which was reported in the public prints, and produced no little sen-

sation in the learned circles, as it pretended to some important and original discoveries in the structure of that notable language. After much delay he has given his views to the public in a fuller and more precise form, through a small volume, which is published by *Norton, New-York*. It is entitled *Discoveries in Chinese, &c.* We have read this little volume with deep interest. Mr. Andrews's positions are irrefutably established, we think, and the process of his proofs, as here detailed, is an outline of reasoning as beautiful as it is conclusive. He demonstrates the pictorial symbolism of the Chinese characters, and traces the evidence of the fact through selected words with such cumulative force as leaves no possibility of a doubt. We are happy to learn that this is but an example of more extensive researches in the analysis of the root-words of ancient and modern languages, which Mr. Andrews will hereafter present to the learned world, and which, we doubt not, will have, as he hopes, "an important influence on all subsequent philological views and methods of investigation."

*The Immigrant* is the title of a neat little volume issued by *W. J. Moore, Auburn*, and is from the pen of Rev. W. Cochran. It is an allegory, or "Christians versus the World," and shows much ingenuity in the contrivance of its plan, and much skill in the portraiture of its characters.

Bayard Taylor's *Journey to Central Africa* has met with a hearty reception both in this country and England. It takes in a large field of research which is quite new to American readers at least—the negro kingdoms of the White Nile—and even in the familiar route of Egyptian travel his descriptions have the interest of freshness, if not of novelty. He has not the

humor of Stephens, nor the rhapsody of Curtis; but a well-tempered mixture of good sense and good feeling, of accurate observation and poetical idealism. It is one of the most entertaining books of travel ever given to the American public. We regret, however, some seeming tendencies to new opinions on the unity of the race, and other subjects, which will not add to the attractions of the volume in the estimation of most American readers. *Putnam, New-York*.

A work of no ordinary importance, not merely to theological but to common readers, has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*, entitled *Christ and Christianity*. It is a vindication of the Christian system, founded upon the historical truthfulness of Christ's personal history, and therefore meets the chief difficulty of the Straussians and Tübingen doubters. Its author, Rev. Dr. Alexander, is well known in England for the ability with which he has grappled with this class of critics in the Review literature of the day. The present volume should be read by every man who has difficulties on the question it discusses.

Among the most interesting issues of the press of *Moore, Carter*, during the season, is Newman Hall's record of a tour to Rome, entitled *The Land of the Forum and the Vatican*. The author is well known by some richly evangelical volumes, given to the public within the last five years. His present work presents the usual sketches of scenery and manners, and some excellent observations on art; but it is peculiar for its evangelical appreciation of those objects of curiosity or art which usually receive only the criticism of taste or learning. The religious traveler could hardly have a better hand-book in Italy.

## Literary Record.

APPLETON & CO., New-York, have issued a catalogue of works on sale at their elegant house on Broadway. It is unusually interesting for the variety of literary information which it embodies. There are more than eight thousand works now in it, upward of fifteen hundred of which are American. The most salable English author at this house is Shakespeare, then Byron, and Moore the third. Of American authors: essayists, Irving; historians, Bancroft; poets, Bryant. The greatest number of any American work sold by the Appletons is "Benton's Thirty Years," of which upward of fifty thousand were sold before publication. The greatest number sold of any fine imported work is the Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley Novels*, in 12 vols., \$50; which has exceeded eight hundred copies, making nine thousand six hundred volumes. The greatest number of copies of an English juvenile imported is ten thousand. It is entitled "The Picture Pleasure-Book," of which seven thousand copies were sold in one season. Two very interesting and beautiful volumes in the collection are the "Songs of Shakespeare,"

and the "Parables of our Lord," the whole contents of which are engraved. Some idea may be formed of the growing desire for geographical knowledge from the fact that over five thousand copies of "Appletons' Modern Atlas," and one thousand five hundred copies of "Black's Atlas," besides many hundred copies of other good atlases, have been sold. The most salable theological works are "Trench on the Parables" and "Trench on the Miracles," 2 volumes.

The Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, under the Principalship of Rev. Dr. Raymond, shows a state of prosperity. Its number of students, according to the last catalogue, is six hundred and thirty-eight.

*Norton's Gazette* says:—Miller, Orton & Muligan, of Auburn, have published fourteen books whose aggregate sales amount to 376,000 copies. Jewett & Co., Boston, have printed and sold 310,000 copies of "Uncle Tom," and 71,000 of the "Lamplighter." Phillips, Sampson & Co., have published the tenth thousand of "This, That, and the Other." The sales of

"Bayard Taylor's Central Africa" amount to about 12,000 copies. These sales have, doubtless, been much augmented since the estimates were made. The publishers are famous advertisers—that is the chief secret.

The announcements of the English literary press are numerous and interesting. Among them are the following:—

Mr. Cyrus Redding, following the example of Jerdan & Patmore, is about to gratify the lovers of gossip with some anecdotes of a career in literature, commencing with the days of Peter Pindar, and associated with the best days of Glasgow's greatest son, Tom Campbell.

"Lady Blessington's Life and Correspondence," in the press, is expected to include Count d'Orsay's Journal, so much admired by Byron thirty years ago.

Mr. Torrens McCulloch is said to contemplate a *Life of Shiel*.

Mary Howitt is engaged in writing a popular History of America, intended to make the reading class of English artisans better acquainted with the History of the United States than they have hitherto been.

Charles Lever announces a new serial.

It is said that Dickens's plan in his new work is to complete it wholly before publication. This will give a unity to this production which is quite foreign to many of his former works.

The "Atheneum" announces that Mr. Cole has become possessed of a number of Cowper MSS. of great interest—including nine unpublished letters of the poet—three written by his brother John, three by Dr. Cotton, thirteen by Lady Hesketh, two by Mary Unwin, several by Joseph Hill, Mrs. Hill, Ashley Cowper, General Cowper, Lady Croft, Lady Austen, Dr. John Johnson, Samuel Rose, Bishop Madan, Jekyll, Charles Chester, and others, together with a MS. catalogue of the poet's library, taken after his death.

The Iowa Conference Seminary (Mount Vernon, Iowa) reports one hundred and sixty-one students. It is young, but promising. It is under the principaship of Rev. S. M. Fellows.

Our "Boston Letter" for the month refers to the *Congregational Board of Publication*. We find in *Norton's Literary Gazette* some interesting items respecting its publications. On its list are the Works of John Robinson, Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, with a Memoir of that remarkable man, in three vols.; the Works of Samuel Hopkins, D. D., known as the father of the "Hopkinson System," in three vols.; the Works of Joseph Bellamy, D. D., in two vols.; the Works of Dr. Jonathan Edwards, son of President Edwards, in two vols.; the Works of Thomas Shepard, Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, in three vols., (another volume is to be added); the Works of Leonard Woods, D. D., late Professor of Theology at Andover, in five vols.; the "Park-street Lectures," by E. D. Griffin, D. D., a work famous in its day; several works by Dr. Gardiner Spring; and the Life and Times of John Penry, an early Pilgrim Martyr. There are several other works on the list of this Society, and also some forty-five "Doctrinal Tracts." The low prices at which these publications are sold is truly remarkable. The

Works of Hopkins, in three large octavo volumes, are put down at \$5; those of Bellamy, in two large octavos, at \$3 50; those of Robinson, three vols. 12mo., at \$3 50; and those of Shepard, three vols. 12mo., \$3. Both the list and prices are such as must attract the attention of the religious public.

The Newbury Seminary and Collegiate Institute (Vermont) has an effective faculty, headed by H. S. Noyes, and five hundred and twenty-one students.

The library of the late *Cardinal Mai*, valued at \$80,000, will soon be disposed of at public auction. It was offered to the Pontifical government for half this sum, according to the terms of the late owner's will, but the purchase was not made for want of funds. Cardinal Mai was the Librarian of the Vatican, in which he discovered some palimpsests, containing the lost portions of Cicero's famous "Treatise on the Commonwealth," which he deciphered by his great skill and continued application.

The Albion Collegiate Institute and Seminary, (Michigan) under the presidency of Hon. J. Mayhew, have a strong faculty, and report five hundred and fourteen students for the past collegiate year.

We learn from the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* that a liberal Methodist in Charleston, South Carolina, has given \$50,000 as the nucleus of a fund for the liberal education of young men called of God to the work of the ministry, and who are unable to accomplish an education without assistance. The fund is to be administered by the Trustees of Woodford College, under the supervision of the South Carolina Conference. The President of this College is Dr. Wightman.

The Fort Wayne (Indiana) Collegiate Institute, under the presidency of Rev. S. Brenton, reports two hundred and fifty-six students. It has an efficient faculty.

A literary discovery of some interest is announced from Paris—that of the greater part of the manuscripts of the celebrated *Madame de Maintenon*, widow of the burlesque poet Scarron, and wife, by a secret marriage, of Louis XIV. What has been found is entitled "Letter on the Education of Girls," and "Conversations on Education." The two treatises are said to be remarkably well written, and to contain much shrewd observation. All that has heretofore been known of the original productions of Madame de Maintenon's pen is what has been published by La Beaumelle, but that he has taken the liberty of altering. It is M. Lavallée, author of the "History of the French," who has brought the new papers to light.

Professor Zahn, who has passed not fewer than fifteen years in investigating the ruins of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, is preparing for publication, at Berlin, the twenty-seventh and last part of his great work on the monuments discovered in those towns. The work is one of the most expensive ever published in Germany, each copy costing 300 thalers, (about \$230.) The illustrations are colored by a process invented by M. Zahn himself.

## Arts and Sciences.

AT a meeting of the *Natural History Society* at Boston, Prof. Wyman remarked that it had probably been frequently noticed by members of the Society, that the *common house fly* may be frequently seen hanging dead from the ceiling, or attached to any surface on which it may be lying, by a filamentous white substance; and that a white powder, in greater or less quantity, is frequently seen dotted over the neighboring surface. On examining this substance, he had found the insect to have fallen a victim to a parasitic plant growing upon its surface. The white powder proved to be the spores of the parasite. The whole interior of the fly was found to be filled with a similar plant, and probably, from the different way in which it develops itself, of a different species from that on the surface. The internal parasite starts from a spore and grows by elongation from one or both sides of a sphere, this latter remaining in the middle or at one end.

The number of *paper-waifs* in the United States is 750, with 3,000 engines, and a daily product of 900,000 pounds, or 270,000,000 a year, of the value of \$27,000,000. Rags to the amount of 405,000,000 pounds are consumed: value, at four cents, \$16,000,000. The cost of labor is \$3,375,000. A reward of £1,000 is offered by a London newspaper for the discovery of some substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. Who will gain it?

*Antiquity of the Olives of Gethsemane.*—In Turkey, every olive-tree which was found standing by the Moslems when they conquered Asia pays a tax of one medina to the treasury, while each of those planted since the conquest pays half its produce; now, the eight olive-trees of Gethsemane pay only eight medina. Dr. Wild describes the largest as at twenty-four feet in girth above the root, though its topmost branch is not above thirty feet from the ground. M. Bove, who traveled as a naturalist, asserts that the largest are at least six yards in circumference, and nine or ten yards high—so large, indeed, that he calculates their age at two thousand years.

The German *Kunstblatt* speaks highly of a "Taking down from the Cross," by Oscar Begas, exhibited at the Berlin exhibition. The painter is a pensioner of the Academy of that city, and now at Rome. The chief originality of the picture seems to be, that instead of turning the whole into an athletic display, and a study of flesh and muscle, as some of the old masters have done, the artist has kept down these mere adjuncts, and thrown the psychological interest where it should be, on the grief and tenderness of John and the Virgin-Mother.

At a late session of the American Pomological Society, the President submitted the report of a committee appointed at the session of 1852, to consider the subject of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the late A. J. Downing, stating that a fund of \$1,600 had been subscribed for that purpose by gentlemen in Philadelphia, New-York, Boston, Roches-

ter, Newburgh, Buffalo, and other places. It is designed to erect the monument in the public grounds at Washington, which Mr. D. did so much to adorn.

A monument has been erected at the grave of *Mrs. F. Osgood*, in Mount Auburn Cemetery. It is about fifteen feet in height. Surmounting the white marble pedestal is a lyre in bronze, with five strings, four of which are broken at different lengths, to indicate the different ages at which the mother and her three children died. On the top of the lyre is a wreath of laurel eighteen inches in diameter. The whole is said to be simple, light, and graceful.

An old Dutchman, the story goes, on being shown a picture of the *Washington Monument*, declined subscribing his mite toward building "a house mit such a big chimney." Whatever may be thought of the patriotism of the excuse, there are some who sympathize with the taste it exhibits.

By interesting accounts from Africa, says an English Journal, we learn that the possibility of a water-communication all across that great continent, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, is now thought to be no longer doubtful. From the east coast, rivers may be ascended to Lake Ngami, from which a portage of some forty miles conducts to the great stream that skirts the Ovampo Land, explored by Mr. Galton, and finds its outlet in the neighborhood of Walvisch Bay. Here, then, are available channels for exploration.

During the past year, a *Magnetic Observatory* has been erected within the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. It principally consists of an underground room, enclosed within two walls, (to insure an equable temperature,) between which a current of air is allowed to pass, in order to prevent dampness. This observatory has been supplied with a set of apparatus for determining the continued variations in direction and intensity of terrestrial magnetism. By an ingenious application of the photographic process, the invention of Mr. Brooks, of England, the instruments are made to record, on a sheet of sensitive paper, moved by clock-work, their own motions. It is proposed to keep these instruments constantly in operation, for the purpose of comparing results with other observations of a similar character in different parts of the world, and also for the purpose of furnishing a standard to which the observations made at various points by the Coast Survey, and the different scientific explorations which are now in progress in the western portions of the United States, may be referred, and with which they may be compared.

Dr. Little, of Utica, has taken out a patent for a machine to *feed paper* to printing presses. It is said that if it were possible to run the press at a sufficient rate of speed, it would feed 100,000 sheets per hour. Consequently, a press having eight cylinders would be able to print 800,000 sheets per hour.